THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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In This Number: Kennett Harris — Robert Lansing — William J. Neidig
Sophie Kerr — H. G. Wells — George Pattullo — Robert Crozier Long

Fruit recipes that keep the Spring Menu healthful, tempting and economical

By Miss Alice Bradley
Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass.

THE value of a well-planned meal is being appreciated more and more as we better understand the requirements of the body for those foods that promote health. Especially in the spring, after months of hearty eating and too little exercise, do we need fruits and vegetables to regulate the system and help to throw off accumulated poisons. Years ago doctors prescribed spring bitters and grandmothers dosed their families with sulphur and molasses and herb tea. Now we know that such things are not necessary if fruits and vegetables have been included in the diet throughout the winter and if they are served abundantly during the spring months.

Of course fresh fruits are out of the question for most people in winter, and even at this season of the year, on account of their scarcity and high cost. But that need not keep anyone from serving the finest fruits grown every day in the year at really economical expense. In our school work we use canned fruits and vegetables all the year round in making hundreds of delicious healthful dishes to suit the season. We really prefer DEL MONTE fruits and vegetables in many instances to the fresh product because we know they are always of the same high quality—choicest fruits from the world's finest orchards—"packed where they ripen the day they are picked"—and brought to one's table with all the natural fresh flavor and delicacy that kindest nature can impart. Even during the fresh fruit season we often find DEL MONTE products more economical than fresh fruit of equal quality, and of course being ready to serve they are always very much more convenient to use.

The wide variety of DEL MONTE products and the many tempting ways to use them enable us to vary our fruit dishes as much as we please. Frequently we use them just as they come from the can, but more often in salads, desserts and the made-up dishes that add a touch of charm and novelty to every-day meals. Here are a few particularly good examples of how you can use DEL MONTE fruits to keep the spring menu healthful, tempting and economical.

Peach Pie

Put syrup from 1 can DEL MONTE Peaches in sauce pan, add ¼ cup sugar and cook peaches a few at a time until glazed. To syrup add 1½ tablespoons cornstarch mixed with 2 tablespoons cold water and cook until thickened. Reserve 6 halves of peaches, cut remainder in thin slices and add thickened syrup. Fill baked pastry crust with the peaches, garnish with reserved peach halves and with meringue.

Apricot Bavarian Cream

In double boiler put 1 level tablespoon granulated gelatine, 1 cup syrup drained from DEL MONTE Apricots, 2 egg yolks, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, and ½ cup sugar. Mix thoroughly; cook over hot water, stirring constantly until slightly thickened, and strain. Add 1 cup sliced apricots and set in pan of ice water. When slightly stiffened beat until light and fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and ½ cup heavy cream, beaten stiff. Turn into oiled mold decorated with pieces of apricot, chill, remove from mold, garnish with halved apricots and whipped cream.

Quick Cherry Pudding

Sift 1 cup bread flour, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 level tablespoon baking powder. Add 1 cup DEL MONTE Cherries stoned and ⅓ cup milk. Put in small greased individual molds or cups and steam ten minutes. Stone remaining cherries and cut in pieces, add cherry syrup, 3 tablespoons sugar and few grains salt. Boil ten minutes and serve with puddings.

Del Monte Pears with Chocolate Sauce

Drain 1 can DEL MONTE Pears, sprinkle with ¼ cup powdered sugar and saute in 3 tablespoons butter until brown. Arrange in serving dish. To butter in frying pan add 1 tablespoon cornstarch mixed with syrup drained from pears and 1 square of chocolate. Stir and boil 3 minutes. Pour around pears and serve hot or cold.

For over 500 other equally delightful ways to use canned fruit and vegetables all the year round send for "DEL MONTE RECIPES OF FLAVOR." For a free copy write to Dept. E, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

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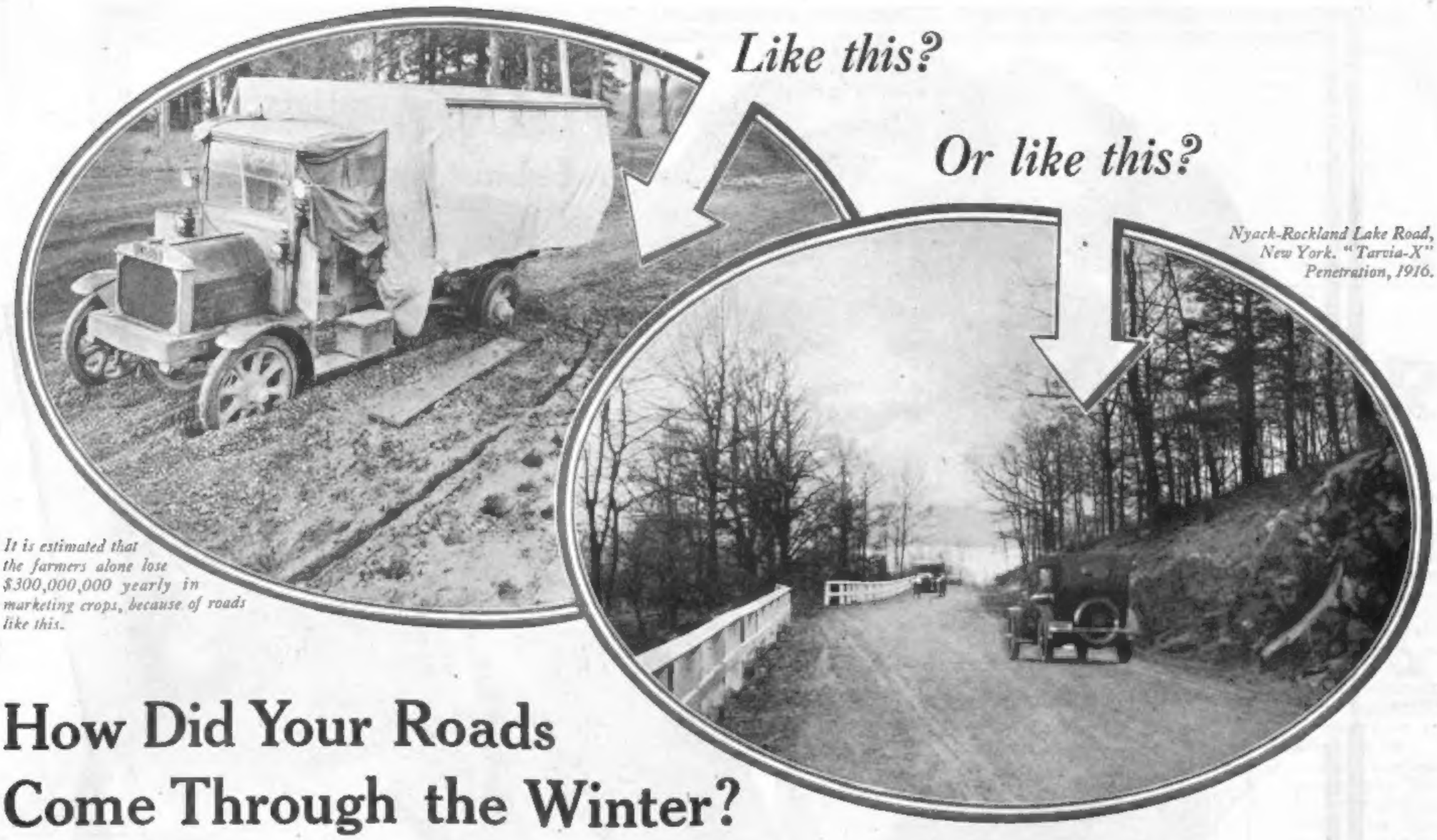
Miss Bradley is one of America's foremost teachers of cooking and practical dietetics. She is author of "Food Values and Economical Menus," etc., is cooking editor Woman's Home Companion, contributor to Modern Priscilla, the Boston Herald and other publications, and is a lecturer of ability on all domestic science subjects.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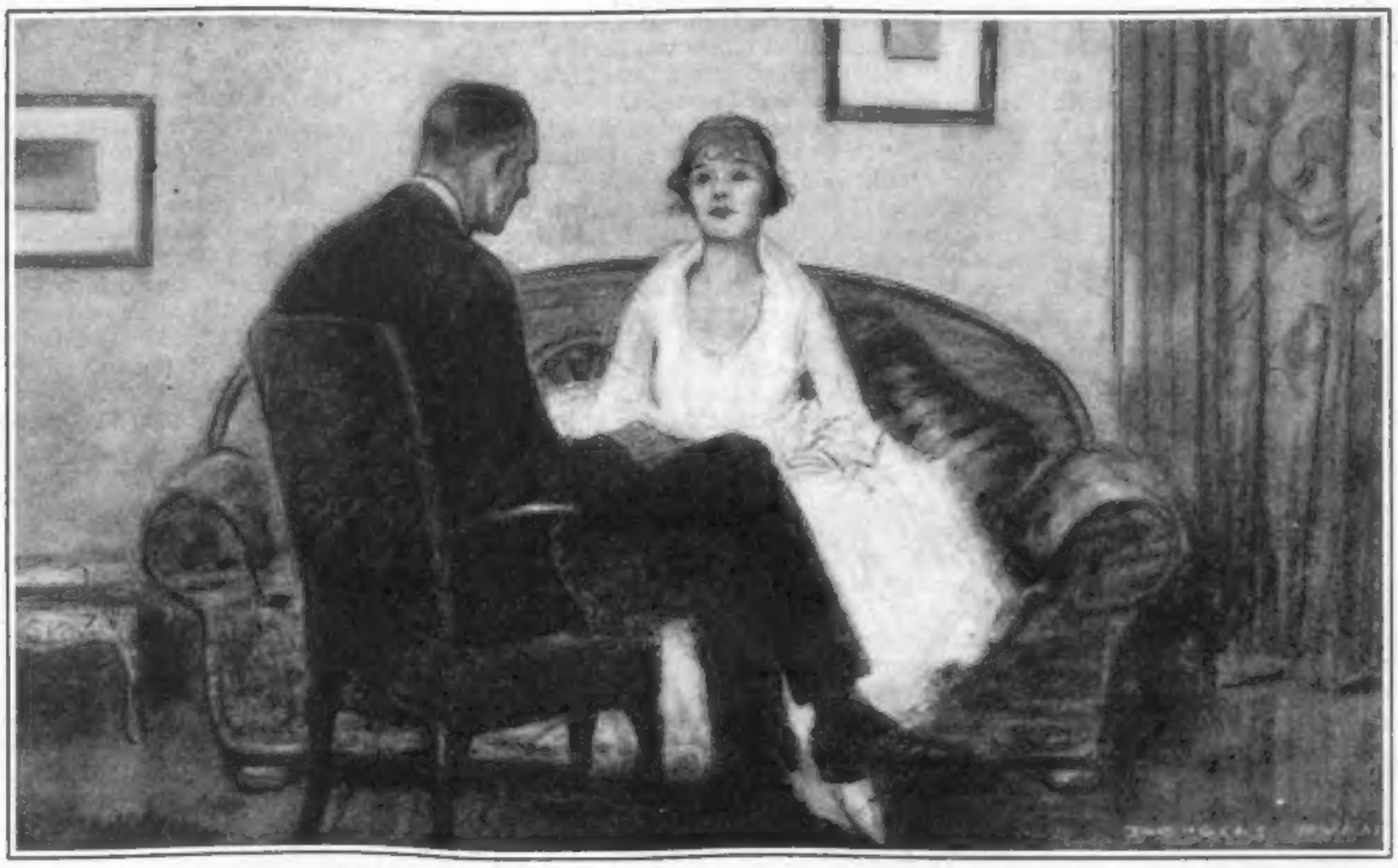
ROLAND STOOPS TO CONQUER

By KENNETT HARRIS

JUST once in a while Roland E. Peaseley permitted himself to rail at Lady Fortune after the manner of fools in and out of the forest and before and since Touchstone. But not often, because he really wasn't a fool. At least he had enough sense to realize the futility of railing, and to do the best he could for himself in that station of life into which he had been improvidentially pitchforked. Had his own inclinations been consulted he would have preferred a diplomatic career, or art, or even literature, to his present desk job with Payne & Austin; but when he had started to work as stock boy for that respectable wholesale dry-goods firm it was in obedience to apparent necessity. The avenues of art seemed to be toll thoroughfares, and Roland had not the price of a ticket. As for diplomacy, it became evident that he would have to practice that outside of glittering foreign courts, and he did. It was a recognized fact. When Scriber, the assistant bookkeeper, observed to Walton, the assistant cashier, that Roly was a pret-ty smooth proposition, Walton emphatically agreed.



"I—I Wanted to See You, So I Came. Your Leaving Was—Unexpected"

"I'll say he is!" he declared. "Slick as a soaped eel!" And Roland, overhearing them, felt a distinct thrill of gratification.

A true diplomat strives to make himself particularly agreeable to the right kind of people and keeps himself in practice by a general suavity and affability to all and sundry. And you never can tell. People have a way of emerging from the all-and-sundry class now and then.

Therefore, while Roland studied the peculiarities of Mr. Payne and adapted himself to the idiosyncracies of Mr. Austin, he at the same time bestowed kind and pleasant words on old Dougherty and his men in the packing room, and with his fellows in the office he was as familiar and genial as a proper sense of his own superiority allowed him to be.

For you can't really mix with men like that—a lot of lowbrows, addicted to coarse jests and horseplay and not conversant with any but the language of their tribe. They knew nothing of art. "Art who?" they would have inquired. No, in your intercourse with such—would "canaille" be too strong a word? Well, with such canaille one must maintain a little dignified reserve if one would not have them thumping one between the shoulder blades and addressing one in terms of opprobrium out of a perverted notion of humor.

With the ladies of the establishment Roland also felt some constraint, but they at least could appreciate his invariable courtesy and his refinement of speech and dress. He knew that they did. He always removed his hat in the elevator upon their entrance, and that tribute of chivalrous manhood to the weaker sex he paid even to the colored scrub lady; and he had heard of favorable comment on his conduct in this respect by Miss Dismukes and Miss Pillow, stenographers in the office and perfect ladies both, as was Miss Gregg, who was in charge of the card indexes. Some of the other ladies, particularly the younger ones, fell a trifle short of perfection, perhaps; but they were one and all responsive to Mr. Peaseley's polite remarks to them, *en passant*, as Mr. Peaseley would have put it, and as Mr. Peaseley couldn't have been thirty and was good-looking in an aquiline, intellectual sort of way, and already had a desk of his own with his own name in gilt letters on it, their responsiveness was occasionally overeager. In fact it took a diplomat with a large stock of *savoir-faire* to stand 'em off.

That was one reason why Roland was glad to have Miss Dismukes to take his dictation and to have to depend upon Miss Gregg only for what he might need in the way of reference. Though Miss Dismukes exposed her bare ears to the public eye, she veiled her slender neck modestly—and judiciously—with a medieval gorget of gauze, and it was only in moments of extreme inadvertence that she betrayed the fact of her ankles. She scorned the adventitious aid of face powder, and her idea of adornments was those of a meek spirit and a virtuous mind. Miss Gregg was often spoken of by her married women friends as a lovely woman, with so much good sense, who would have made some man a wonderful wife. But men never seem to realize that beauty is, after all, only skin deep. They never go below the surface for the true, pure gold of character—and Miss Gregg had so much character! What they want is eyelashes. As if eyelashes mattered!

At all events, Roland had a comfortable feeling of safety in his association with the Misses Dismukes and Gregg, and when the former lady resigned her position to return to her native village and care for her aged parents in their declining years he felt decidedly aggrieved.

"Filial duty is an admirable thing, no doubt," he observed to Miss Pillow, who had informed him. "At the same time it is much to be regretted that Miss Dismukes is not an orphan. I suppose that you will not have time ——"

"Mr. Austin's and Mr. Volney's work keeps me busy, and I hardly think that Mr. Austin expects to make any changes," Miss Pillow replied. "I understand that a young person has already been engaged to fill the vacancy caused by Miss Dismukes' resignation."

"A young person? The deuce!" Roland often permitted himself this expletive. It had, he thought, the sanction of diplomatic usage.

"She was described to me as a young person," said Miss Pillow. "I hope that she will, nevertheless, prove to be efficient."

Miss Pillow may have hoped so, but her expression showed plainly that she hardly believed so.

The very next morning the young person arrived, and sitting at Miss Dismukes' desk received Miss Pillow's instruction, the while the male majority of the office force gazed upon her rather more than less openly and exchanged comment as opportunity offered or was contrived.

"Will you look who's here!"

"Oh, you—little—sunbeam!"

"Man, oh, man! Pinch me gently, Jerry! No, don't! Let me dream on!"

"Some nifty little nectarine, I'll say!"

"Kindly notice the auburn tresses, and allow me to call your attention to the curves. Here's where I begin to put my pay envelope in pickle."

"I'm going to congratulate Roly."

"Me, too."

They did so—to Roland's ineffable disgust. He had vouchsafed a glance at the girl, and that one glance told him all that he wanted to know. Pretty? Oh, yes, of course; but ab-solutely impossible! From the crown of her red head—marcelled, or something equally ghastly—to the soles of her feet—triple-A last and outrageously high-heeled—she was everything in appearance that a business woman should not be. To say nothing of her diaphanous sleeves, which indeed were next to nothing, and the Nile-green hue of her costume, which was a positive and vociferous hue and cry to the sensitive and discriminating eye, or of the dangling, unbusinesslike beads that she wore—well, the less said the better. She was pretty, certainly, but ——

"Listen, Roly, old dear! You're looking all fagged out. I've been worrying about you for weeks, and I feel I ought to warn you that you are on the verge of a breakdown and need a vacation—a good long one. I'm going to use my influence with the bosses to get it for you too. Don't worry about your work! I'll handle that myself and you needn't pay me a cent. You'd better introduce me to your new stenographer and let me start right in."

Thus Weyman of the shipping department. Simmons of the linens was at his elbow.

"Coarse work, bo," said Simmons. "Very much to the corundum. You can't fool Peaseley that way. Haven't I often told you that he was intelligent? And he wouldn't try to mix business with pleasure or take advantage of circumstances in business hours. He knows that we'll all be keeping an eye on him and that he can't get away with it—don't you, Roly?"

"Oh, cut it out!" said Roland wearily. "Don't get it into your silly heads that I picked her—or would in a million years."

"He's modest, too," said Weyman—"modest and intelligent. Maybe he's stalling though. I think that must be it. But as you say, Jim, we can keep an eye on him. What's her name, Roly?"

"Sophie Evelyn Thayer," the young woman answered for herself. "Do you like it?"

Her sense of hearing must have been extraordinarily acute, for her desk was quite a little distance away, with another one between it and the three disconcerted men. Moreover, she had seemingly been giving her entire attention to Miss Pillow. Having spoken, she turned again to her instructress, smiling apologetically, and at the same time slid a sheet of paper into her machine without even looking at it. In doing this she displayed a large dinner ring with a gaudy tourmaline setting.

"I like it," called Weyman, recovering slightly, after a moment. But this time Miss Thayer gave not the least sign that she had heard him, and so increased his confusion. Simmons allowed a guffaw to escape him, but his face was red too.

"Now if you gentlemen think you have been sufficiently witty for one morning, I would suggest that I have a few little things to do for Payne & Austin," said Roland. "Don't let me detain you."

Weyman employed the mildly profane but reputedly red-blooded phrase that is the last refuge of retort in the infertile mind. Then he and Simmons returned to their respective posts of duty with the swagger of conscious shame. Roland resumed the reading of the letters that had been sent to him from above with an unusual lack of concentration. He was greatly annoyed, blaming himself for having broken his diplomatic rules in two places—speaking slightingly of an absent person without any necessity and allowing Simmons and Weyman to perceive that they had, in their vile argot, got his goat. And this added to the really vital matter of the substitution of a pert and prismatic pippin—so called—for a really competent stenographer! What could Mr. Austin have been thinking of, to hire her? He was a settled and steady married man of twenty years' standing, not at all prone to levity of conduct, and insensible, one would have thought, to the attraction of mere vulgar prettiness. It was unthinkable that this Sophie Evelyn person could be competent. And that ring! *Mon Dieu!* I say, you know!

Just then Miss Pillow turned away and the prismatic young person attacked the keys of her machine. T-k-k-k-k-k-k-k-k-k-k-k-k—bam! T-k-k-k ——

No, it can't be described in that way. Incredible speed with perfect evenness and lightness of touch to the end of the line, the swift, almost synchronous click of the spacer and jar of the carriage, and repeat, and repeat to the final rustling snatch of the paper from its platenic embrace. It was a wonderful performance, and Miss Pillow, herself an expert, turned back at the first clatter of the machine to witness it. But it couldn't be accurate. A merely manual dexterity, Roland concluded. Interesting, but not uncommonly observed in persons of abnormally low mentality.

Well, he would try her out pretty soon, and if, as he expected, she made a botch of his correspondence, diplomatic representations would shortly be made to Mr. Austin that would close the incident with gratifying abruptness. He began, with this in mind, to consider the phraseology of his letters with even more than customary care, in order to be able to dictate them without hesitation. He could hardly indulge in sesquipedalian elegance of diction—words like "sesquipedalian," for instance—in communications addressed to Loeb & Ginsberg, of Chillicothe, or Dolan's Bon Ton, of Peoria; but he could at least be fluent.

In another half hour he was ready for her. She was still rattling off form letters on her machine, so he waited until she had finished the one that she was engaged on and then called to her distinctly: "Miss Thayer."

She looked up at him with a smile.

"Will you be kind enough to take some letters for me?"

She rose promptly, picked up a notebook and came to his desk, where she seated herself and pulled out its sliding writing board as if she had been doing it all her life; then she poised her pencil and looked at him expectantly. Her eyes might have had the deadness of a very dead fish's for all the effect that they had on Roland E. Peaseley. They were really not at all like that, of course, but you couldn't have told it on Roly.

"Messieurs"—with the proper Parisian pronunciation—"Carter and Dolby comma Holliston comma Tennessee period Gentlemen colon Your esteemed favor of the twenty-third comma instant comma ——"

"Do you want 'instant' written out in full, Mr. Peaseley?"

"The customary abbreviation, of course," Roland replied coldly and with a slight frown.

"Inst period comma, then. But you needn't trouble about the punctuation unless you particularly want to."

"No?" Roland asked with a little lift of his eyebrows and an inflection of veiled sarcasm.

"I'm an honor graduate of night school," Miss Thayer explained. "Punctuation is just pie to me. I eat it up."

"Very well," said Roland gravely, ignoring the extreme impertinence of the remark. He thereupon proceeded with the dictation, shooting it with such relentless speed that he stumbled two or three times and tangled himself up in a mass of involved verbiage. Miss Thayer made no comment whatsoever upon these humiliating lapses, but recorded them word for word, including the extraneous matter that he interjected in his confusion. That, in spite of his rapid utterance, Miss Thayer easily kept up with him was quite evident; that she was entirely accurate was beyond dispute, as she proved when, at his request, she read over what she had last written. It was about as exasperating a thing as Roland had ever experienced; perhaps a little more so.

"Thank you, that will be all just now," he said at last, and was indeed devoutly thankful that it was all.

The nervous strain had been intense enough to cause him to perspire freely, and pride had forbidden him to wipe his dewy brow. He waited until Miss Thayer's machine was well under way before he did so. Well, he had to admit that that Miss Thayer seemed to be efficient. Nothing could excuse her inappropriate costume, her absurd coiffure, her garish jewelry or the brazen impudence—honestly, that was all you could call it—the brazen impudence of her speech; but as those roughnecks, Weyman and Simmons, would have said, "You gotta hand it to her when it come to the short-cut turkey tracks." If she could only read those tracks after they got cold! But apparently she had no intention of giving them time to cool before transcription.

But when, just a little before the lunch hour, he read over the typed letters that she had brought to his desk for his signature he found a grain of comfort. Not a large grain, but it stood out amid the chaff and husks of unimpeachable punctuation and perfect spelling that met his jaundiced eye. Plenty big enough to peck at. He smiled grimly, the first smile of any sort that look, act or word of Miss Thayer had brought to his countenance. Then he called the young woman to his desk.

"I wish to call your attention to an omission in this letter," he said, holding out the document. "Perhaps you had better look it over yourself and see if you can find it."

"I'll have to give it up, I guess," said Miss Thayer after a careful perusal. "You're not kidding me, are you?"

"I am not," replied Roland with dignity.

"I didn't think you were a kidder," said she. "But you can't always tell whether some people are kidding or panning. What's wrong with it, Mr. Peaseley?"

"Merely that here you have left out the personal pronoun preceding the verb," said Roland icily. "I am not a purist exactly, but I believe in using decent English, and to say 'will quote you the following terms' is not decent English, Miss Thayer. That sort of thing may be excusable in a cable message or a long-distance telegram, but in ordinary correspondence it is rather slovenly. 'We will quote you the following terms,' if you please."

"I get you! I'm something of a purist myself," said Miss Thayer good-humoredly. "Want I should write the letter over?"

"If it will not trouble you too much."

"Sure it won't!" said she.

Roland was one—and no unimportant one—of fourteen guests entertained by Mrs. Henry Somers Gilfillan, now of Drexel Boulevard and formerly prominent in the social life of Baltimore—at which time Mrs. Gilfillan little deemed that circumstances would ever oblige her to accept at stated periods a pecuniary recompense from those who sat at her hospitable board. But we all have our ups and downs. There was one thing, however, that Mrs. Gilfillan could say—that the ladies and gentlemen sheltered by her roof were ladies and gentlemen. She required and gave first-class references from and to all applicants, after satisfying herself by a personal interview regarding their appearance and deportment, and you had to watch your step to get by. There was therefore, as may readily be surmised, some class to the dump, and as might have been expected, considering that Mrs. Gilfillan was herself a gifted poetess whose tuneful lays had appeared in the public prints of her native state, the whole tone of the place was rather artistic and literary.

One might instance Mrs. Bross, who had a position in a prominent music store and was an elegant performer on the piano, with none of this mock modesty about playing when requested, or even when not requested; and there was Mrs. Du Pape, who abandoned a promising stage career rather than pander to the depraved taste of commercialized producers who didn't know art when they saw it; and Miss Broderick, who taught English literature in a Hyde Park private school for girls and showed the effects of it, poor thing! And among the gentlemen were Mr. Horatio Libby, who was connected with the public library; Mr. Perry Bliss, attached to an evening newspaper, whose room was filled with books that he had reviewed himself and had been allowed to keep for his trouble. Well, that is enough to show. There were some dubs, of course, at Gilfillan's—they break in everywhere. But you may lend credence to the statement that the tone was high and that some snappy conversation crackled across the board when the boarders were feeling good.

Of the women, Roland rather preferred the society of Mrs. Du Pape. No foolishness about it, you understand. They were just good friends—a frank camaraderie in their relations, if you know what Roland meant. She was a woman of broad culture and wide sympathies and understanding. She understood Roland and sympathized with him to such an extent that it might almost be said that she had his number. A sufferer from the spirit of commercialism herself, she knew how the daily sordid associations of the office must irk his soul.

Roland told her about his new stenographer, describing her costume and manner with great humor and repeating her priceless remark: "I get you! I'm something of a purist myself."

"How perfectly killing!" exclaimed the lady with a ripple of laughter. "I can just see her and hear her say it! Aren't they awful—that type?"

"She's the very typist of her type," said Roland wittily. "The really odd thing, though, is the genuine admiration that she has excited among my—er—confrères."

"Confrères!" echoed Mrs. Du Pape pityingly. "You poor fellow!"

"Oh, I assure you that I am to be envied!" said Roland, smiling, with bitter irony. "It is to be my happy privilege to summon this—er—little lalapaloosa to my side at will. I can feast my enraptured eyes on that frolicsome frock and drink in the euphony of her polished phrases—get me?—whenever I am inclined. I am to be envied, dear lady."

"Some chicken!" Mrs. Du Pape sportively suggested.

"I'll tell the world!" said Roland grimly.

"The world will listen with interest to that," sighed Mrs. Du Pape. "It just doesn't want to hear the worthwhile things. Banalities, platitudes, bourgeois moralities, vulgar mediocrities can always gain its ear."

"Its long, furry ear and the bray of its approval," said Roland.

Not half bad—what? Roland rather fancied, don't you know, that it wasn't. And a few minutes later he availed himself of an opportunity to mention the Portland vase in connection with the Eleusinian mysteries, to which Miss Broderick had happened to allude, and he got away with what he said beautifully, and when he went up to his room he took with him a very pleasant feeling of self-satisfaction.

He stretched himself in his easy-chair and lit a cigarette. Yes, he had quite distinguished himself as a conversationalist—as usual. Certainly rotten luck, though, to have to sparkle in such an environment. Not knocking Gilfillan's, of course—or Milly Du Pape. But if it had been in another scene, at the Russian ambassador's—before the war, of course. No Russian ambassadors now, with beautiful, lowly décolleté, diamond-decked women and brilliantly uniformed men to applaud! He, Roland, would be in simple evening dress, but with the coveted Order of the Golden Auk or something depending from a broad blue watered-silk ribbon on his manly chest. Liveried menials, exotic perfumes, a Czech orchestra concealed behind the palms discoursing faint, sweet strains—all that sort of thing. As for the women, he would treat 'em all *à la légère*, as they like to be treated—duchesses, marquises, contesses . . . . "Its long, furry ear, my dear duchess, and its bray of approval."

"Eh, what's that, what's that, what's that? What did he say?"

It was the Earl of St. Alwynne, dean of the corps, who spoke, screwing his monocle into his cavernous eye recess and surveying the amused faces.

Prince Wladimir explained.

"Dev'lish good!" commented His Lordship. "Dev'lish clever, indeed! But Peaseley is always sayin' something strordinarily good." He turned to the grand duke, who was sitting next to him. "Wish we had him with our lot," he said confidentially. "But he'll put the States on the map before he's done, if their President Whatsisname gives him a free hand."

Yes, it might just as well have been like that. Roland sighed, and getting up took from his bookshelf a volume from the French by Your Fireside series, which he opened at a marked place and began to study. French, you know, is the language of diplomacy, and Roland had realized this keenly during his short stay in *la belle France*, as the natives call it, when he served as attaché to the Q. M. department of the A. E. F. in Paris. He had done his best to be diplomatic, but having to refer continually to his doughboy's handbook to carry him through a conversation was a decided handicap. One didn't get the nuances across. So on his return to home and job he had taken French up seriously, with the aid of phonographic lessons, and had progressed so far that there were few American or English novels of diplomacy and high life that he couldn't read without skipping.

Another period of reflection, with a final cigarette, succeeded the study hour; and this time Roland, considering the episode of Miss Thayer, felt a little of his self-satisfaction evaporate. That punctuation business. He would not have dreamed of dictating punctuation to Miss Dismukes, or indeed to any other stenographer whom he considered competent. But it had seemed very unlikely that this young person had any but the vaguest notions of relative values in this important matter, and then—he had meant her to see his distrust, which, come to think it over, was a little raw. No palliation of her night-school smartness; but, after all, Roland admitted that he had been guilty of a crudity, a crassness of reproof unworthy of him. Well, he would have to try to be fair to her, distasteful, even repellent as she was to him. *Noblesse oblige.* And with this thought he went to bed.

Roland went down to the office in the morning in the pleasant and hopeful frame of mind natural to a young man who has slept soundly and breakfasted well. After all, there was a certain pleasure in work of any kind that afforded an outlet for energy and demanded something more than a slight degree of mental activity and alertness, he thought, and not for the first time. Given those qualities, one could rise to a respectable eminence and attain social recognition, even in trade. Look at Lipton! And for that matter, look at some of our own chaps. To get closer still, one might cite one's own boss, with his palatial home on the Drive and his Wisconsin estate and his Florida place. He had been called into conference with the President not so long ago, and it was generally believed that his voice made and unmade congressmen, and even aldermen. Also, Mrs. Payne had harpooned and entertained more notables, foreign and domestic, than half a dozen of the best New York hotels had housed. Austin wasn't any impoverished or inconsiderable figure either, although he made the business more of a hobby than did Payne. How many men between Mr. Austin and Mr. Peaseley in the scale of ascent? Not so many that Mr. Peaseley need feel discouraged. And did Mr. Peaseley stand in with Mr. Austin? Why, pretty well, thank you for asking.

A prospect worth the patient endurance of uncongenial surroundings and incompatible people, surely; and, after all, the people weren't so bad. This Miss Thayer, even, might not be so impossible as first impressions made one feel. Perhaps one's annoyance had been rather too excessive. One hoped so. One hoped that she would conduct herself with more propriety, and perhaps adopt a more suitable attire and realize the necessity of some deference and tact. He was feeling pretty hopeful, Roland was, but his hopes regarding Miss Thayer were destined to be rudely dashed.

The first thing that he noticed was her arrival. She was punctual, but she entered the precincts sacred to business accompanied by Scriber, who was grinning like an ape and seemed to be under the impression that the two of them were a-Maying, or something totally unconnected with business and remote from its haunts. And Miss Thayer laughed aloud at something that the gorilla almost whispered in her ear—laughed aloud and without the least restraint! Well, that was all; but the familiarity of it! And to Roland's almost certain knowledge, they had been absolute strangers only the day before!

She wore a cloak, green, but unobjectionable in itself, and a fur which is all right—for you—if you are one of the million females who like to decorate yourself with the feet, claws, heads, tails and teeth of the lower animals. The iridescent, downy breast of some poor murdered bird had furnished forth her toque, and though Roland was aware that feathers are worn by many excellent as well as fashionable people, including members of women's clubs, he stigmatized that duck breast or whatever it was as an outward and all too visible sign of savagery and felt his dislike of Miss Thayer revive.

It was quite active when she came forth divested of her cloak and exchanged flippant greetings with Messieurs Weyman, Anderson, Walton and Simmons on her way to her desk; or she replied flippantly to their flippancies, which is, of course, the same thing. The same dress, the same beads, sheer silk stockings and high-heeled triple-A's. Roland averted his eyes contemptuously and frowned darkly as he busied himself with the paper contents of a wire tray, lest she should feel moved to hail him with some

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He Seldom Passed Her Desk Now Without a Friendly Smile or a Word or Two. Sometimes It Was More Than a Word or Two

The Big Four of the Peace Conference—Orlando

By Robert Lansing
Former Secretary of State

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

SIGNOR ORLANDO possessed physical and mental characteristics which have left pleasant memories of intercourse with him. Short and rotund in person, with thick white hair worn pompadour and a white mustache partially covering his rather full lips, he was not in personal appearance typical of Italy. His shortness of stature, which was about that of Mr. Lloyd George, was emphasized by his usual custom of wearing a close-fitting sack coat, which he generally kept tightly buttoned. With a friendly eye and a smile which dimpled his cheeks, one knew at a glance that he was of a kindly nature and not disposed to quarrel without a sufficient provocation. His clear complexion and unwrinkled face indicated good health and a capacity to enjoy life.

The mentality of Signor Orlando was molded on different lines from those of any other member of the Council of the Heads of States. It had been trained and developed in the field of jurisprudence and possessed the precision of thought and clearness of expression which are the attributes of a mind accustomed to the exactness of legal expressions. In some ways it was harder to judge accurately the mental qualities of the Italian statesman than those of his confrères because his inability to speak or to understand English debarred him in a measure from the informal discussions of the council, which were generally conducted in that language out of consideration for President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George. With the aid of Professor Mantoux, however, he was able to participate more than might have seemed possible in the circumstances.

Statesman Rather Than Politician

IT IS fitting to digress for a moment and to say a word of Professor Mantoux, who wore a French captain's uniform and was inherited by the Council of Ten from the Supreme War Council. No interpreter could have performed his onerous task with greater skill than he. Possessing an unusual memory for thought and phrase, he did not interpret sentence by sentence, but while an address or statement was being made he listened intently, occasionally jotting down a note with the stub of a lead pencil. When the speaker had finished, this remarkable linguist would translate his remarks into English or into French as the case might be, without the least hesitation and with a fluency and completeness which were almost uncanny. Even if the speaker had consumed ten, fifteen or twenty minutes, the address was accurately repeated in the other language, while Professor Mantoux would employ inflection and emphasis with an oratorical skill that added greatly to the perfectness of the interpretation. No statement was sufficiently dry to make him inattentive or too technical for his vocabulary. Eloquence, careful reasoning and unusual style in expression were apparently easily rendered into idiomatic English from the French, or vice versa. He seemed almost to take over the character of the individual whose words he translated, and to reproduce his emotions as well as his thoughts. His extraordinary attainments were recognized by everyone who benefited by them, and his services commanded general admiration and praise.

In addition to the information obtained through the excellent interpretations of Professor Mantoux, Signor Orlando had the aid of Baron Sonnino, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who spoke English without an accent and understood it perfectly. The baron, white haired and white mustached, with a florid complexion and a genial smile, which was a bit saturnine, belonged to the diplomats of the old school, and was disposed to practice their methods. Practical and deliberate in urging his views, which were little affected by idealistic considerations, he sought always to secure material benefits for his country. It was clearly national interest rather than abstract justice which controlled his mind. In appearance at least he impressed one as superior to his leader. Possibly he was; but then, the same might have been said of Mr. Balfour, who in addition to his dignity of appearance was recognized to be the intellectual superior of Mr. Lloyd George. This latter superiority could not, however, be attributed to Baron Sonnino. Signor Orlando was intellectually as well equipped as he.

The Italian Premier possessed certain qualities of mind which were of an exceptional order and which marked him as a statesman rather than a politician. In fact his political instinct seemed to be deficient, and events proved him by no means skillful as a political leader. As an opportunist he was a failure. But when we analyze his statesmanlike qualities, which were clearly in evidence at Paris, I think that it is not going too far to say that no member of the Council of Four, or of the Council of Ten for that matter, was his superior in presenting a clear, concise and comprehensive argument during the course of an extemporaneous debate.

Signor Orlando's mind seemed to work automatically in analyzing, classifying and arranging the points in a controversy. Having stored away each essential fact or reason in the proper compartment of his brain he called it forth at just the right place in his argument and impressed it with just the right value. He did not exaggerate the importance of a fact or ignore the strength of an adverse argument. When he had finished debating a question one had to admit, whether he agreed with him or not, that he had made as logical a presentation of his side of the case as it was possible to make, and that there was nothing to add. As for the effectiveness of Signor Orlando's arguments, that is another matter, in view of the preconceived ideas and natural bias of his listeners, but no one heard him without realizing his strength as an advocate. The fact is, however, that the way to succeed was to offer some form of compromise which would harmonize conflicting positions. When he attempted this he showed to less advantage.

A Vigorous Intellect

I BELIEVE that the excellent character of the arguments made by Signor Orlando was in a measure due to his experience as a jurist and to the analytical method of thinking which he had acquired. His colleagues in the Council of Four were not so well equipped as he for discussing a legal question or preparing a legal formula. This is an important attainment in a negotiator when one considers that a treaty is essentially a law and that its preparation requires technical legal knowledge and experience. As was too often manifest, the value of logic and evidence was not so fully appreciated by M. Clemenceau, President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George as it was by the learned Italian jurisconsult. With him no time was wasted on side issues or in announcing generalities which sounded well but could not be concretely applied. In speaking he did not grope about for something to say. He knew where lay the strength and where the weakness of his case. He pressed the former with vigor and assurance, and he defended the latter with skill.

Occasionally in the heat of debate, especially if interrupted by M. Clemenceau with some caustic comment, as happened more than once, Signor Orlando's Latin temper would flame. His eyes would flash; his voice would rise as if surcharged with emotion; his hands would add emphasis to his words; and his sentences would pour forth like a torrent. Yet even under the spur of indignation or anger the logical trend of his argument was never interrupted or diverted. His intellect functioned normally, however strongly he was stirred by his emotions. And the Old Tiger, whose ferocity of manner was, I am sure, often assumed from the mere love of baiting an opponent, would lean back in his chair with half-closed eyes and immobile countenance, watching the effect of his words, doubtless hoping that he had disconcerted the speaker. If he did cherish that hope in the case of his Italian colleague he cherished it in vain.

Signor Orlando enjoyed a joke and relished a good story, particularly if it was illustrative of a matter under discussion or was concerning some well-known character, living or dead. He was always jovial and seemingly in a good humor. When an afternoon session of the Council of Ten was ended and the attendants brought a large tea table into the chamber from an adjoining room he always remained to gossip and enjoy the society of the men who had been present. But during the discussion of a question in

the council Signor Orlando never interlarded his remarks with anecdotes and witty sayings, evidently considering that to do so would weaken his argument and would be out of harmony with the dignity of so serious a business as that in hand.

In my opinion the Italian statesman was entirely right in not imitating the seeming flippancy of some of his colleagues, who appeared to think that an informal and jocular manner was an actual aid in the settlement of a question which might involve the sovereignty over an extensive territory or even the life of a nation. Under certain conditions a humorous remark, if tactfully introduced, may avoid a quarrel or prevent a regrettable incident in a discussion which has reached a point where tempers are aroused and near the explosive point; but the constant interjection of witticisms, though they may be received with smiles and laughter, detracts materially from the influence of the one who utters them.

My impression is—though it is only an impression—that Signor Orlando came to Paris with the definite purpose of obtaining, so far as the Adriatic was concerned, the territorial concessions laid down in the Pact of London, and that the inclusion of the city of Fiume in the Italian claims was originally advanced for the purpose of bargaining with the Jugo-Slavs, who were putting forward excessive claims for portions of the territory conceded to Italy by the London agreement. But the reason for the inclusion of Fiume in the Italian demands is of little importance compared with the reason for the subsequent insistence with which the demand was pressed. Introduced as something with which to barter in the event that the Italian claims along the Dalmatian coast were curtailed in the interest of the Jugo-Slavs, an argument in favor of annexation to Italy was built up on the principle of self-determination—that phrase which has aroused so many false hopes and caused so much despair since it was coined, and which is a continuing source of discontent and turmoil in the world. He especially emphasized the preponderance of Italians in Fiume because he was led to believe that the President would support this principle.

Signor Orlando, soon after his arrival in Paris, found the situation such that he came to the conclusion that if he remained firm in his claim for the port he would succeed in obtaining it for Italy. This course naturally appealed to him, since success would strengthen his political position at Rome, which was endangered by the probability that the full grant under the Pact of London was unattainable. Thus the claim was converted from one put forward to surrender in a compromise, if I am correct in my surmise, to one which it was possible to secure.

National Feeling

CONVINCED of the substantial certainty that the President would in the end consent to the cession, and feeling assured that the British and French would not object, a propaganda in favor of Fiume for Italy was begun at Rome, so that when the annexation actually took place the Italian people would acclaim Signor Orlando and his statesmanship, and he would reap the full political benefit of the achievement. Possibly, too, it was thought that a strong manifestation of national feeling would make certain the President's favorable decision.

The trouble was that the policy adopted was based on a false belief as to the President's ultimate agreement that the city should come under Italian sovereignty. When Signor Orlando and Baron Sonnino awoke to the fact that they had been misled and that the President was adamant in refusing to admit Italy's claim to Fiume in spite of the rule as to self-determination, they were in a sad predicament. They had started a fire of sentiment among the Italian people which had spread beyond their control. They had no alternative but to continue to struggle for Italian control over the little city, hoping that they might through some compromise succeed in obtaining what all Italy was clamoring for, because failure meant the overthrow of the Orlando ministry. One can imagine the feelings of the Italian delegation toward those who had encouraged them to assume a position from which there had been left no way to retreat.

The negotiations had continued through confidential channels and in the Council of Four until the time approached when the Germans were to receive the treaty of peace. As a last resort Signor Orlando let it be understood that unless the council conceded Italy's right to Fiume the Italian delegation had no other course than to withdraw from the conference. It was, I think, a threat made in desperation and was never intended to be carried out. It, however, had the opposite effect on Mr. Wilson from that which was intended. It aroused his ire and made him stubborn. He determined to meet it in a way which was most unusual.

On the evening of April twenty-third the President issued a public statement on Fiume and Italy's unjustifiable claim to the city, which was in fact if not in purpose an appeal to the Italian people over the head of their government. The statement was temperate, well balanced and logically sound, but issued at a time when feeling in Italy was at fever heat it caused a tremendous sensation. Doubtless President Wilson, remembering the unparalleled enthusiasm of his reception in Italy when he visited that country in January, believed that his popularity was sufficient to change the tide of public sentiment and that the Italian people would perceive the injustice of the claim to Fiume because he declared that it was unjust. The storm of abuse and insult with which the statement was received from one end of Italy to the other must have opened the President's eyes to the fact, which had not been hidden from others, that his popularity with the peoples of Europe was rapidly receding and that they were no longer willing to accept his declarations as the utterances of the inspired leader of international thought, the apostle of a new gospel.

Signor Orlando was very angry at this attempt to rouse Italian public opinion against his Fiume policy, for so he interpreted Mr. Wilson's statement. He issued a counter statement, and on the twenty-fourth departed from Paris for Rome, as did Baron Sonnino. However, the Italian statesmen, after their anger had cooled and after they had had time to consider the possible consequences upon Italian interests of their continued absence from the conference, swallowed their pride and returned to Paris. Convinced that Italy was solidly behind him and that the President had failed in his appeal and was no longer in favor with the Italian people, Signor Orlando resumed his seat in the council, giving no evidence that anything had happened to mar the cordial relations which existed between him and his associates.

Italian Delegates Return

THIS incident showed the volatile temperament of the Italian Premier more clearly than anything else that occurred at Paris. Possessed of the emotional intensity of his race, the sudden and extraordinary action of the President, which he construed as a personal affront, made him furious, as it might have done a man of a more phlegmatic nature. On the impulse of the moment he left Paris, intending undoubtedly not to return. Then, as his rage subsided under the soothing influence of popular approval and as he reviewed more calmly the situation, he decided that it would be impolitic to remain away from the council table where the terms of peace with Austria were to be drafted or to be absent when the treaty was delivered to the German plenipotentiaries. It is said that added pressure was exerted on the Italians by a threat to abandon the terms of the Pact of London unless they returned immediately to Paris. I have no doubt, however, that Signor Orlando inwardly burned with indignation at the President and at those who had during the early days of the negotiation encouraged the belief that the President would assent to the cession of Fiume.

All the clandestine interviews and intrigues had come to naught; and when the Italian delegates returned to Paris they were not resumed. Signor Orlando and Baron Sonnino were too sagacious to pursue again a course which had ended so disastrously. As an eminent Italian diplomat, one of the Premier's close friends, said to me: "We know now that we dealt from the first with the wrong people. They held out false hopes. They did not tell us the truth. We relied on their advice, and now see where we are! We won't make that mistake again."

However, the damage had been done and could not be undone. The public mind in Italy had been so inflamed that

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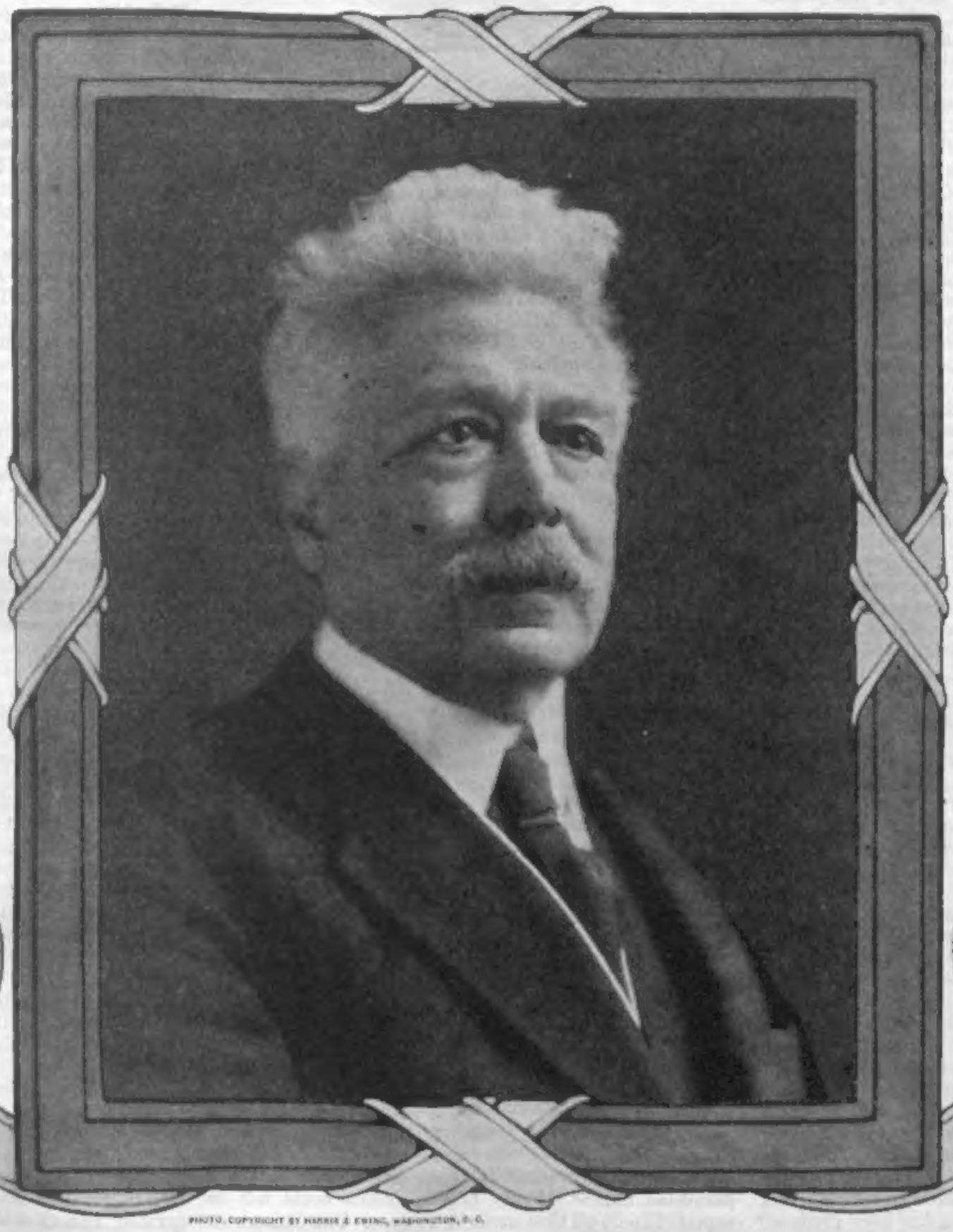

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The Great Drought in China

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

WHY millions of people in North China don't freeze to death in midwinter instead of starving to death is more than I can understand. And of course many do freeze to death; but as conditions now exist one would expect to find frozen corpses lying about in heaps every morning. It is so bitterly cold. At this time of year one of the things you do when you get on the up side of the Yang-tse River is begin to put on more clothes, and by the time you arrive near the vicinity of Peking, where Mongolian winds come over the rimming snow-capped mountains and cut down across the limitless plains of the Chi-li, you have on everything you possess and are instinctively encouraging in your attitude toward the inevitable host of furriers who beset your path seeking to sell you more. You have visions of a great enveloping garment to go on over all other clothes and really keep you warm. And you will acquire such a garment too if the furrier promises to turn it out between sunrise and sunrise. No Chinese furrier ever hesitates to do this and usually can be depended upon to keep his word, though how he manages to do so is his own very private affair.

Selling furs to foreigners in North China during the months when foreign marrow is likely to congeal is an easy and profitable business; but when the foreigner, wrapped up within an inch of his life, fares forth to mingle with the populace he must reflect, if given to reflection, that he is not so hardy as he likes to boast of being. In the crowd he rubs shoulders with literally thousands of men who live and go their daily ways in a state of practical nudity. That is, he rubs shoulders with thousands of men whose only garments are loose suits of thin blue cotton, often as not hanging in rags, which expose to stinging winds large patches of complete nakedness. After which there are millions who have for winter wear nothing but padded cotton suits that look thick enough and as though they might suffice, but in which any one of us would suffer intense discomfort in even the mildest winter weather.

In the popular or popularized conception of the North China winter the average citizen is supposed to be rolled up in layer upon layer of padded cotton clothing until he looks as though he were protected from the cold to the point of suffocation; but the trouble is the very poor hardly ever get into popularized conceptions, and North China is filled with the very poor, who look upon their thickly upholstered Chinese brethren with no less envy and respect than upon the wool and fur clad foreigners. As for the rich and well-to-do in fur-lined robes of silk brocade—there are a good many such, but not so many as you might think. Indeed there are practically none at all outside of the cities. And as a class they are so loftily elevated above the lowly millions they seem sometimes to be a race apart. As a matter of fact they not unlikely regard themselves in some measure as a race apart, especially those who have been educated abroad. Among these are a chronically disgusted few who frequently are heard to refer to their less fortunate compatriots as "These Chinese." They are the forward-looking citizens right enough, but their connection with the great tragedy through which the country now is passing might be ignored altogether if it were not that this tragedy, or the example of the foreign attitude toward it, awakened in them human sympathy such as they never before have been known to display; a sympathy real enough to express itself in fine generosity on their part, which the old-timers of the foreign community will tell you is something new under the Chinese sun.

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America China's Only Hope

THE United International Chinese Famine Relief Committee has made a map of the hunger regions, on which the degrees of distress are indicated by shadings. There are some broad white areas on the map, and a few white spots, and at a glance one might suppose these are meant to be regarded as areas and spots unaffected by the calamity that has befallen. But if the states of Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, let us say, were in the grip of unprecedented famine, and 20 per cent of the population of Michigan and Indiana were in danger of starvation within three or four months, we would hardly paint the states of Michigan and Indiana white on our hunger map, would we? In the white regions of the Chinese hunger map there have been crops within the past two years averaging 7 to 60 per cent yield, so starvation threatens only 20 per cent of these populations. The sections in which 20 to 40 per cent are affected are dotted on the map; horizontal lines are drawn across 40 to 60 per cent regions; and the 60 to 90 per cent areas are deeply shaded by vertical lines; while here and there counties or groups of counties called *shens* are painted dead black to indicate that within these borders literally nothing has been produced during the past two years; that all means of purchase from the outside are exhausted; that the total population is in the last extremity of distress, and that 90 to 100 per cent are likely to die unless relief reaches them from the world without. Vast numbers must die anyhow, no matter what measures shall be taken to save the situation, and the tragedy of North China will be cumulative until the offended gods get back on their jobs and in answer to universal prayer pour rain upon the seemingly barren earth, that it may yield once more sufficient harvest.

In connection with this famine are a number of ordinary economic problems, and I intend to try to write about them from a viewpoint influenced by nothing but economic and material considerations. But not now. While a conflagration is raging the fire department is not called into meeting to discuss origins and wherefores of the fire's progress. Just now I should feel I had lived to some purpose if I could convey to the minds of a few million Americans a picture that is not what has been or what may be.

You know we like the Chinese almost better than we like any other people in the world; or, should I say, like them with a different liking from that we bestow on other peoples? As a matter of fact all white peoples like the Chinese, though nobody has ever quite put a finger on the peculiarly Chinese characteristic or quality which inspires this universal regard. Though it may just be "an indefinable something" in their character, the truth remains that we Americans feel for them a great sympathy which is wholly spontaneous and related to absolutely nothing in the nature of self-interest. They know this. Every Chinese who knows anything about the world outside China knows it vaguely or very definitely by this time, and their response is beginning to take the form of a sometimes embarrassing discrimination between "foreigners" and "Americans."

They are wondering now if their great big powerful friend across the sea is really going to do for them the splendid thing promised. You see, announcement has been made out here that the people of the United States through individual benevolence will give twenty million dollars to be applied to relief in the famine-stricken provinces. I have no idea who made the announcement or whether or not it was authorized, but it was made, and the Chinese thought it very wonderful and have discussed it at great length and with most un-Chineselike animation and enthusiasm. As a contribution twenty million dollars hardly could be regarded as paltry, but to meet the necessities of a situation wherein some forty-five million people are involved in the inevitable conditions attending unparalleled famine, twenty million dollars could not be expected to do all that needs to be done. The Chinese do not believe we will contribute twenty millions, but if we make it ten millions we shall not "lose face" with China. By making it at least ten millions we shall make 50 per cent good on the boast, and that is as much as is necessary to secure us immunity from the variously expressed Chinese surprise.

But if we could only make it twenty millions, and then add another cipher to the sum! It is the opportunity of our national lifetime to instill the principles we preach into the very souls of benighted multitudes, and to brighten until it shines throughout the whole world's dark the light of altruism which we particularly among the peoples of the earth have lifted up and labeled the only light that can discover peace. It is my belief that we now have it in our power to do the greatest thing in our history, at a very small cost to ourselves. The great Chinese famine has been brought to our doors by smiling gods whose business it is to look after fool Americans; and by coming adequately to the rescue of China in her appalling distress—by coming to her rescue with constructive permanent measures of relief—we can speed up the regeneration of her people tremendously and advance her slow progress out of chaos.

Our reward would be her unanimous and enduring friendship, based on the profoundest gratitude; and this, it seems to me, would be a better thing to leave our children than the unimportant sum of money we should have to invest in it. Not that I have any conviction that we shall make this investment. The smiling gods that seek to serve us have occasion too often to smile with the other corner of their mouths. That it is our opportunity I think I am justified in emphasizing.

Nothing to Eat—Not Even Grass

I CAME to China for the sole purpose of having a look at conditions in the famine-stricken areas, and did so with visions in my mind of vast horror I had no wish to see. I went to Armenia in 1919 and saw there enough human misery and wholesale starvation to last me for all time, but I can say now that having crossed only the gray and white areas of China's hunger map, and having come up merely to the edges of the black regions, I am able to look back upon what I saw in Armenia as something quite closely resembling happiness and prosperity. The Armenians were eating grass, but at least they had grass to eat. There is no grass in North China. There are only broad flat yellow plains, bounded north and west by utterly naked mountains. To the southeastward in Shan-tung are crumbling yellow hills above which an occasional rugged peak lifts itself to a fine height and lends a certain grandeur to an otherwise ghastly landscape. There were no trees except a few that grew in the villages and towns, and even these have been cut down and used to meet human needs. The villages and towns are for the most part built of mud and walled with mud, and if it rains their populations wallow in mud. In these regions it has not rained for many months, and the villages and towns are deep in a fine yellow dust, which is blown about in clouds by bitter winter winds, to seep into one's clothing, get into one's eyes and throat, and fill one with considerable apprehension because the dust is mixed with filth from people who are strangers even to the first principles of sanitation.

But there is something more in the picture—the most important thing of all. Coming up through Shan-tung and across Eastern Chi-li one observes that every tiniest patch of possible earth is under cultivation. There is nothing growing now, though winter wheat should be green in the fields. It is all bare, unbelievably bare, but there is not an inch of ground either on the amazingly terraced hillsides or on the great plains that does not look as though it had been crumbled and smoothed into fineness by human hands. It is all like a tremendously beautiful garden prepared by unimaginable patience and toil for seedtime. Whether or not it will be planted depends on whether or not it rains. There have been just two light falls of snow on the winter wheat, and this is not enough. In Shan-tung I was told that unless the usual snows come soon—and there is hardly any hope of this—the winter-wheat crop will be once more a total failure. This will be the third year, and unless rains come to insure plentiful summer crops it will mean yet another year of famine.

The nearest the Chinese Government ever came to taking a census has been their compilation of facts regarding the conditions in the famine-stricken provinces. And since their figures have been checked by the local famine-relief organizations everywhere, and subsequently by the international committee, they are now accepted as being quite sufficiently accurate for all intents and purposes. My own observation is that they minimized rather than exaggerated, but that is because I am not in the habit of

looking upon people as being well provided for who are able to treat themselves to a meager meal perhaps once every twenty-four hours. There are millions of this class in famine areas, but the name of none such is ever written down on the lists of the actually needy. The provinces affected are Chi-li, Shan-tung, Honan, Shen-si and Shan-si. These provinces have a total population of approximately 45,000,000, out of which 25,550,000 have been counted as famine victims, while some 15,000,000 are listed as being completely destitute and dependent during the next four months upon such relief as may be given them. All these facts and figures were cabled to the United States long ago, but in case the figures should be regarded by some as being beyond belief I wish to repeat and ask that my word be taken for it that they are wholly conservative. Fifteen millions are not in danger of death, but in extreme distress.

Clothing as Scarce as Food

ON THE way out across the Pacific I cheered myself along with the thought that when I arrived amidst the horrors probably I would be able to echo the too often expressed cynical opinion, "There are plenty of Chinese," and that I would not find it difficult coldly to calculate the economic advantage to be derived from such a thinning out of the population as threatened. The truth is there are not plenty of Chinese. There are more than enough in certain sections, no doubt, but there are other sections, tremendous in extent, which have never recovered from the devastation of the Tai-ping Rebellion, the great famine of the late seventies, and subsequent similar calamities, and which even now are all but devoid of population. When China's natural resources begin to be developed, when the country is opened up to free interprovincial communication by rail, motor and highway, and when the great industries are established which already are being planned in view of the time when the country shall settle down in a united effort to resume and maintain orderly processes, there will be need for an increased rather than a diminished Chinese population.

However, it was not any such thoughts as these that plunged me into emotions I had no intention of permitting myself to feel. It was what I began to see. I had no sooner entered the famine area than I began to get all the horror I had any use for. It was like what the hell for the wasteful and extravagant ought to resemble. The penurious also might be put along in with the wasteful and extravagant, just to show how useless it is to be too thrifty.

I came up from Shanghai on the railway which runs via Nanking, Pukow, Tsinanfu and Tientsin, and though this road has been in operation a good many years it was new to me. My only trips to Peking had been made by sea to Chingwangtao and thence by rail through Tientsin or up the Yang-tse River to Hankow, and from there on the Hankow and Peking Railway; so except for a visit to Tsingtao in the old German days I had never been in the province of Shan-tung. Curiously, though I know North China well enough and should have known enough to keep my mental pictures harsh in all their tones, I always had in mind a false vision of this sacred corner of this ancient land. For some reason I always thought of it as being green and soft and as having templed hills and sweet valleys filled with quaint farmsteads such as I have seen in old Chinese pictures, but never anywhere in China. I don't know why I should have thought this. I suppose association with it of the name of Confucius and the almost fanatic love the people have for Shan-tung assisted my imagination and helped lead me so pleasantly astray.

The train leaves Shanghai at half past nine in the morning and manages to rumble along at a sufficient pace to get to Nanking at four in the afternoon. There passengers cross the Yang-tse ferry to Pukow, where another train is waiting. If I were not writing about the Chinese famine it would be great fun to write about Chinese railroads, but perhaps the subject will keep for future reference. At Pukow you get into a so-called sleeping car, and I should be willing to bet anything you like that whoever bought the sleeping cars for the Chinese Government railways squeezed their dimensions and pocketed the squeeze. Such narrow-chested compartments never could have been designed by a liberal-minded, unhampered manufacturer of rolling stock. The seats are also narrow, upholstered with bricks or something, and turned at night into bunks are provided with narrow sheets, narrow blanket and narrow pillow stuffed with a strangely lumpy substance that excites one's curiosity but contributes very little to one's ease. Fortunately the roadbed is excellently constructed and as no Chinese time-table calls for much in the way of speed going is fairly smooth.

I waked up when the train was in the heart of Shan-tung, and looked out of my window just in time to see the sunrise painting the slopes of the sacred mountain of Tai-shan in the shades of purple rose. In view of what lay directly before my eyes and what was later seen I was grateful for this vision, glad to begin the day with it, because thereafter came deep depression I have not since been able to escape. It is in the very atmosphere. Fellow passengers and I began at once to talk about death from starvation, and have talked about nothing but death from starvation from that hour to this. It is all there is left to talk about in North China. All else is for the time being forgotten.

It is to be understood that a shortage of food in China means a shortage of everything. The fuel of the people consists of the dried stalks of the kaoliang and thick reed-like stalks of the large millet, but for two years there has been neither kaoliang nor millet. Also they build fences and roof houses with the stalks of the kaoliang. The people wear cotton because they raise cotton in large quantities, but for two years the cotton crop has been a complete failure, so the padded cotton suits soared in price beyond the reach of the very poor. Tens of thousands of poor have sold their clothes and are shivering through the winter in unspeakable rags or thin clothing made for summer wear.

The population is idle because there is no work to be done. Practically all the workers in cotton are out of employment. At Tientsin, for instance, only eighty out of four hundred small cotton mills are in operation. The thousands of weavers of baskets and mats from stalks of the millet and kaoliang have nothing to do. The farmers have done their utmost and are awaiting spring and prayed-for rains. Carters and venders of food; itinerant cooks; grinders and carriers of grain; bakers; butchers—think of the tens of thousands of people exclusive of farmers who cater to the needs of the teeming, vast population. What can they do when there is nothing to do with but drop their hands—such eternally willing and industrious hands—drop their hands and wait? For what? They know their ancient Mother Earth—even if ancient Mother Earth turn kind—cannot yield in time wherewith to save them.

At Tsinanfu, the capital of Shan-tung, there were friends to meet me. It was nine o'clock in the morning, and the brilliant sunshine seemed merely to light up the cold and make it sting the more sharply. My friends were the local manager of the British-American Tobacco Company and his wife, and had come to the station in order to give me a brief glimpse of what they are up against and what they are doing. It is a dark, gray region round Tsinanfu, and in common with a number of other foreign firms this company has gone actively into the famine-relief business on a rather extensive scale. They went to work independently in the early autumn, when they recognized the widespread distress inevitable, and are now operating a number of gruel kitchens, in the Tsinanfu district, from which they are supplying some 3000 meals a day.

The Quiet Pluck of the Famished

I ASKED them if they were able to take care of everybody in their district and they said: "By no means. We have made very careful and what may seem sometimes very cold-blooded selection. Otherwise we could save nobody. There just isn't enough money. We take care of all we can and make the ration as small as possible in order that as many as possible may have it. We give each person a ticket with his name on it, and only holders of these tickets can get food at the kitchens. We assure you all ticket holders have been thoroughly investigated and proved to be absolutely destitute."

"But suppose someone comes along who really is starving but has no ticket; what do you do?"

"We tell him to go on home."

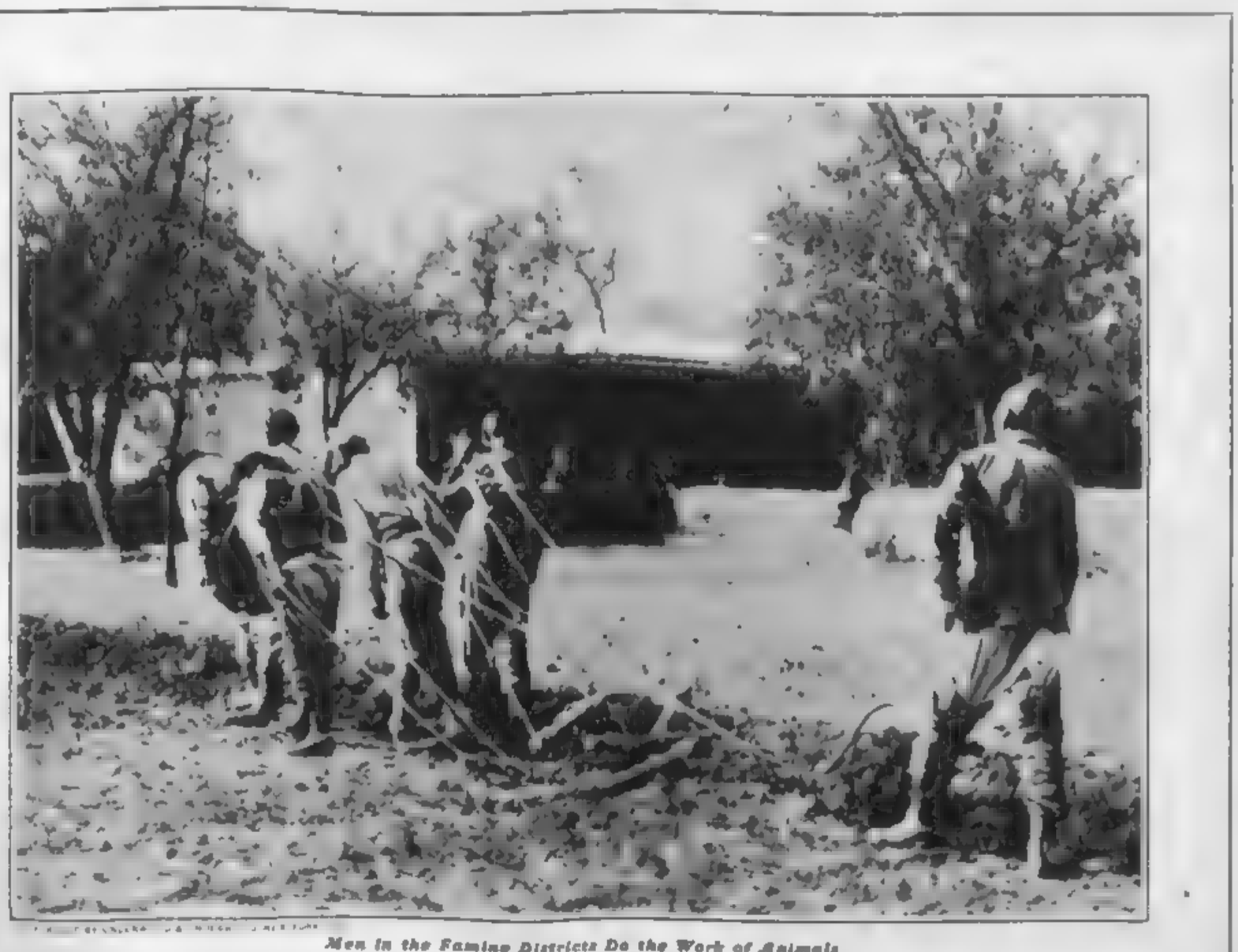
"That may mean to go on home to die?"

"It almost invariably does, but there is no help for it. The worst of it is that they take it so philosophically. You can trust a Chinese to meet his fate halfway, no matter what it is, without any fuss about it. We thought we knew the Chinese pretty well, but we didn't know much about them as fatalists until this situation developed. In any other country there would be bread riots, wholesale murder, thievery and disturbances generally; but the average Chinese calmly accepts the fact that he has to starve to death, and goes quietly ahead and does it."

"Are many dying in this section?"

"Not yet; about 1500 so far, but the death rate is increasing and is bound to be pretty awful."

They told me I was just coming into the real hunger belt, and assured me that on the up line between Tsinanfu and Tientsin I would see things I probably would not care to look at. And they were right. All station platforms along this railway are fenced in by heavy picket fences, and sometimes fences of barbed wire. This is to keep the clamorous inquisitive people at a respectful distance from the trains. I was glad of the fences as we went along from station to station, because behind them presently began to appear mobs of such human beings as I had never before seen; mobs of such people as I would not care to have come too near me, however much I might pity them. There are always beggars in China, but the worst old hardened sinner in the country who pretends to believe that starvation is chronic and cultivated among the Chinese could not look upon these crowds and dismiss them from his mind



Men in the Famine Districts Do the Work of Animals

(Continued on Page 105)

WILD EARTH

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE big department store so terrified Wesley Dean that he got no farther than five steps beyond the entrance. Crowds of well-dressed ladies milling round like cattle, the noise of many feminine voices, the excessive warmth and the heady odor of powder and perfume—the toilet goods were grouped very near the door—all combined to bewilder and frighten him. He got out before the floorwalker of the center aisle could so much as ask him what he wanted.

Once outside he stood in the spring wind and meditated. There must be other stores in Baltimore, little ones, where a man could buy things in quiet and decency. Until the four o'clock motor stage started for Frederick he had nothing to do.

He stuck his hands in his pockets and started down the crowded crookedness of Lexington Street. He reached the market and strolled through it leisurely, feeling very much at home with the meats and vegetables and the good country look of many of the stall keepers. Its size amazed him; but then he'd always heard that Baltimore was a big city, and so many people must take a lot to eat. He went on, all the way through, and after a little hesitation struck down a quiet street to the right. But he saw no shops of the sort he was looking for, and he had thoughts of going back and braving the big store again. He turned again and again, pleased by the orderly rows of red-brick-with-white-trim houses, homy-looking places in spite of their smallness and close setting. At last, right in the middle of a row of these, he saw a large window set in place of the two usual smaller ones, a window filled with unmistakable feminine stuff, and the sign, small, neatly gilt lettered: Miss Tolman's Ladies' Shop. Hemstitching Done.

There wasn't a soul going in or out, so he braved it, and was happier still when he found himself the sole customer. The opening of the door made a bell tinkle in a back room.

A girl came through parted green wool curtains, a girl so flaxen-haired, with such blue eyes—like a friendly kitten—that Wesley Dean almost forgot the errand that had brought him so far.

As for the girl, she was surprised to see a man, and particularly a young country man, among the gloves and stockings, cheap pink under things and embroideries of Miss Tolman's shop.

"You got any—any aprons?" he stammered.

"White aprons or gingham?" The girl's smile helped Wesley a great deal. A very nice girl, he decided; but she made him feel queer, light-headed.

"I'm not sure, ma'am. When I come away from home this morning I asked Aunt Dolcey did she need anything, and she said yes, a couple of aprons, but she didn't say what kind."

The girl thought it over. "I reckon maybe if she's your auntie she'd want white aprons."

Her mistake gave him a chance for the conversation which he felt a most surprising wish to make.

"No'm, she's not my auntie. She's the old colored woman keeps house for me."

Oh, she was a very nice girl; something about the way she held her head made Wesley think of his spunky little riding mare, Teeny.

"H'm. Then I think you'd be safe to get a gingham; anyway a gingham apron comes in handy to anybody working round a kitchen. We got some nice big ones."

"Aunt Dolcey's not so awful big; not any bigger'n you, but heavier set, like."

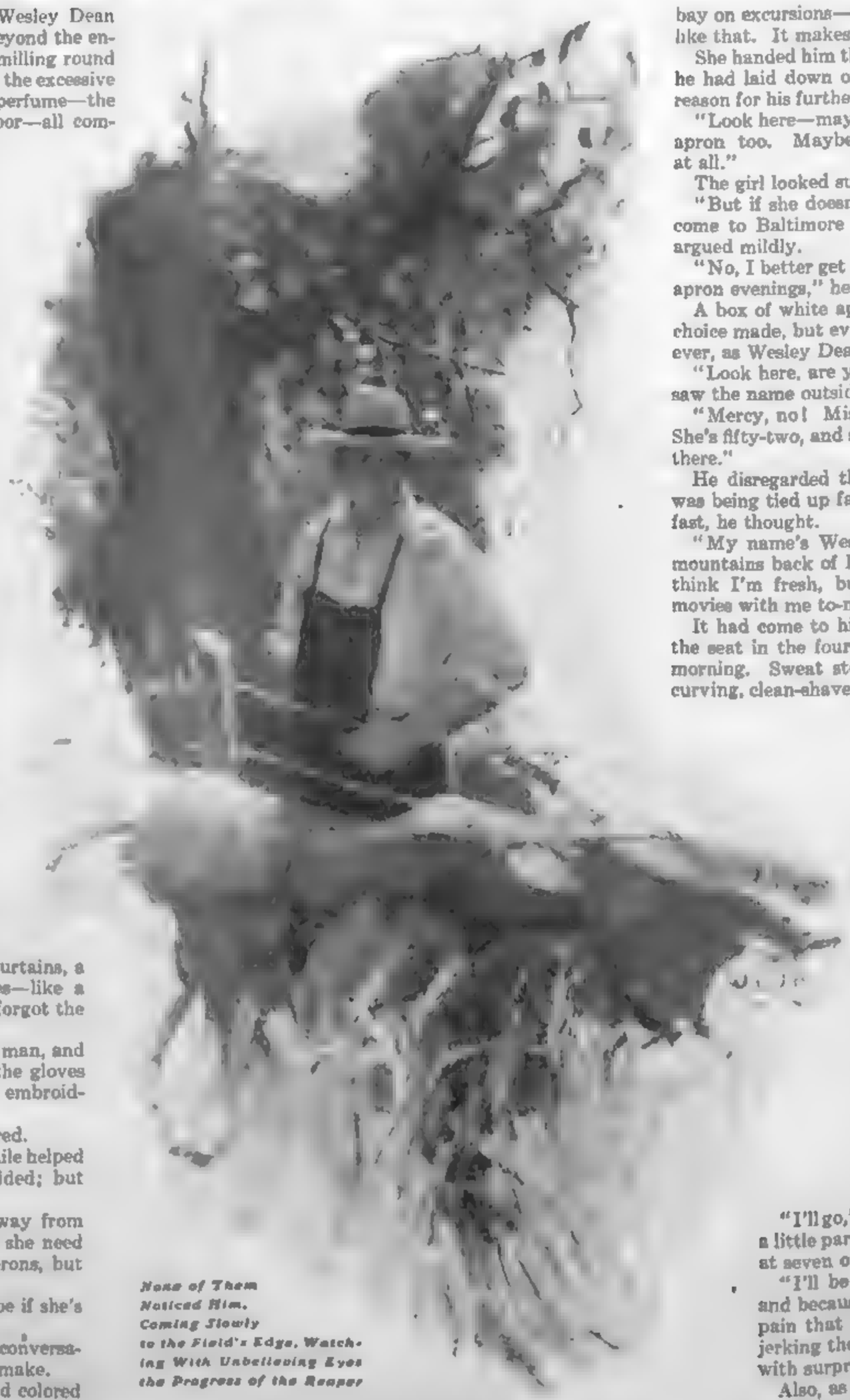
There is a distinct advance in friendly intimacy when one has one's size considered in relation to a customer's needs, particularly when the consideration shows how little a man knows about women's garments. The girl reached beneath the counter and brought up an armful of blue-and-white-checked aprons. She unfolded them deftly, and Wesley saw that she had small strong hands and round wrists.

"These got bibs and nice long strings, cover you all up while you're cooking. They're a dollar."

His gaze, intent on her rather than the aprons, brought her eyes to his.

"Good-looking, but country," was her swift appraisal, adding to it, "And what a funny mark he's got on his forehead."

It was true. His young hawklike face, tanned brown by sun and wind, was made strangely grim by a dark vein on his brow, which lent a frowning shadow to his whole visage. Yet the eyes she had looked into were shy and gentle and reassuringly full of open admiration.



None of Them Noticed Him. Coming Slowly to the Field's Edge, Watching With Unbelieving Eyes the Progress of the Reaper

"If you think she'll like 'em I'll take two," he said after an instant's pause.

"I'm sure she'll like 'em. They're good gingham and real well made. We don't keep shoddy stuff. You could go into one of the big stores and get aprons for fifty, sixty cents, but they wouldn't be good value."

The soft cadence of her voice gave Wesley a strange and stifled feeling around the heart. He must—he must stay and talk to her. Hardly knowing what he said, he burst into loquacity.

"I did go into one of the big stores, and it sort of scared me—everything so stuffy and heaped up, and such a lot of people. I don't get down to Baltimore very often, you see. I do most of my buying right in Frederick, but I'd broke my disker, and if you send it's maybe weeks before the implement house will 'tend to you. So I just come down and got the piece, so there won't be but one day lost."

The girl looked up at him again, and he could feel his heart pound against his ribs. This time she was a little wistful.

"They say it's real pretty country out round Frederick. I've never been out of Baltimore, 'cept to go down the bay on excursions—Betterton and Love Point, and places like that. It makes a grand sail in hot weather."

She handed him the package and picked up the two bills he had laid down on the counter. There was plainly no reason for his further lingering. But he had an artful idea.

"Look here—maybe I ought to get Aunt Dolcey a white apron too. Maybe she won't want the gingham ones at all."

The girl looked surprised at such extravagance.

"But if she doesn't you can bring 'em back when you come to Baltimore again, and we'd exchange 'em," she argued mildly.

"No, I better get a white one now. She puts on a white apron evenings," he added craftily.

A box of white aprons was lifted from the shelf and a choice made, but even that transaction could not last forever, as Wesley Dean was desperately aware.

"Look here, are you Miss Tolman?" he burst out. "I saw the name outside on the window."

"Mercy, no! Miss Tolman's a kind of cousin of mine. She's fifty-two, and she can't hardly get through that door there."

He disregarded the description, for the second bundle was being tied up fast. He had never seen anyone tie so fast, he thought.

"My name's Wesley Dean, and I got a farm in the mountains back of Frederick. Say—I don't want you to think I'm fresh, but—but—say, would you go to the movies with me to-night?"

It had come to him in a flash that he could disregard the seat in the four o'clock bus and go back to-morrow morning. Sweat stood out on his forehead and on his curving, clean-shaven upper lip. His boy's eyes hung on hers, pleading. All the happiness of his life, he felt, waited for this girl's answer, this little yellow-haired girl whom he had never seen until a quarter of an hour before.

"We-ell," she hesitated, "I—I don't like to have you think I'd pick up like this with any fellow that come along ——"

"I don't think so!" he broke in fiercely. "If I thought so I'd never've asked you."

There was a strange, breathless moment in the tiny, cluttered shop, a moment such as some men and women are lucky enough to feel once in a lifetime. It is the moment when the heart's wireless sends its clear message, "This is my woman" and "This is my man." The flaxen-haired girl and the dark boy were caught in the golden magic of it and, half scared, half ecstatic, were thrown into confusion.

"I'll go," she whispered breathlessly. "There's a little park a block down the street. I'll be there at seven o'clock, by the statue."

"I'll be there, waiting for you," he replied, and because he could not bear the strange sweet pain that filled him he plunged out of the shop, jerking the door so that the little bell squealed with surprise. He had forgotten his packages.

Also, as he remembered presently, he did not know her name.

He was at the feet of the statue in the park by half past six, and spent a restless half hour there in the cool spring twilight. Perhaps she would not come! Perhaps he had frightened her, even as he had frightened himself, by this inexplicable boldness. Other girls passed by, and some of them glanced with a coquettish challenge at the handsome tall youth with his frowning brow. But he did not see them. Presently—and it was just on the stroke of seven—he saw her coming, hesitantly, and with an air of complete and proper primness. She had on a plain little shabby suit and hat, but round her throat was a string of beads of a blue to match her eyes, an enticing, naive harmony.

She carried the forgotten aprons, and handed them to him gravely.

"You left these," she said; and then, to regularize the situation, "My name's Anita Smithers. I ought've told you this afternoon, but—I guess I was kind of forgetful too."

That made them both smile, and the smile left them less shy. He stuffed the forgotten aprons into his overcoat pocket.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't come. Where can we go? I don't know anything much about the city. I'd like to take you to a nice picture show, the best there is."

She flushed with the glory of it.

"There's a real nice picture house only a little ways from here. They got a Pauline Frederick film on. I'm just crazy about Pauline Frederick."

By this time they were walking sedately out of the park, not daring to look at each other. She watched him while he bought the tickets and then a box of caramels from the candy stand inside.

"He knows what to do," she thought proudly. "He's not a bit of a hick."

"D'you go to the pictures a lot?" he asked when they were seated.

"'Most every night. I'm just crazy about 'em."

"I expect you've got steady company, then?" The question fairly jerked out of him.

She shook her head. "No, I almost always go by myself. My girl friend, she goes with me sometimes."

He sighed with relief. "They got good picture shows in Frederick. I go most every Saturday night."

"But you don't live right in Frederick, you said."

He seized the chance to tell her about himself.

"Oh my, no. I live back in the mountains. Say, I just wish you could see my place. It's up high, and you can look out, ever so far—everything kind of drops away below, and you can see the river and the woods, and it takes different colors, 'cording to the season and the weather. Some days when I'm plowing or disking and I get up on the ridge, it's so high up and far away seems like I'm on top the whole world. It's lonesome—it's off the pike, you see—but I like it. Here in the city everything crowds on you so close."

She had listened with the keenest interest..

"That's so. It must be grand to get off by yourself and have plenty room. I get so tired of that squinched-in, narrow, stuffy shop; and the place where I board is worse. I don't make enough to have a room by myself. There's two other girls in with me, and seems like we're always underfoot to each other. And there isn't any parlor, and we got only one bureau for the three of us, and you can guess what a mess that is. And the closet's about as big as a pocket handkerchief."

"Ain't you got any *folks*?"

The blue eyes held a sudden mist.

"Nobody but Miss Tolman, and she's only a distant cousin. Ma died two years ago. She used to sew, but she wasn't strong, and we never could get ahead."

"My folks are all gone too."

How little and alone she was, but how much nearer to him her aloneness brought her. He wanted to put his hand over hers and tell her that he would take care of her, that she need never be alone again. But the beginning of the film choked back the words. He poked the box of caramels at her, and she took it, opened it with a murmured "Oh, my, thank you!" Presently they both had sweetly bulging cheeks. Where their elbows touched on the narrow chair arm made tingling thrills run all over him. Once she gave him an unconscious nudge of excitement.

Out of the corner of his eye he studied her delicate side face as she sat, with her lips parted, intent on the film.

"She's pretty—and she's good," thought Wesley Dean. "I expect she's too good for me."

But that unwontedly humble thought did not alter it a hair's breadth that she must be his. The Deans had their way always. The veins in his wrists and the vein in his forehead beat with his hot purpose. He shifted so that his arm did not touch hers, for he found the nearness of her disturbing; he could not plan or think clearly while she was so close. And he must think clearly.

When the last flicker of the feature was over and the comic and the news feature had wrung their last laugh and gasp of interest from the crowd, they joined the slow exit of the audience in silence. On the sidewalk, however, she found her voice.

"It was an awful nice picture," she said softly. "'Most the nicest I ever saw."

"Look here, let's go somewhere and have a hot choc'late, or some soda, or ice cream," he broke in hurriedly. He could not let her go with so much yet unsaid. "Or would you like an oyster stew in a reg'lar restaurant? Yes, that'd be better. Come on; it isn't late."

"Well, after all those caramels, I shouldn't think an oyster stew ——"

"You can have something else, then." The main thing was to get her at a table opposite him, where they wouldn't have to hurry away. "Let's go in there."

He pointed toward a small restaurant across the street where red candlelights glimmered warmly through paneled lace.

"But that looks like such a stylish place," she protested even as she let him guide her toward it.

But it was not so stylish when they got inside, and the appearance of the stout woman, evidently both proprietor and cashier, who presided over the scene at a table on a low platform near the door reassured them both. And the red candle shades were only crinkled paper; the lace curtains showed many careful darns. A rebellious boy of fourteen, in a white jacket and apron, evidently the proprietor's son, came to take their order. After a good bit of urging Anita said that she would take a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee.

Wesley ordered an oyster stew for himself, and coffee, and then grandly added that they would both have vanilla and chocolate ice cream.

"He looks as if he just hated being a waiter," said Anita, indicating the departing boy servitor.

"Sh'd think he would," said Wesley. He put his arms on the table and leaned toward her. "I was going home this afternoon till I saw you. I stayed over, just to see you again. I've got to go back in the morning, for I've not got my spring work done; but—you're going with me."

The vein on his forehead heightened his look of desperate determination. He was not so much a suitor as a commander.

"You haven't got any folks and neither have I, so that makes it easy. I'll come for you in the morning, about eight o'clock, and we'll go get a license and get married, and then we can get the ten o'clock bus out to Frederick. Oh, girl, I never saw anyone like you! I—I'll be good to you—I'll take care of you. It don't matter if I didn't ever see you till this afternoon, I'd never find anybody else that I want so much in a hundred thousand years. I've not got a lot of money, but the farm's mine, all free and clear, and if my wheat turns out all right I'll have a thousand dollars cash outright come the end of the year, even after the taxes are paid and everything. Won't you look at me, Anita—won't you tell me something? Don't you like me?"

(Continued on Page 42)

"I'm Going to Cut This Wheat if it Kills Me!" She Said Over and Over to Herself in a Queer Refrain. She Thought Probably it Would. But She Drove On

The Salvaging of Civilization

The Enlargement of Patriotism to a World State

By H. G. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

IN MY opening argument I have shown the connection between the present intense political troubles of the world, and more particularly of Europe, and the advance in mechanical knowledge during the past hundred and fifty years. I have shown that without a very drastic readjustment of political ideas and habits there opens before Europe and the world generally a sure prospect of degenerative conflicts; that without such a readjustment our civilization has passed its zenith, and must continue the process of collapse that has been in progress since August, 1914.

Now this readjustment means an immediate conflict with existing patriotisms. We have embarked here upon a discussion in which emotion and passion seem quite unavoidable, the discussion of nationality. At the very outset we bump violently against patriotism as any European understands that word. And it is, I hold, impossible not to bump against European patriotisms. We cannot temporize with patriotism as one finds it in Europe, and get on towards a common human welfare. The two things are flatly opposed. One or other must be sacrificed. The political and social muddle of Europe at the present time is very largely due to the attempt to compromise between patriotism and the common good of Europe.

Do we want to get rid of patriotism altogether? Can we? Frankly, I do not think we want to get rid of patriotism, and I do not think we could, even if we wanted to do so. It seems to be necessary to one's moral life that he should feel himself part of a community, belonging to it, and it belonging to him; and that this community should be a single and lovable reality, inspired by a common idea, with a common fashion and aim.

The Infection of National Egotism

BUT a point I have been trying to bring out throughout all this argument so far is this—that when a European goes to the United States of America he finds a new sort of state, materially bigger and materially less encumbered than any European state. And he also finds an intensely patriotic people whose patriotism isn't really the equivalent of a European patriotism. It is historically and practically a synthesis of European patriotisms. It is numerically bigger. It is geographically ten times as big. That is very important indeed from the point of view of this discussion. And it is synthetic; it is a thing made out of something smaller. People, I believe, talk of 100 per cent Americans. There is no 100 per cent American except the Red Indian. There isn't a white man in the United States from whose blood a large factor of European patriotism hasn't been washed out to make way for his American patriotism.

Upon this fact of American patriotism, as a larger, different thing than European patriotism, I build. The thing can be done. If it can be done in the Europeans and their descendants who have come to America, it can conceivably be done in the Europeans who abide in Europe. And how can we set about doing it?

America, the silent, comprehensive continent of America, did the thing by taking all the various nationalities who have made up her population and obliging them to live together. Unhappily, we cannot take the rest of our European nations now and put them on a great virgin continent to learn a wider political wisdom. There are no more virgin continents. Europe must stay where she is.

Now I am told it sometimes helps scientific men to clear up their ideas about a process by imagining that process reversed, and so getting a view of it from a different direction. Let us, then, for a few moments, instead of talking of the expansion and synthesis of patriotism in Europe, imagine a development of narrow patriotism in America, and consider how that case could be dealt with. Suppose, for instance, there was a serious outbreak of local patriotism in Kentucky. Suppose you found the people of Kentucky starting a flag of their own and objecting to what they would probably call the vague internationalism of the Stars and Stripes. Suppose you found them wanting to set up tariff barriers to the trade of the states round about them. Suppose you found they were preparing to annex considerable parts of the State of Virginia by force in order to secure a proper strategic frontier among the mountains to the east, and that they were also talking darkly of their need for an outlet to the sea of their very own.

What would an American citizen think of such an outbreak? He would probably think that Kentucky had gone mad. But this, which seems such fantastic behavior when we imagine it occurring in Kentucky, is exactly what is happening in Europe in the case of little states that are hardly any larger than Kentucky. They have always been so. They have not gone mad; if this sort of thing is madness, then they were born mad. And they have never been cured. A state of affairs that is regarded in Europe as normal would be regarded in the United States as a grave case of local mental trouble.

And what would the American community probably do in such a case? It would probably begin by inquiring where Kentucky had got these strange ideas. They would look for sources of infection. Somebody must have been preaching there or writing in the newspapers or teaching mischief in the schools. And I suppose the people of the United States would set themselves very earnestly to see that sounder sense was talked and taught to the people of Kentucky about these things.

Now that is precisely what has to be done in the parallel European case. Everywhere in Europe there goes on, in the national schools, in the patriotic churches, in the national presses, in the highly nationalized literatures, a unity-destroying propaganda of patriotism. The schools of all the European countries at the present time, with scarcely an exception, teach the most rancid patriotism; they are centers of an abominable political infection. The children of Europe grow up with an intensity of national egotism that makes them, for all practical international purposes, insane. They are not born with it, but they are infected with it as soon as they can read and write. The British learn nothing but the glories of Britain and the British Empire; the French are, if possible, still more insanely concentrated on France; the Germans are just recovering from the bitter consequences of forty years of intensive nationalist education. And so on. Every country in Europe is its own Sinn Fein, cultivating that ugly and silly obsession of "ourselves alone." "Ourselves alone" is the sure guide to conflict and disaster, to want, misery, violence, degradation and death for our children and our children's children—until our race is dead.

The first task before us in Europe is, at any cost, to release our children from this nationalist obsession, to teach the mass of European people a little truthful history in which each one will see the past and future of his own country in their proper proportions, and a little truthful ethnology in which each country will get over the delusion that its people are a distinct and individual race. The history teaching in the schools of Europe is at the very core of this business.

Why Make Two Bites at a Planet?

BUT that is only, so to speak, the point of application of great complex influences, the influences that mold us in childhood—the teachings of literature, of the various religious bodies, and the daily reiteration of the press. Before Europe can get on there has to be a colossal turnover of these moral and intellectual forces in the direction of creating an international mind. If that can be effected, then there is hope for Europe and the Old World. If it cannot be effected, then certainly Europe will go down—with its flags nailed to its masts. We are on a sinking ship that only one thing can save. We have to oust these European patriotisms by some greater idea or perish.

What is this greater idea to be?

Now I submit that this greater idea had best be the idea of the world state of all mankind.

I will admit that so far I have made a case only for teaching the idea of a United States of Europe in Europe. I have concentrated our attention upon that region of maximum congestion and conflict. But as a matter of fact there are no real and effective barriers and boundaries in the Old World between Europe and Asia and Africa. The ordinary Russian talks of Europe as one who is outside it. The European political systems flow over and have always overflowed into the greater areas to the east and south. Remember the early empires of Macedonia and Rome. See how the Russian language runs to the Pacific, and how Islam radiates into all three continents. I will not elaborate this case.

When you bear such things in mind I think you will agree with me that if we are to talk of a United States of Europe it is just as easy and practicable to talk of a United States of the Old World. And are we to stop at a United States of the Old World?

No doubt the most evident synthetic forces in America at the present time point towards some sort of pan-American unification. That is the nearest thing. That may come first. But are we to contemplate a sort of dual world—the New World against the Old?

I do not think that would be any very satisfactory stopping place. Why make two bites at a planet? If we work for unity on the large scale we are contemplating we may as well work for world unity.

Not only in distance but in a score of other matters are London and Rome nearer to New York than is Patagonia, and San Francisco is always likely to be more interesting to Japan than Paris or Madrid. I cannot see any reason for

A World Government Will Arise Out of

supposing that the mechanical drawing together of the peoples of the world into one economic and political unity is likely to cease—unless our civilization ceases. I see no signs that our present facilities for transport and communication are the ultimate possible facilities. Once we break away from current nationalist limitations in our political ideas, there is no reason and no advantage in contemplating any halfway house to a complete human unity.

Now after what I have been saying it is very easy to explain why I would have this idea of human unity put before people's minds in the form of a world state and not of a League of Nations.

Let me first admit the extraordinary educational value of the League of Nations' propaganda and of the attempt that has been made to create a League of Nations. It has brought before the general intelligence of the world the proposition of a world law and a world unity that could not perhaps have been broached in any other way.

But is it a League of Nations that is wanted?

I submit to you that the word "nations" is just the word that should have been avoided—that it admits and tends to stereotype just those conceptions of division and difference that we must at any cost minimize and obliterate if our species is to continue. And the phrase has a thin and legal and litigious flavor. What loyalty and what devotion can we expect this multiple association to command? It has no unity, no personality. It is like asking a man to love the average member of a woman's club instead of loving his wife.

Foundations of a World State

FOR the idea of man, for human unity, for our common blood, for the one order of the world I can imagine men living and dying, but not for a miscellaneous assembly that will not mix—even in its name. It has no central idea, no heart to it, this League-of-Nations formula. It is weak and compromising just where it should be strong—in defining its antagonism to separate national sovereignty. For that is what it aims at if it means business. If it means business, it means at least a superstate overriding the autonomy of existing states; and if it does not mean business, then we have no use for it whatever.

It may seem a much greater undertaking to attack nationality and nationalism instead of patching up a compromise with these things, but along the line of independent nationality lies no hope of unity and peace and continuing progress for mankind. We cannot suffer these old concentrations of loyalty because we want that very loyalty which now concentrates upon them to cement and sustain the peace of all the world. Just as in the past provincial patriotisms have given place to national patriotisms, so now we need to oust these still too narrow devotions by a new unity and a new reigning idea—the idea of one state and one flag in all the earth.

The idea of the world state stands to the idea of the League of Nations much as the idea of the one God of earth and heaven stands to a divine committee composed of Woden and Baal and Jupiter and Amun Ra and Mumbo Jumbo and all the other national and tribal gods. There is no compromise possible in the one matter, as in the other. There is no way round. The task before mankind is to substitute the one idea of an overriding world commonweal for the multitudinous ideas of little commonweals that prevail everywhere to-day. We have already glanced at the near and current consequences of our failure to bring about that substitution.

Now this is an immense proposal. Is it a preposterous one? Let us not shirk the tremendous scale upon which the foundations of a world state of all mankind must be laid. But remember, however great that task before us may seem, however near it may come to the impossible, nevertheless, in the establishment of one world rule and one world law lies the only hope of escape from an increasing tangle of wars, from social overstrain, and at last a social dissolution so complete as to end forever the tale of mankind as we understand mankind.

Personally, I am appalled by the destruction already done in the world in the past seven years. I doubt if any untraveled American can realize how much of Europe is already broken up. I do not think many people realize how swiftly Europe is still sinking, how urgent it is to get European affairs put back upon a basis of the common good if civilization is to be saved.

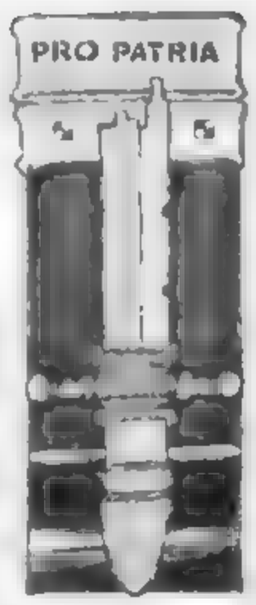
And now as to the immensity of this project of substituting loyalty to a world commonweal for loyalty to a single egotistical belligerent nation. It is a project to invade hundreds to millions of minds, to attack certain ideas established in those minds, and either to efface those ideas altogether or to supplement and correct them profoundly by this new idea of a human commonweal. We have to get not only into the at present intensely patriotic minds of Frenchmen, Germans, English, Irish and Japanese, but into the remote and difficult minds of Arabs and Indians and into the minds of the countless millions of China. Is there any precedent to justify us in hoping that such a change in world ideas is possible?

I think there is. I would suggest that the general tendency of thought about these things to-day is altogether too skeptical of what teaching and propaganda can do in these matters. In the past there have been very great changes in human thought. I need scarcely remind you of the spread of Christianity in Western Europe. In a few centuries the whole of Western Europe was changed from the wild confusion of warring tribes that succeeded the breakdown of the Roman Empire, into the unity of Christendom, into a community with such an idea of unity that it could be roused from end to end by the common idea of the Crusades.

Still more remarkable was the swift transformation in less than a century of all the nations and peoples to the south and east of the Mediterranean, from Spain to Central Asia, into the unity of Islam, a unity which has lasted to this day. In both these cases, what I may call the mental turnover was immense.

I think if you will consider the spread of these very complex and difficult religions, and compare the means at the disposal of their promoters with the means at the disposal of intelligent people to-day, you will find many reasons for believing that a recasting of people's ideas into the framework of a universal state is by no means an impossible project.

Different Motives and Realize a Different Ideal. It Will be Primarily an Organ for Keeping the Peace



Those great teachings of the past were spread largely by word of mouth. Their teachers had to travel slowly and dangerously. People were gathered together to hear with great difficulty, except in a few crowded towns. Books could be used only sparingly. Few people could read, fewer still could translate, and manuscripts were copied with extreme slowness upon parchment. There was no printing, no paper, no post. And except for a very few people there were no schools. Both Christendom and Islam had to create their common schools in order to preserve even a minimum of their doctrine intact from generation to generation. All this was done in the teeth of much bitter opposition and persecution.

Now to-day we have means of putting ideas and arguments swiftly and effectively before people all over the world at the same time, such as no one could have dreamed of a hundred years ago. We have not only books and papers, but in the cinema we have a means of rapid, vivid presentation still hardly used. We have schools nearly everywhere. And here, in the need for an overruling world state, and the idea of world service replacing combative patriotism, we have an urgent, a commanding human need. We have an invincible case for this world state and an unanswerable objection to the nationalisms and patriotisms that would oppose it.

Is it not almost inevitable that some of us should get together and begin a propaganda upon modern lines of this organized world peace, without which our race must perish?

The world perishes for the want of a common political idea. It is still quite possible to give the world this common political idea, the idea of a federal world state. We cannot help but set about doing it.

So I put it to you that the most important work before men and women to-day is the preaching and teaching, the elaboration, and then, at last, the realization of this project of the world state. We have to create a vision of it, to make it seem first a possibility and then an approaching reality. This is a work that demands the work and thought of thousands of minds. We have to spread the idea of a federal world state, as an approaching reality, throughout the world. We can do this nowadays through a hundred various channels. We can do it through the press, through all sorts of literary expression, in our schools, colleges and universities, through political mouthpieces, by special organizations, and last, but not least, through the teaching of the churches. For remember that all the great religions of the world are in theory universalist; they may tolerate the divisions of men but they cannot sanction them. We propose no religious revolution, but at most a religious revival. We can spread ideas and suggestions now with a hundred times the utmost rapidity of a century ago.

Heir to All the Empires

THIS movement need not at once intervene in politics. It is a prospective movement, and its special concern will be with young and still-growing minds. But as it spreads it will inevitably change politics. The nations, states and kingdoms of to-day, which fight and scheme against each other as though they had to go on fighting and scheming forever, will become more and more openly and manifestly merely guardian governments—governments playing a waiting part in the world while the world state comes of age. For this world state, for which the world is waiting, must necessarily be a fusion of all governments and heir to all the empires.

So far I have been occupied by establishing a case for the world state. It has been, I fear, rather an abstract discussion. I have kept closely to the bare, hard logic of the present human situation.

But now let me attempt very briefly, in the barest outline, some concrete realization of what a world state would mean. Let us try to conceive for ourselves the form a world state would take. I do not care to leave this discussion with nothing to it but a phrase which is really hardly more than a negative phrase until we put some body to it. As it stands, "world state" means simply a politically undivided world. Let us try to carry that over to the idea of a unified organized state throughout the world.

Let us try to imagine what a world government would be like. I find that when one speaks of a world state people think at once of some existing government, and magnify it to world proportions. They ask, for example, "Where will the world congress meet, and how will you elect your world president? Won't your world president," they say, "be rather a tremendous personage? How are we to choose him? Or will there be a world king?"

(Continued on Page 40)

THE WIRE CUTTER

"I'm Not Trying to Get You; I'm Trying to Save You Until I Can Whip You Proper. Wake Up! Make It Interesting!"

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

"NO, SIR," said Simon, curling his tongue against his palate so that more bitter smoke would reach more nerves of taste, "it can't be done that way. Maybe when men lived in caves, but not in a sand country. There's got to be a minister or somebody, and he's got to be in the same room. That's what marriage is."

We were talking across the top of the ranch stove, and the conversation had returned upon its own trail, as always happens in the Sand Hills in winter. Outside a blizzard had the harrow bumping, as the phrase goes, with the wind combing sand and snow through the harsh grass at a velocity so great that the sound of it was high and shrill like the cries of bats in a bat roost.

"It has been done," asserted Sam Blaine.

"Robinson Crusoe did it," I suggested.

"You don't have to go back to Robinson Crusoe," said Sam. "All you need is a pair of wire cutters and a good Kincaider."

"A what?"

Teddy McKeever had run out with me from the East and did not know the Sand Hills nouns. Sam explained that the Kincaid Act of 1904 increased the size of claims in Western Nebraska to six hundred and forty acres, and that a Kincaider was a homesteader under this law.

"You need a woman," said Simon.

"Naturally."

"But I don't see the wire cutters at all."

"Want to ride to town with me and look it up?"

"No, sir, and you don't neither. That's another thing can't be done. Mister Blizzard would bore a hole through your head where your mouth used to be."

"Know anything else that can't be done?"

"I know plenty things."

"I have a Kincaider owns some good wire cutters." Sam fell back upon his thoughts while Simon pulled at his burned pipe. Finally he asked, "Ever meet up with a Kincaider named Merlin Crane, over beyond Bass Lake?"

"Marry her?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'd like to hear about that now."

After a moment Sam began telling us the story of two men and a woman in a blizzard. I give the substance of it in my own words.

Up to ten o'clock of this Saturday morning the day might have been a square of plate glass cut out of a window. The sun shone from a cloudless sky; the shadows cast by the fence posts were sharp and black; the light snowfall from Thursday was dark with water; and along the low meadows the dead stalks of yellow avens, stichwort and marsh bellflower began to stand out like pencils of charcoal. Even the lakes, dead as they were and silvered with snow, somehow seemed warm at heart, as if the winter that had touched them were not winter at all, but spring in a white wig.

The sky lost its brilliance as suddenly as blued steel when one blows his breath on it. The haze, slight at first, increased in depth until at eleven o'clock it had the appearance of a milky fog, through which the sun shone as through waxed paper. The fence posts still cast faint shadows, the air remained mild; the softening snow continued to melt languidly; the spongy shafts of rosinweed and milkweed, of larkspur and goldenrod and wild bergamot, continued to blacken on the south slopes as water gathered in the little wells from which they sprang.

Merlin had already noticed that his cattle were uneasy on their bones. Instead of nibbling at the undercut haystacks they were standing about like hunger strikers, idle and nervous. He looked at his barometer. The mercury was still rising; it had been rising since the morning before.

"That means look out," he thought. "A rising glass in winter is a blizzard glass."

The snowfall began while the sun still burned dimly behind the haze. The first flakes consisted of what Merlin called Irish snow. They were not flakes at all, but fine particles of spraylike moisture such as might have been swept inland from a high surf along the seashore. These were followed in two or three minutes by particles of powdered ice from Cape Niobrara that fell stingingly upon the cheek, and because of their sharpness seemed driven with more force than they possessed, like a charge of Number Ten just out of killing range, opposite snipe fever.

The gale followed, bearing down from the northwest with a falsetto wail that was audible while yet its front was rods away. Had a similar wind swept in during the summer it would have charged itself with dune sand in a great cloud. But the sand was now blanketed with wet snow, and did not rise. A platoon of weeds that twisted free came bounding down the slopes. Except for these, and for the drifting snow particles, the wind made itself heard rather than seen, and even the snow and the weeds were not noiseless.

"Funny, that dry sound a tumbleweed makes," thought Merlin. "Something like the sound of a woman in a starched dress, only not so loud, with always behind it that high sound of fine ice against dead grass."

Something like the sound of Diana's starched dress the last time he saw her; something like the fainter sound—— But he had no time to-day to listen to sounds. He had work to do.

The air so far had remained mild. Even the slanted spume from Cape Niobrara had failed to sharpen it to an edge. But within a minute or two after the striking of the gale the temperature dropped like a plummet to the freezing point and beyond until the thermometer stood near zero. At the same time the ice particles became drier and lighter until they were almost suffocating.

Merlin, already chilled, dodged into the shelter of the barn; but instead of hugging his ears he began upon a hurried inspection of his three-by-thirty. The tires were almost flat. He pumped air into them until they had swelled out their chests like pouter pigeons. He filled his tank with gas, glanced at his oil, gave the crank a turn to prove that his ignition was working. The top, already in place, with curtains fastened, he tested for tightness.

Then he piled the floor of the tonneau before and behind with loose hay and packed hay in around the rear seat against the curtains.

When he had made his car ready he fought his way to the fence and along the fence to the house. Once inside his house, his movements became still more hurried. The room was in disorder at every point. The bed lay unmade, with blankets thrown back; the stove stood with ashes strewn over its rusty head; the water bucket occupied the only chair; the table stood piled with unwashed dishes.

It was upon this disorder that he went to work. Crossing to the figured cambric curtains he had bought to hang over his Sunday clothes, he found upon a shelf a pillow slip and a pair of sheets. The slip he stretched over the hay-stuffed pad he called his pillow and the sheets he smoothed down over the hay mattress. He started to lay a blanket on the mattress before dressing it in sheets, but changed his mind and folded it up instead.

After brushing the sand from the sheets he turned to the stove. Here he lifted down the empty hay burner, shoveled into it the copious ashes from the fire box and set it aside. Then, setting on a fresh burner, he touched a match to it. The burners he was using were of an older type, shaped like deep wash boilers. Instead of inverting them over the front extension he placed them over the front lid holes. He allowed the dampers to remain open the thirty seconds he took to fill the teakettle. By the time he returned his stovepipe was red-hot.

The roar of his fire drew his eyes to the rust stains streaking pipe and stove from the last rain. He was impatient to be done—the blizzard was growing moment by moment more severe—but he found some lump graphite that had expected to grow up into axle grease, rubbed it out in a saucer and applied it with a wad of abdicated coat lining. The water became instant steam; the rag charred under the heat and filled the room with the fumes of singed wool; but the stove looked twenty years younger, and upon his opening the door both steam and smell were sucked out by the wind and carried over into Butler County.

He next began, to the surprise of his broom, a hurried but careful sweeping of the floor. The ashes from one hay-burning stove would of themselves keep one bachelor busy if he were to let them do so. Sand Hills floors are also always drifting up with dune sand from the blow-outs. Merlin had his own ideas about the cleanliness of sand and ashes; but to-day he dug into corners and went over open places three or four times; and when he had swept the dust from the floor he pursued fugitive portions of it with a dust cloth, for the first time in the history of that house, until he did not know his own furniture.

By this time the teakettle had begun chattering, and he abandoned the dust cloth to its nail. The water was hot; the soap he used was soft stuff made with lye of his own leaching through hay ash. Gathering up his tin plates, skillet, mush pan, cups and tableware, he gave them the most thorough cleansing that dishes anywhere have ever had. He worked rapidly, and before long had his dishes washed, rinsed, dried and put away upside down. His coffeepot and skillet, however, had become so accustomed to soap that they paid no attention to it. He was obliged to scour them with sand.

He now slipped into his ulster and made three trips to the haystack—the close one—to fill his reserve burners with hay. He had only a short distance to go, and had the guidance of his fence, but he returned each time stiff with cold and all but smothered by the driving snow. He also made a trip to the well for water. The pump, which was self-draining, was stingingly cold; but he managed to fill his two buckets and get them in.

When he had again warmed himself he crowded his lithe body into a second suit of clothes, pulled arctics over his shoes and donned his ulster and cap, after which he went to his trunk and searched in its depths until he found a leather-covered book and a smaller packet wrapped in faded paper on which there was writing. These he thrust into an inside pocket.

When he was ready he glanced round the room to make sure he had not forgotten to brush the teeth of the clock or comb the hair of the mirror. Throwing his blankets over his arm, he closed the door behind him and groped his way to the fence. After a little he reached the barn. Here he again felt of his tires, examined his chains and added ash-leach brine, up to the chin, to that already in the radiator. He ended by searching among his tools for a wire cutter.

Then, after working his car out of the barn, he started forth along the section line into the storm.

II

HER name was Diana, and she taught school at the crossways, or forks, near the corner of the Vail panhandle, where the north-and-south fence ended that formed Merlin's east boundary.

"A too-late Kincaider," said Sam. "Came in after all the good land was picked and had to take what was left. Claim two miles south of her school. No fences. Lived against a hill in a little shack knocked up out of cigar-box lids under a roof plastered with tar soap. Bad land, but because she could get a square mile of it for nothing she thought she was finding money. Taught school because of the land and took the land because of the school. Neither job worth a cooper's whoop."

This too-late Kincaider had come out from Chicago during the summer, and she was as pretty a girl to look at as ever plucked a posy. Small, but not too small; light on her feet as thistle drift, but not so light that the first wind would blow her away; blue eyes to match the sky; her cheeks as smooth as rose petals and as used to the sun; and on her head so much red-brown hair she had to do it up in a bunch behind. She wore thin indoor dresses, with a kind of funny cloak trimmed in rabbit fur that she used for looks when the weather got colder.

The first eligible man in the Sand Hills to see Diana was Pete Kluck, who owned an old place south of Merlin's. Pete was a large-bodied man, with muscle-bound arms and legs and, surmounting his burned neck, a round head that was always needing hoops when he thought. He saw the girl at a dance, and after that he spent the afternoon side of his Sundays trying to make her see him.

He might have succeeded had Diana not meanwhile become friendly with the Kincaider, Merlin Crane, from seven miles north. Merlin had not been so fortunate as old Germany Kluck's son; he had not inherited any Herefords or any land; his weight was exactly the same when he went into a bank and when he came out; but his cattle were increasing, and he did not get red in the face when he thought. Like Diana, he had spent his youth in the city.

On this Saturday morning Diana was not thinking of Pete Kluck at all, and only about half the time of Merlin. The sun was so bright, the sky so clear, the air so warm, the contours of the hills so soft, that instead of going directly to her schoolhouse, as she had intended, she made a wide detour to the south and east to feast her eyes upon hillsides in Spain. She knew her ranch by heart. There was not a blow-out on it that she did not love. But she liked to see it afresh during the week-end, adding imaginary fences here and imaginary orchards there, or imagining modern barns upon it and a beautiful home for herself.

Her stroll led her beside the little lake overlooking which this home was to stand, and she paused for a moment to enjoy its silvered stillness. The lake was white with snow; but toward the eastern end were three muskrat houses with open water surrounding them. Even as she looked she could see a rippling line made by one of the muskrats as he swam toward shore. The animal belonged to her. She owned him and she owned his family and his house. The consciousness of proprietorship caused her to smile. Pete Kluck had advised her to set out traps and convert the little creatures into hides tacked on a board. She saw herself setting out traps for her own muskrats!

Her Hands Were Growing Numb. Her Body Was Cold—Only the Struggle Onward Kept Her on Her Feet

(Continued on Page 54)

THE 1921 OCTOPUS

By GEORGE PATTULLO

FIFTEEN years ago it was the fashion to belabor the financial interests centering in Wall Street as the hellhounds of the System. All but the most conservative newspapers seldom let a day pass without a slashing attack. Political spellbinders were sure of a big hand by making the rafters ring with denunciations, and harrying the hellhounds became so popular that a special type of writer was produced, who wore out their welcome and were finally stigmatized as muckrakers.

In those days about everything in the way of calamity was blamed on the System. Hard times were attributed to the greed of the ravenous pack, high prices were the toll they took of a helpless public, and it became generally believed that no small competitor could exist in business against the interests. If a man in Paterson, New Jersey, lost his job he would brood over it until he had established a direct connection between his plight and the machinations of these fiends in human form, and if the boll weevil damaged the cotton crop some Texas congressman was apt to rise in his place to demand in clarion tones that the bloodsucking snakes in the grass be dug out of their cold lairs in Wall Street and publicly hanged and exterminated for the protection of the gr-reat common pee-pul, whose sacred rights must be safeguarded from the frowning, rock-ribbed coasts of Maine, across the wide expanse of fertile vale and green-topped hill, across the Father of Waters and the towering summits of the Rockies, lifting their snowy heads in mute appeal to an outraged heaven, clear to those sun-kissed sparkling shores washed by the pellucid waters of the Pacific.

Thereafter the pendulum made a complete swing, which gave the labor unions their chance. With big business curbed and hobbled and blindfolded by governmental restrictions and public opinion, organized labor had things pretty much its own way, crowded its luck, and developed porcine tendencies. It tried to shoulder everybody else away from the feed trough, until eventually the situation grew intolerable and the public rose up to take a whack at it.

I predict that ten years from now we will be assailing a new menace as heartily as we ever laid on against either of these two. For a giant octopus has been developed by the World War and the collapse of foreign exchange. It is centuries old, but throughout the changes of history it remained relatively insignificant, never remotely approaching the proportions the last six years have given to it. This octopus is international banking.

The First International Bankers

THE lending of money for interest dates back as a business to remote antiquity. We find frequent references to it in the Old and New Testaments, and some of them carry a nasty sting suggestive of painful personal experiences. Greece had its money changers and also its bank; the state bank of New Ilium borrowed money for the state and paid ten per cent for it in the second century before Christ.

But the beginnings of European and modern banking came with the establishment of the Bank of Venice.

Curiously enough, modern banks owe their origin and stimulus to wars. Venice had numerous wars on its hands, and the government was hard put to it to raise the money to finance them. It resorted to forced loans from the most prosperous citizens, and a chamber of loans was organized which later assumed the form of the Bank of Venice, "for many ages the admiration of Europe, the chief instrument of Venetian finance, and the chief facility of a commerce not surpassed by that of any European nation."

The Bank of England was born under somewhat similar circumstances. When William and Mary occupied the throne the English Government found itself embarrassed for funds to wage the war against France then in progress. In this crisis a London merchant, William Paterson, had an inspiration. It occurred to him that the government would be glad to grant extensive privileges to any combination of persons which could furnish it with a fixed and permanent loan at reasonable interest, the government then paying from twenty to forty per cent for money. So the Bank of England was established in 1694.

The financial pressure of war also started the banking system of the United States. The country was so poor during the War of Independence that the means of carrying on hostilities were exhausted, and soon after the Battle of Lexington, in 1775, Congress began issuing continental paper. These issues grew from month to month precisely as the paper currency of Europe is growing to-day, until they reached an aggregate of $300,000,000 and became entirely valueless. In vain did Congress declare them legal tender for debts—no real success ever attends attempts at arbitrary fixation of values. The situation grew worse and worse, became desperate. In this emergency Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, submitted to Congress a plan of a national bank. That was on May 17, 1781, and the Bank of North America was the outcome.

International banking is more of a parvenu. It is very likely that even in prehistoric times there lurked shrewd old money lenders who financed undertakings in countries and by countries other than their own, and put up the horses and cattle and pieces of silver one tribe needed to jump on another tribe. We have records of individuals of various nationalities who bulked prominently in their day as financiers of undertakings beyond the confines of their own lands, but nothing that could be dubbed international banking in the modern sense until the Bank of Amsterdam's activities in the latter half of the eighteenth century. This bank was founded in 1609 to take care of Holland's foreign trade, and it was not the design of its founders ever to lend out its funds, but to keep them in the vaults. However, considerably more than a century later its directors lent 10,500,000 florins to the governments of Holland and Friesland and to the East India Company during the troublous years following the French Revolution, and when the French armies invaded Holland in 1794 this aid was revealed. It was responsible for the ruin of the institution.

Doubtless they had hundreds of predecessors whose moneybags financed the military undertakings of predatory kings and dukes and princelings of medieval Europe, but the Rothschild family were the first international bankers, as we know international bankers to-day. Those who preceded them operated in obscurity, often the perspiring victims of forced loans, and the field of their activities was very limited.

Mayer Anselm Rothschild, born in Frankfort in 1743, founded the family. Of humble origin, he was a man of solid ability and integrity. Before he established himself in business in Frankfort he was a clerk for a while in Hanover. Being brought into relations with several German Governments, he displayed conspicuous shrewdness and an honesty that inspired implicit confidence. Consequently it came about that the Elector William of Hesse-Cassel, when he fled before the French invasion of his states in 1806, and didn't know what to do with his treasure, deposited $5,000,000 with Rothschild, to be held for eight years without interest.

In those brave days seven out of eight depositaries of such a sum would have appropriated it, for the elector's fortunes and impotence at the time rendered quiet confiscation easy; but that was not Rothschild's way. The elector received from Mayer Anselm's heirs an annual interest of two per cent, and the entire capital was repaid to the elector's son and successor in 1823.

There were five Rothschild sons, and the foundation of the colossal Rothschild fortune was laid by their judicious investment of this capital, and successful speculation after Waterloo, the Rothschilds being first to obtain the news of the issue of the battle. The Emperor Francis made them all barons, and they started out lending to governments and financing vast undertakings in all quarters of the globe. The family's operations during the past century and the part they have played in every war and international crisis are familiar to the general public.

Even before 1914 a number of banking families and financial groups had gradually acquired an influence almost rivaling that of the Rothschilds, and encroaching on their domain. There were several in Great Britain, some in Germany and France, and in the United States a few groups were reaching out to foreign countries. Some of the lesser countries, also, possessed banking combinations with interests in many parts of the world, the modern trend of combines necessitating financing on a scale beyond the capacity of individuals or the smaller banks. And it became the custom of struggling small governments to negotiate loans from banks in the more prosperous countries, instead of seeking assistance from another government, as had been their wont.

Profits From Fluctuating Exchange

BUT where one international banker of importance existed in 1914 there are now ten, and where their investments ran to millions they now run to scores of millions. They have reached out into every corner of the globe. Modern business would break down without them, and new countries remain stagnant. International bankers are vital to world development. So when I call the present system an octopus it is not in the spirit of a critic or with the animus which inspired those who used to thunder against the hellhounds of Wall Street. The figure of speech is used merely for convenience. The body of the octopus reposes in the three great capitals of the world—London, Paris and New York—but the tentacles by which it feeds itself stretch thousands and thousands of miles, into all lands and every clime. And after linking up the multifarious feeders of the banking groups throughout several continents one is forced to concede many points of resemblance in the methods by which the cephalopod mollusk and the financial species derive their nourishment.

I have ventured to put forward international banking for consideration because of its remarkable growth and possibilities, and because it promises to become one of the determining influences of our civilization. In the early period of trust forming in this country nobody paid any attention to the financial pioneers who were building them up. It was only after they had grown to proportions and power which threatened the established business system that the nation woke up and made belated efforts to put restrictions on them.

What a few able men achieved in the American industrial field, a few able men are repeating to-day in the field of international finance.

The violent fluctuations in exchange occasioned by war's strain have provided the international bankers with the opportunity. With a country's money worth only a fiftieth of its nominal prewar value, bargains in that country lie on every hand for citizens of a country whose exchange has depreciated comparatively little.

For example, American money is worth in Austria to-day more than ninety times what it was worth in 1914, according to market quotations. It will not buy ninety times as much, because prices have jumped in kronen, but its purchasing power is phenomenally high. A friend of mine was offered an office building in a fine location in Vienna for a sum equivalent to $9000 in our money—and Vienna is one of the great capitals of Europe, with a huge population. That amount of money would hardly buy a bungalow in a city of medium size in the United States.

Swiss money has suffered slight loss in comparison with that of the defeated powers, so Swiss merchants were able to go into Austria and buy whole stocks of goods at retail prices and turn a tremendous profit by exporting them to Switzerland. With their money worth sixty-five

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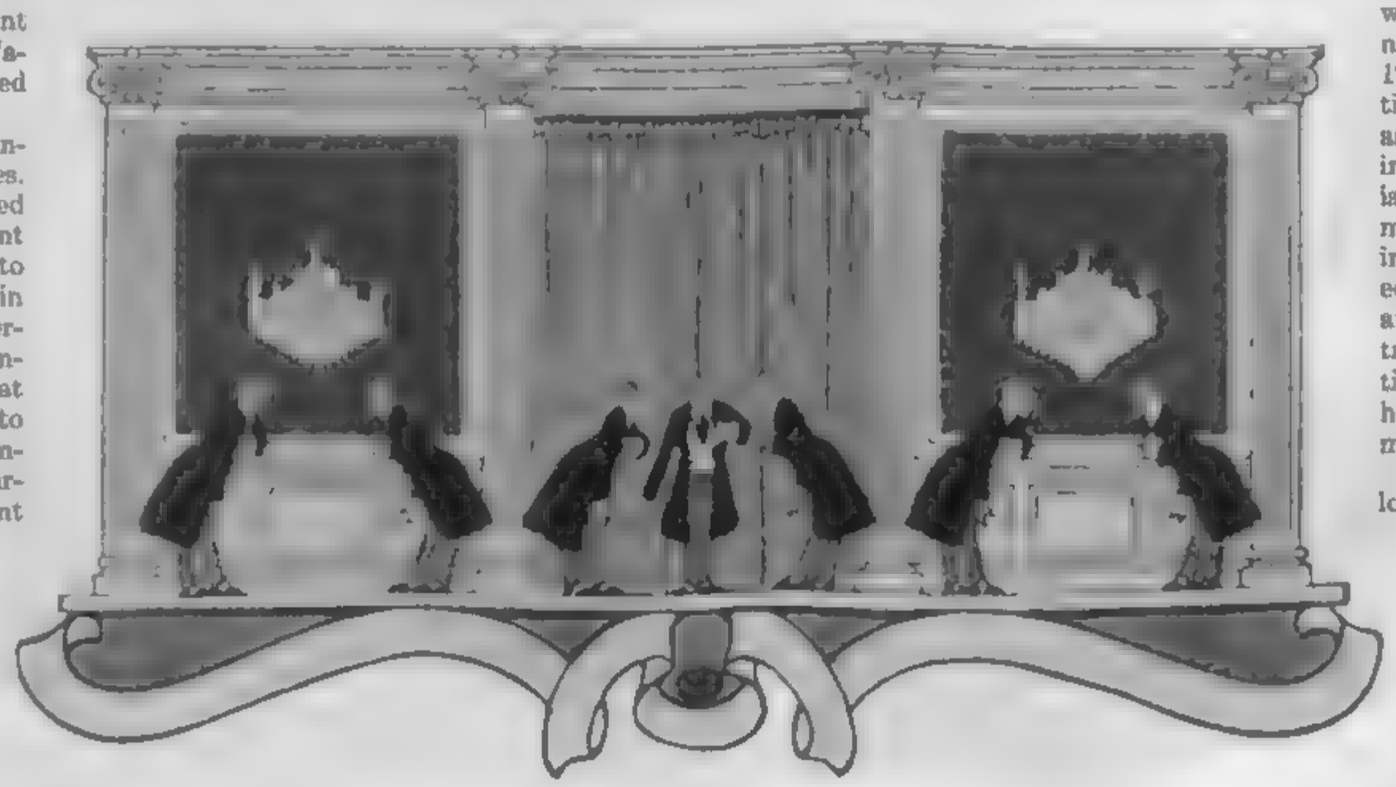


COLUMBINE TIME

IX

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

THE Little Casino got along with a single piano player the night of the Firemen's Ball; and sharp at nine o'clock the strains of its band were heard far up by the hill, striking hard with all power of brass and drum on the stirring notes of Hail to the Chief. A minute after, all Main Street was hushed with anticipation; five minutes later, to inspiring and inspired cheers, the procession swung past. First came sundry honorary members, arrayed in civilian clothes but carrying kerosene torches; in their midst Pat Burke, city recorder, and Doc Jones, the coroner, bore the American flag and the red gonfalon of the fire department. There followed John W. Sabin Hose No. 1, in full uniform of red shirts, black trousers and gaudy helmets, Sandy McNutt not pulling on the leading lines, as he did during the moments of splendid action, but marching before with his trumpet held smartly under his arm. The hose company did not propose to be caught napping in that community of high winds and wooden buildings; so the cart carried, as usual, a full barrel, which had already, in taking an especially severe bump, slopped over and wet down the red shirt of the nozzleman. Behind the hook and ladder company marched, mimicked and frolicked that following of small citizens on foot without which no procession is complete in any land—a very small fringe in this case, since families in Carbonado Camp were still few.

John W. Sabin did not march with his merry men, nor did he wear, on this special occasion, his uniform. He waited their coming by the platform of Masonic Hall: and he was clad in one of the only three dress suits in camp. Down his frilled shirt ran a row of magnificent diamonds, giving back gleam for gleam to the diamonds on his fingers. The ridges of his leathery skin gleamed fresh from the razor; his sea-lion mustache shone with pomade; the long straight, grizzled locks of his front hair had been combed over and plastered down with bear's grease to conceal his bald spot.

About this central and ornamental figure Masonic Hall flaunted all the decoration within the power of Carbonado Camp. All day Sam Haney's express wagon had been hauling dwarf pine trees and pine branches, cut in the sparse struggling woods by Bear Creek. The trees were disposed about the walls; the branches made above the platform an arch whose keystone was a sheaf of American flags. From tree to tree about the wall ran the red and yellow of the fire department in loops of cheesecloth. Branches made a bower for the musicians and half concealed a table in the corner, where Mike the bartender presided in white jacket and apron over a punch which—he himself said—was warranted to make your hair curl.

About John W. Sabin were grouped those prominent citizens who had chosen not to march with the torchlights, and the ladies. The men wore their Sunday best, festally touched up with such additions as white waistcoats and diamond studs. As before mentioned, there were two other dress suits in camp besides John W. Sabin's. One belonged to Willie Tutweiler, the assayer, who had lately arrived from college and the East. He had entered, indeed, wearing the final touch of decoration in the form of a pair of white gloves, which, after one furtive look round the hall, he surreptitiously peeled off. The other—a venerable antique—belonged to Bill Hayden, superintendent at the North Star, who, as everyone knew, enjoyed a college education before he took to mining.

Already there were more men in the hall than women; Tommy, entering a little before the grand entry of the firemen, felt his heart sink as he reflected on the struggle that must ensue for the favor of the ladies when the procession should arrive. At that, the ball had drawn every woman on the respectable side of the perfectly definite line. In social position and in costume they ranged all the way from Mrs. Black, whose husband was beginning to vie with John W. Sabin in prospects and importance, to the biscuit shooters at the Marlborough. Mrs. Black was little of frame; she was dumpy with the twenty years of hard

"I Want to See You Alone—at Once!" She Said

work that had gone before the turn of the family fortune; she was sallow with the old suns of long trails. She blazed in a wine-colored silk dress whose high tints only emphasized the yellowish tones of her skin, whose bodice confined her so tightly that she seemed momentarily about to pop out of it. Two great diamond earrings frolicked with the light as she bobbed her head in conversation. Hattie Murchison, waitress at the Marlborough, and on the other end of the social scale, wore simply the gown of plain brown nun's veiling, draped modestly yet modishly over a bustle, in which she attended church on Sundays. Mrs. Hayden, wife of the college-bred Bill, herself young and blondly, innocuously pretty, wore black lace over geranium red.

"The most stylish costume here," confided Essie Singleton, the camp dressmaker, to her confidante, Mrs. Jarmouth, the jeweler's wife. "That lace guimpe I call tasty. What say I copy it for that afternoon toilette of yours? As for them—*de trop*, my dear, *de trop*"—Miss Singleton culled French from the fashion papers and loved to air it—"do you suppose there's anything between the girl and John W.? To me it's as plain as day—both of 'em are setting their caps. I never could abide that brunet type! I've found them deceitful, if anyone should ask me."

Other feminine eyes besides Miss Singleton's were searching out the flaws in the two stranger ladies, grouped near the platform beside John W. Sabin; other tongues were whispering criticism. If Mrs. Bates was aware of this she showed it only by a slightly more majestic demeanor. As for Nellie, she wore her air of sweet unconsciousness, lowering her eyes modestly each time John W. introduced her to a prominent citizen of the camp, raising them prettily to respond with conventional nothings, which became somethings with the music of her voice and the play of her expression.

Tommy, standing back by the door, watched the group at the platform with all his eyes. To his first hot jealousy succeeded a sense of perplexity. She had promised him dances! To claim them he must beard the dragon. He even became guiltily conscious, for the first time in two days, that he was loafing on the grubstake of John W. Sabin. But the sense of recognized heroism was still upon him; still was he in the mood to attempt anything. And as luck would have it, just as he sidled unobtrusively across the hall the band of the Little Casino, having fortified itself for its evening labors at the Pioneer Saloon next door, was seated and ready. The snare drum emitted a thundering long roll, bringing the whole company to attention; and the brasses hit together the first resounding note of Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes!

That was the signal to Sandy McNutt, waiting on the staircase. "Forward, march!" he commanded, so loudly and masterfully that it was heard above the best efforts of the Little Casino. And into the hall, among roars from within and without, swung the firemen, two by two.

Tommy chose this moment of distraction in the crowd to hurry up to the focus of his attention. John W. Sabin was looking upon the spectacle, was dissertating to Mrs. Bates upon the fire department they were going to have when the railroad came through. "Got the horses all picked out and trained in Denver!" he said, and he glowed with a technical description of the points of the big nigh bay, so that Mrs. Bates, for very politeness, had to keep her gaze on him.

Nellie greeted her lover with a soft flash of her eyes. As he came near she was holding out her dance program, a magnificent specimen of the work of the Clarion Press—all spangles and stars and rustic lettering.

"Quick—here, and here, and here, and here!" she whispered.

He rapidly wrote "Thomas J. Coulter" in the four spaces she had indicated with the little flower stalk of her finger. He looked down on her when he had finished. He stood close; his broad back was between her and the prying world, so that she was safe in giving her expression play for a moment, in letting her lips ripple like a river of roses with voiceless love words. And at that instant—John W. Sabin, having paused for very want of adjectives to express the future glory of Carbonado and its fire department—Mrs. Bates took occasion to turn toward her daughter.

She could not see Nellie's face, though she did read something in the droop of her neck; but she caught the expression of the young man—his widened eyes, his relaxed lips, a play of color in his cheeks.

"Come, Nellie," she began, "we've ——"

But Nellie, perfect mistress of herself and of the situation, interrupted with: "Mother, you know Mr. Coulter, I believe. You remember, we met him coming in on the stage."

"Oh, yes indeed!" said Mrs. Bates, stiffening her best society tone with a slight frigidity.

"And Mr. Sabin—may I present Mr. Coulter? He's the man who made that rescue at the fire last night."

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed John W. Sabin, wrapping his great hardened palm round the hand of Tommy. "Been waiting to run across you all day. Say, it was great! Have the boys asked you into the fire department yet? Say, what's your job? I ——"

This embarrassing line of inquiry was cut short by the stentorian voice of Doc Jones, the coroner, in his capacity of floor manager, bawling: "All out for the grand march!"

By a consent so common that no one even expressed it, John W. Sabin was to lead the grand march, as he had led everything in Carbonado Camp.

"Come on, Nellie!" he exclaimed, starting forward with feet which danced awkwardly to the music, and an attempt at sprightly motion which set him rolling like a bear. "We're going to show them!"

But Nellie had drawn back.

"Oh, but you're leading the grand march with mother!" she said.

"Thought it was you I asked," faltered John W. Sabin, the quiver at the end of his sea-lion mustache expressing that he was somewhat taken aback.

Mrs. Bates looked upon her daughter and their eyes met—dark, glittering, pointed with light like hostile opposing lances. It lasted for only a few seconds, that glance, but it was long enough for a whole hidden drama of character. Mrs. Bates had shirked the moment, which she always knew was coming some day, when her forthputting creative will would meet in decisive combat that will which she felt in her daughter—less active but as immobile as granite. The battle had suddenly been joined. The less aggressive of the two had forced it at a time when it could not be fought with articulate speech—and speech was the best weapon Mrs. Bates had in her armory.

It was the mother who first broke the hold of her eyes and looked away. And in that little effort of the tiny muscles which control the human eyeball she momentarily surrendered to her daughter as completely as though in sight of all Carbonado Camp she had knelt on the ballroom floor.

"Thank you, Mr. Sabin," she said in her most cordial society manner, "my daughter is quite right. A young lady shouldn't make herself too conspicuous."

She thrust her hand under the black broadcloth of John W. Sabin's arm. As she tripped away she did not look back, but something about the quiver among the jet spangles at the rear of her corsage expressed a highly disturbed mood.

Sandy McNutt and Pat Burke, men of action both, were upon Nellie as soon as her mother turned away. Simultaneously they asked for the honor.

But Tommy spoke up with an assuming boldness which would have been impossible to him a short twenty-four hours ago: "Miss Bates promised me the grand march," he said.

Miss Bates did not speak; but she did not hesitate either. With an assenting smile, followed by a sweet backward glance of conciliation on the two unfortunate suitors, she slipped her hand under Tommy's arm; through kid and cloth, through blood and muscle, it radiated a delicate warmth to the very marrow of his bones. They floated on rosy clouds lighted by star mist to a place in the line at the rear of the other mixed couples, just ahead of those firemen and prominent citizens who, having lost in the scramble for ladies, were paired off man with man. Now, looking straight ahead, a pleasant but disguising mask of society expression over her features, her voice so controlled that it could not reach the couple ahead, she was speaking: "Oh, columbine boy, you don't think because I let you kiss me—that I let anyone. It was the first time."

"No—no!" he hastened to reply, and could say no more then because he could not trust his voice.

"And if you do not kiss me again I shall never kiss anyone else—never and mean it," she said. "But oh, my beloved, my columbine boy, my dearest ——"

"Ladies and gents split out!" came the command of Doc Jones, dancing backward and forward with the music, his arms beating rhythmically

So the warmth on Tommy's arm must give place to a winter of longing until he had circled the hall in the file of men dancers. Before and behind him certain gamesome persons had begun to do the lock step; Tommy joined in the frolic mechanically.

Now the locked line had rounded the hall and she was dancing toward him, her two little hands extended like two white lilies of five petals.

As they locked arms and resumed the march she leaned her slight weight deliciously upon him; and it was she who began to speak:

"I don't know why I have done it."

"Done what?" he managed to ask her.

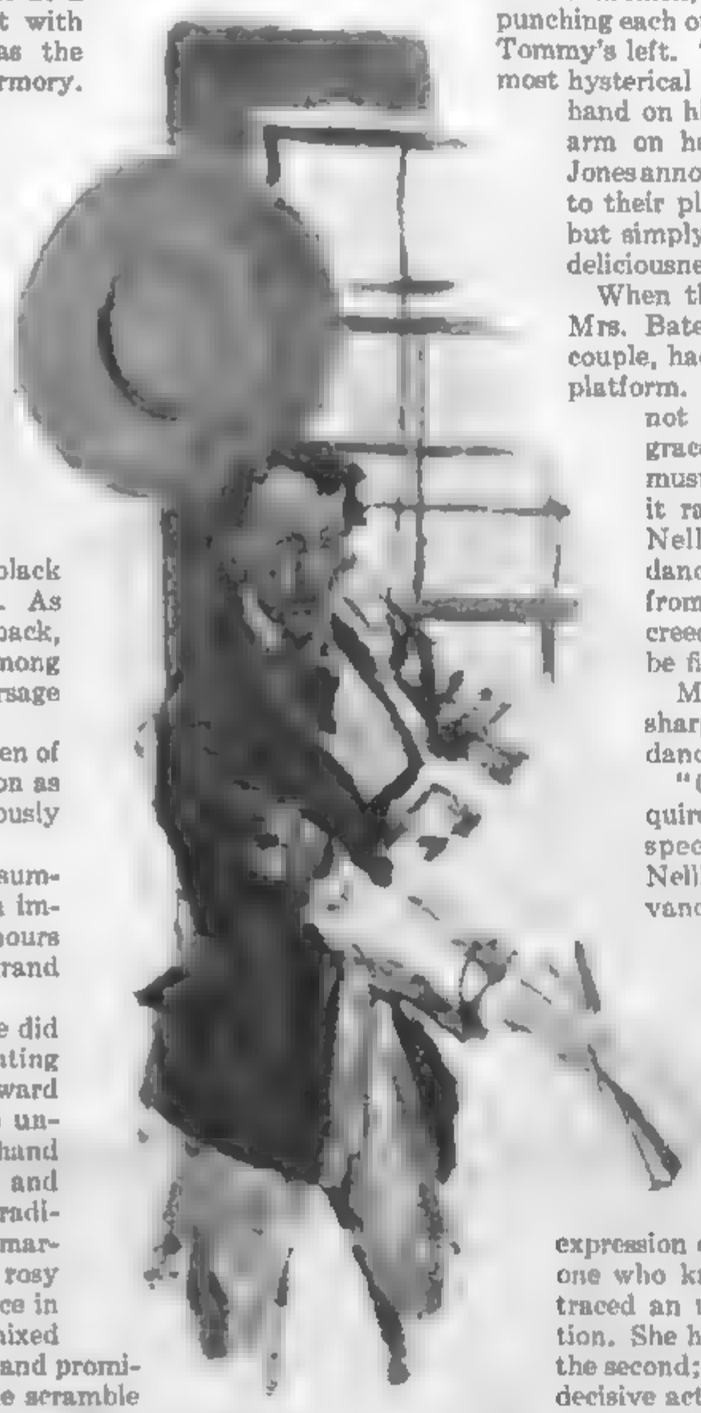
"Everything—all this—last night—you know. Think, I saw you first only three days ago. And I know nothing about you except what you have told me."

"We don't need to know," he said with his own direct simplicity. "All I know is that I love you."

"And I loved you from the time I saw you among the columbines. Isn't it wonderful that I knew it—that we both knew it? And now what are we going to do?"

"I don't know—something, I guess," he answered vaguely, desperately.

"Ah, but we have four more dances to talk of that," she said. "I want only to be near you now—to touch you—to know that I love you—love you, my dearest, dearest columbine boy!"



"Did See a Couple Goin' It Up Galena Avenue. The Girl Might 'a' Been Her"

They were silent for a moment, swimming in clouds of ecstasy; then the voice of Doc Jones bawled: "Forward in fours!"

Charlie Pringle, head clerk at the Marlborough, paired off with Hattie Murchison, the biscuit shooter, swung in now at their right. There was no more chance for this intimate conversation even at the low, controlled tone which Nellie had employed. There was still less chance when it became "Forward by eights!" and two pairs of mated firemen, occasionally scuffling and punching each other in the ribs, marched at Tommy's left. There were simply little, almost hysterical touches and pressures of her hand on his arm, little squeezes of his arm on her hand. Even when Doc Jones announced "Waltz your partners to their places!" they did not speak, but simply yielded themselves to the deliciousness of love, music and motion.

When they returned from the floor Mrs. Bates, as lady of the leading couple, had resumed her place by the platform. Something warned Tommy not to linger; he managed as graceful a bow as he could muster and withdrew. And now it rained men, making toward Nellie to beg the favor of dances; a conventionality risen from the scarcity of women decreed that programs should not be filled in advance.

Mrs. Bates spoke low and sharply: "Don't take the first dance. I want to talk with you."

"Got any dances left?" inquired Sandy McNutt, whose speed had brought him to Nellie's side one stride in advance of the rest.

"Yes indeed. I can give you the first!" said Nellie sweetly and without looking at her mother.

The quick stab of a white tooth over Mrs. Bates' under lip was smothered almost instantly by her serene expression of society calm. But anyone who knew that lady might have traced an undercurrent of determination. She had lost the first battle and the second; she proposed now to join decisive action with all her forces.

And luck played with her. The cornet of the Little Casino band, manned by Pop Bacon, who had been a bugler in the Civil War, tooted the assembly; whereupon Doc Jones strode forward, his frock coat swishing about his fat legs.

"Ladies and gentle-men," he said, "I want to introduce to your kind attention, Sam Smith, champion buck-and-wing dancer of the Elite Variety Theayter."

During the loud applause which followed, Mrs. Bates looked about her. John W. Sabin had gone to the other side of the ballroom. Sandy McNutt was watching the agile entry of Sam Smith. Now, if ever, was the moment.

"Nellie," said Mrs. Bates slowly and icily, "I want you should come to the ladies' room with me."

Mrs. Bates had prepared herself for a refusal and had planned further measures.

To her surprise Nellie responded airily, "Very well, mother!"

Alone Mrs. Bates turned upon her offspring. In her baffled rage she began with a strategic mistake; she attacked with all her forces at once.

"Eleanor Virginia Bates," she said, "I want you should tell me right now what's between you and that young man!"

Nellie picked up a powder puff from the pine bureau and began daintily to powder her nose, the reflection powdering back from the nine-inch mirror. And airily she replied, "I wonder if that isn't a matter between me and the young man."

"'Between you and the young man'!" quoted Mrs. Bates with all the sarcasm she could put into her voice. "When did you fix it up that he should take those four waltzes? Tell me now. I've seen your program."

"Last night at the fire," responded Nellie casually, patting into place a curl that had strayed from her bang.

"How long has this thing been going on?" demanded Mrs. Bates. She was fast losing control of herself; the icy tone of a society woman, which she had assumed at the beginning of this vital interview, was shaken with little tremors. "Ever since we struck Carbonado, I suppose."

"About that time," replied Nellie, her own airy tone not shaken in the least.

Now she had twisted her lace handkerchief over a gloved little finger, was removing an excess of powder from the delicate crease beside her nose. Her hand was absolutely steady.

"And Mr. Sabin is noticing," said Mrs. Bates. Her voice now began audibly to quiver. "If he wants to he can skin that little upstart whippersnapper alive. Thinks because he got his name in the papers—and him not even scorched! A common, coarse ——" Her words ran into an "a-a-a" of disgust and she bit her lip as though to enforce self-control.

Now Nellie's voice was quivering ever so slightly.

"And we are especially select and refined, aren't we?"

Self-control deserted Mrs. Bates with a rush.

"Eleanor Bates!" she exploded. "I could just spank you! I wish you were little enough so I could switch you! That's the manners they taught you in the seminary, is it? That's ——"

And suddenly anger ran into action. Nellie was facing her now. Mrs. Bates, with a sudden spring amazingly quick for a woman so large, so mature and so tightly laced, laid both hands on her daughter's shoulders and shook her energetically. Nellie did not struggle against this violence. She yielded to it, quite loose of body and inert. Something like terror not unmixed with shame came across the flushed countenance of Mrs. Bates. Her last violent shake died down into nothing; she dropped her hands from Nellie's shoulders; she noted now that her daughter's eyes looked at her steadily, that her daughter's face was as expressionless as the moon.

"I'm sor——"

Midway on the syllable the other emotion again rose up in Mrs. Bates, again overflowed.

"Me, grubbing and slaving all my life to put you where you belong—and now just when ——"

She checked herself; but she had already said too much. Nellie, adjusting a hook of her bodice which had shaken loose during these proceedings, spoke in a perfectly controlled voice.

"I thank you and Mr. Sabin for announcing your plans, though it's true you've already made them plain enough."

"Well, if I have," said Mrs. Bates, just the suggestion of a wail weakening her tone, "ain't he a fine man? He's got the sweetest nature I ever knew." Her tone hardened again. "That upstart you're having your low flirtation with ain't good enough to black his boots." Mrs. Bates, baffled, irritated to madness by this deep, steely calm, was swinging back into the violent mood. "If you don't cancel those four dances I'll see that Mr. Sabin does something. I'll see ——"

"I'll cancel those dances," responded Nellie sweetly; "but if I do I'll cancel all Mr. Sabin's dances. I can make a scene too."

Here the ladies' battle stopped as suddenly as when little boys, fighting it out in a back lot, are interrupted by the policeman. For the lively "tum-tum" of the band and the quick rhythmic shuffle of feet, which they had been taking in subconsciously all the time, came to an end, were succeeded by a roar of applause. As it died away it let in the sound of the Little Casino band breaking into the strains of a schottish.

"I have this first dance," said Nellie.

Mrs. Bates had it too—with John W. Sabin, at the great magnate's special request. By common unexpressed consent, therefore, they both turned away. But as they crossed the threshold into the glare and blare of Masonic Hall Mrs. Bates delivered her last shot. Of all the mistakes to which rage and irritation had led her during that losing battle of hers this was perhaps the greatest.

"I'll have to take measures," she said in a determined and superior tone.

"I can take measures myself," said Nellie, still sweetly.

They must drop this subject; for now they were floating cloudily, in the midst of the gathered silks about their hips, across the ballroom floor. They both looked especially lovely, what with that underlying flush so vastly becoming to a brunet skin. And toward them were skipping to the music their partners for this dance—John W. Sabin and Sandy McNutt.

We will dance for a moment—somewhat jerkily, owing to the stiffened joints of the masculine partner—with John W. Sabin and Mrs. Bates. The schottish is a lively measure for persons in their forties. Mrs. Bates made a delicious sighing as she swept round the hall, and John W. frankly emitted puffs and grunts. But still, Mrs. Bates was a born dancer; and as she danced she planned.

"Do you know anything about that young man who carried Old Calamity out of the fire last night?" she began from his shoulder.

"Nope," said John W. "Never set eyes on him before. Seems a well-set-up kid. I notice the boys got him into the fire department right away."

"He appears to be paying a great deal of attention to my Nellie," said Mrs. Bates. "You know how a mother is."

"Yep, you're sure a good mother," said John W. Sabin.

"I can't say I exactly like his looks," pursued Mrs. Bates, "and there's always a chance in a mining camp that a man you don't know may be a rough character."

Mrs. Bates spoke between puffs of breath; emphatically the schottish is not a dance for middle-aged persons suddenly transplanted to a two-mile altitude.

"Well, if he does anything rough he'll be chucked out on his ear," said John W. Sabin. "Otherwise girls will be girls, same as boys will be boys. She might as well have her fling while she's young." He paused to grunt for one or two breaths. "Say," he remarked, turning his trail-sharpened hawk's eyes down on the top of his partner's head and rapidly changing the subject, "you've got great hair! You don't need any transformers or false fronts, do you?"

"No," said Mrs. Bates, "hair runs in our family."

Mrs. Bates spoke absently. She had been trying to work on his jealousy, to goad him into eliminating this young disturbing upstart from the scene. Her line of action did not seem to be working well at all. Swiftly she meditated other plans, like declaring that Tommy had insulted her daughter, getting him put out, by the power of John W. Sabin, from the Firemen's Ball and from Carbonado Camp. But when she considered Nellie, remembered that firm "I can take measures, too," she ceased to entertain that course. By the time the schottish had bobbed itself to a finish Mrs. Bates realized that things must stand as they were for that evening. When she got Nellie alone she would take her own threatened measures.

With one last boom of the bass drum the dance was over. John W. Sabin, on the way back from the floor, regained his breath and his power of conversation.

"I always like a lot of hair; your daughter's well provided too," he remarked.

Now it is the third dance on the program, and the second waltz. Tommy—with Mrs. Bates affecting not to see him at all—has floated away with Nellie, enjoying, for the last time this evening, the sensations of a rapid tour through heaven to the music of golden harps. For as they reached the center of the floor, as Mrs. Bates, waltzing with Doc Jones, swung off toward a corner of the hall, Nellie took one long sad look up into Tommy's eyes and said low and seriously: "Do you know that I may not see you again after to-night?"

"Why?" he asked, so loud as to bring a little "Sh-h!" to her lips; and, dancers though they both were, they lost step.

"Now listen carefully, dearest," she said. "I am watched all the time. I must speak low. I am to marry John W. Sabin—and his money!"

"You aren't engaged, are you?" He spoke low, but his burst of voice was sharp with agony

"I swear to you I am not!" she said.

An observer would have been struck by the contrast between the expression of her face, smiling mild conventional pleasure over Tommy's shoulder, and the tragedy of her words—culled, if the young lady must be betrayed, from much surreptitious seminary reading of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and Ouida.

"I have never come nearer him than to shake his hand," she went on, still with the same expression and tone, "but it's all arranged between them. And just now—my—she—objected to you. She made a scene. I told her I would dance with you to-night, but I know that they will not let me see you again."

"But I must see you again!" he said. "Always—every day—always!" he burst out, weakly repeating himself because he could not find language that would express all that he felt.

"Always and forever," she breathed from the nest her cheek was making against his shoulder.

"I'm going to marry you! I don't care what they do!" said he.

It was the first time that word "marry" had been mentioned between them; he realized this as he spoke, realized too that it had always been understood, and vaguely wondered

"If we do it—it will have to be quickly," she said.

That same observer would have noticed here that her expression of mild conventional pleasure changed ever so slightly; that it took on a shade of expectancy, of suspense.

If he did not answer it was because a rush of emotions and ideas choked him. From it all, as a great flame bursts from a smoldering fire, came a dazzling plan of action. It was an idea so bold that it would have been impossible to the Tommy Coulter of a week ago, doing his day's work and drawing his day's rations at the Big Hope grubstake above Lone Grave Cañon. It might not have been possible a short twenty-four hours ago. But now, not only had love touched him but also praise of valor. Helped by the artistry of Solly Watrous and the soft appreciation of his beloved, he had persuaded himself that he was a daredevil. The very fact that he must do what he now meant to do for the praise or blame of all the world seemed only to stimulate him. So he was silent, his feet dancing mechanically to the music; and she for her own part did not further pursue this line of conversation, but only murmured now and then a soft love word as one who talks in rapturous sleep. The last long-drawn note of the music blended with applause; the shouting and clatter seemed to awaken them both.

"Leave me before we reach mother," she said. "Oh, my dearest, it will be so long to that next dance!"

It was indeed long for Tommy. He had failed—fortunately, he now felt—to get any dances except those four he had taken with Nellie. Idly, mechanically, he drifted to that corner behind the evergreen screen where Mike the bartender presided over the punch bowl. Mike had exceeded his instructions and smuggled in certain wet goods even more potent. The corner was growing popular with firemen who had lost out in the scramble for dances with the ladies. It had long ago become far too noisy, so that its babble could be heard even above the strenuous pounding and tooting of the band. Tommy was caught instantly in the whirl of his own popularity, hauled to the improvised bar, besought, commanded to have a drink of "man-size stuff." Keeping his head he took only a glass of punch. Sandy McNutt asked him to tell the story of the rescue; when Tommy blushed, dodged and tried to edge

(Continued on Page 97)

"It's Awful Rough On You," He Said, "But You Mustn't Take On So. We've Got to Do Something—Quick!"

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 2, 1921

Mr. Hoover's Example

THE press of the country still reverberates with merited praises of Mr. Harding for offering Mr. Hoover a seat in his cabinet. Few will care to dispute the President's claim upon the hearty appreciation of the nation for his firmness in asking Mr. Hoover to join his official family in the face of the very considerable pressure that was brought to bear for his exclusion; yet after all, the country owes a still greater debt of good will to Mr. Hoover for his willingness to accept the appointment conferred upon him.

If Mr. Harding were the head of some vast industrial concern like the United States Steel Corporation, for example, and if he had been able to secure for one of the chief posts under him a man of preëminent qualifications and world-wide prestige, a man who commanded the confidence of millions and who was willing to work for a salary purely nominal in comparison with what his professional earnings might easily be, he would not be lauded for making the most of such a signal stroke of good fortune, but congratulated upon the high order of diplomacy and the irresistible powers of persuasion that presumably he must have exercised in order to secure the services of a colleague so distinguished.

For nearly seven years Mr. Hoover has turned his back upon the profession of which he was such an eminent and successful practitioner. In those years he has repeatedly proved his extraordinary abilities, his lofty unselfishness and his broad humanity. He has not only made a striking record in the matter of great and tangible accomplishment but he has continually set a rare and shining example to other men of unusual gifts in heeding the call of public service at the expense of every private interest.

The more commonly men of Mr. Hoover's caliber become willing to make the sacrifices involved in the acceptance of public office, and the more frequently public opinion compels their choice, whether by election or appointment, the sooner we shall bridge the gap between our national Government as it actually is and what it might be at its best. In the meantime we congratulate Mr. Harding upon his Secretary of Commerce.

Immigration Reform

BILLS for immigration control claimed no small attention in the Sixty-sixth Congress. Each of these measures had something to recommend it, but not one of them was so admirably thought out or so wisely framed as to deserve the unqualified support of that vast but unorganized body of loyal Americans who are sincerely anxious to see the country well served.

During the coming year immigration reform will be very much to the fore. Old bills will be redrafted and reintroduced. New measures will be initiated and debated. It is therefore to the interest of every right-minded American to be able to make his own desires known to his representative and to his senators in terms as clear and unmistakable as those that will be employed by the special groups that will appear before legislative committees to ask special consideration.

In politics, as in life, those who come nearest to getting what they want are those who know precisely what they do want and are able to lay down specifications so definite and clean-cut that they leave nothing whatever to the imagination of those who have it in their power to give, to modify or to withhold. If our great body of earnestly patriotic people will show real concern over the alien menace, will clarify its thought, will function simply as Americans, instead of as members of selfishly interested groups, and will work for a definite program of immigration reform, that program can be made irresistible.

Whatever form immigration legislation may assume, it should be openly conceived in a spirit of enlightened selfishness. Our old policy of irresponsible liberality to the alien at the expense of our own children, after a trial of a century, has been utterly discredited. Already we have paid dearly for the knowledge that a new policy must be set up on the frank avowal that the time has come for us to think of our own good and of our own future; to make immigration laws that will be first and foremost for the benefit of the people of the United States and only secondarily for the welfare of the populations of Europe and Asia. It is not to our discredit that fifty years ago we showed compassion to the distressed peoples of other lands; but if this generation, knowing as it does the dangers that threaten, does not show a like measure of compassion to its own flesh and blood it will be everlastingly disgraced and its indifference will become the reproach of its children's children.

There is nothing hard to understand about the principle of enlightened selfishness as applied to immigration reform. It means nothing more or less than a system under which any alien who is allowed to set foot upon American soil is admitted to the country because the country needs him and his brain and brawn to assist in its social and physical development, and not merely because he wants America for his pasture or for a work place in which he can make money to send overseas.

It means that the arriving immigrant is allowed to come here because he is needed by the country as a whole and not because his presence is desired by any special interest or society.

Nothing could be simpler than the principle here stated; and yet if it could be honestly and effectively carried out it would be the ideal as well as the practical solution of a whole chain of pressing and vexatious problems.

In order to put into practice such a policy of enlightened selfishness immigration control must be taken out of politics. It must be put into the hands of a nonpartisan board or commission composed of men of such high character and such broad experience that great powers can wisely be intrusted to them. The immigration board should have the power to determine the number of aliens that are to be admitted to the country each year. It should have the right to select them by race, trade, character and standards of living, considering more the welfare of the United States than the desires of the alien applicant.

The board should be empowered and required to allocate these hand-picked aliens to those parts of the country in which they can be most useful and to exclude them from crowded centers of population where their presence would be detrimental to local conditions, whether sanitary, political, social or industrial. The board should be equipped with follow-up machinery for purposes of Americanization, supervision and the speedy deportation of undesirables.

An immigration bill embodying all these features and the special clauses that would be needed to give them full effect would suit most old-stock Americans, but it would evoke howls of protest from powerful racial groups. Exploiters of cheap labor and Rip Van Winkle sentimentalists aroused from twenty years of slumber would add their clamor to the alien chorus.

The test may come almost any month that Congress is in session. It is not too late to prepare for it, first, by making up our minds as to precisely what we want in the way of immigration reform; and second, by letting our senators and representative know our wishes in no uncertain terms. If we word our demands as clearly as the racial organizations do theirs, we shall not only have our way, but we shall have done no mean service to the land we live in.

The Export-Tax Dilemma

THE Prime Ministers of Great Britain and of France have resolved that Germany shall pay an export tax of twelve per cent ad valorem on all commodities shipped out of the country. The moneys thus collected are to constitute a contribution to reparations. Comment in the American press is unusually discordant. Some papers interpret the action as directed against us; others regard it as a natural method of tax collection. Some experts fear that the operations of such a tax would injure us; others profess to believe that we shall profit by it. Lack of precedents and abnormal conditions in world trade make the common man's opinion almost as good as the expert's guess. But a few points seem clear.

European countries have levied export taxes for two purposes—to raise money or to repress exportation. If it be hoped that a large sum of money can be raised from such an export tax in Germany it would be inconsistent to desire that exportations be repressed by it. Such a tax would operate differently on different commodities, and the net result could not be forecast until the trade of the world, already abnormal enough, has a chance to function with the added restriction. The Germans resent the impost as designed to shackle their recovery. But their protests cannot be taken too seriously in advance, because they have given the world too many occasions for distrust of their bookkeeping.

Such an export tax would tend to restrict importations into this country from Germany. It would operate as a partial embargo, a tariff without revenue. To a certain extent it would tend to conserve the American market for native products, and it might tend to increase prices in this country. To the extent that trade between Germany and this country was restricted, our trade with the United Kingdom, Belgium, France and Italy would be facilitated. The more freely the nations of the Entente sell to us the easier the repayment of their loans. If Germany is excluded from our markets to any extent her capacity to pay reparations will be diminished to an indeterminate extent. Certain aspects of the situation suggest the dilemma of keeping your cake or eating it. Other aspects suggest pulling oneself up by one's boot straps.

Perhaps the most interesting question deals with speculation as to whose shoulders the ultimate burden would fall upon. Would the export tax be merely passed on to the ultimate consumer? Would the export tax be taken out of the profits of the German producer, or out of the wages of his workmen? German exports depend now in part on a low standard of living of the working classes. It is probable that the proposed export tax would tend to perpetuate and intensify the degradation of the German workman. That the ultimate consumer would bear a portion of the surcharge cannot, however, be gainsaid.

Naturally such an export tax would not operate in the same manner upon finished goods fabricated from domestic raw materials and those manufactured from imported raw materials. A twelve per cent export tax might be almost negligible in effect on the derivatives of coal tar. Great Britain has realized that the embargo is the only way effectively to exclude German dyes. The operations of such a tax would, in Germany, have the effect of intensifying the fabrication of domestic raw materials and impeding that of imported raw materials. It would be an interesting experiment in world economics, but it is doubtful if the experiment is to be recommended.

The Disaster to German Socialism

By Robert Crozier Long

"You cannot transform the world with demagogic catchwords. The demand for immediate socialization of Germany's industries is nothing better than the illusion of individual visionaries." *Speech of the socialist leader, later Federal President Ebert, to the Congress of Berlin Social-Democrats, December, 1918.*

KAISER WILHELM vilified socialists, but he was a socialist of a kind. The Reichspräsident Ebert, the ex-Chancellors Scheidemann, Bauer and Müller, Karl Kautsky and Bernstein glorified socialism, but they are not socialists at all."

After two years of German socialistic revolution, this remark was extracted from one of the most phrenitic of proletarian communists by a London American who, with mild socialistic leanings of his own, came to Berlin City to search for the latest socialistic truth. The scene was a drab communist beer-and-meeting house in Wedding, the murkiest of all Berlin's murky working-class quarters; and the paradox maker—so to an American truth seeker he seemed at first sight—was the Spartacist, Max Schulze. In Wedding, Schulze is a personality. Schulze is a plumber, a politician, a pamphleteer; Schulze mends water pipes, and incites the municipal water employees to strike so that flowing water may not again soil the pipes; and Schulze writes scarlet pamphlets—with the features of the dead red prophetess, Rosa Luxemburg, on the cover—reviling social-democratic ministers as a scheming bourgeois clique.

When the American, and the other foreigners with him, asked how it was possible that bad Kaiser Wilhelm was really a better socialist than the unimpeachably honest and somewhat tiresome Ebert, they got an answer which turned Herr Schulze's Shavian paradox into incontrovertible fact.

They not only learned that not one new socialistic measure has been put through by socialist Germany in the two years during which socialism has been on top, but that also the old state socialism inherited from the Hohenzollern monarchy has been repudiated and renounced. Bad Wilhelm and his predecessors had good grounds for fostering state socialism. They designed to strengthen the militaristic state by centralizing industrial power in its hands; they hoped to bribe the city workmen into tranquillity by diverting the capitalists' profits to the relief of taxation; and some of them, or at least their statesmen and advisers, had genuine if not overardent ambitions for social reform. Had it not been for the war, state socialism in its only known form, nationalization of industries and communications, might to-day be flourishing and extending. But when Wilhelm prematurely faded over the frontier of Holland his state socialism went with him. The new socialists have done no socialization in their own way, but they have undone what was done in the Hohenzollern way. First, they evaded socialization; then they repudiated it; and now they have set their hands, Penelope-wise, to rending the frail but promising socialistic web which Kaiser Wilhelm left behind.

A Fatal Case of Timidity

THE questioners of Herr Schulze, being searchers after truth, were not content with this bald affirmation. If the highly responsible socialists who have held power in Germany for two years, they objected, killed the old state socialism as radically bad, and admitted their failure to devise anything better, it followed that social democracy was impracticable. That being so, its underlying theories must be false, and the greatest of its prophets, Karl Marx, must be a false prophet.

The communist's reply was that socialism had failed not through badness of its theory but through lack of a fighting stomach in its commanders. The socialist disaster, he said, showed Marx as an uncommonly accurate prophet. Marx preached of German socialism what all German war planners, from Moltke and Schlieffen to Bernhardi and Ludendorff, preached of German militarism. "If social democracy," he wrote in 1875, "hesitates and ceases to go forward it will begin to go back." The Marne battle proved that the militarists were right. "Ebert, Bauer, Scheidemann and Müller," insisted Schulze, "lost the socialist-capitalist battle by sitting still timidly from 1918 to 1920 and amiably doing nothing." The social, industrial and commercial forces, which instinctively combat socialism as an impracticable vision, meantime mobilized themselves; the moment to strike them finally was let slip by; and to-day socialism is in full retreat, and its final formal surrender is not very far off.

The path of the great socialist retreat is littered not only with imposing plans of battle that never came to be fought, but also with the very considerable booty of past battles won—with the débris, that is, of a partly accomplished state socialism. Germany has now denationalized and handed over to the management of private experts the greatest complex of state-socialistic

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Aren't We Depending Too Much on the Pup?

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

BEING THE CRABBED CHRONICLE OF A MISANTHROPE

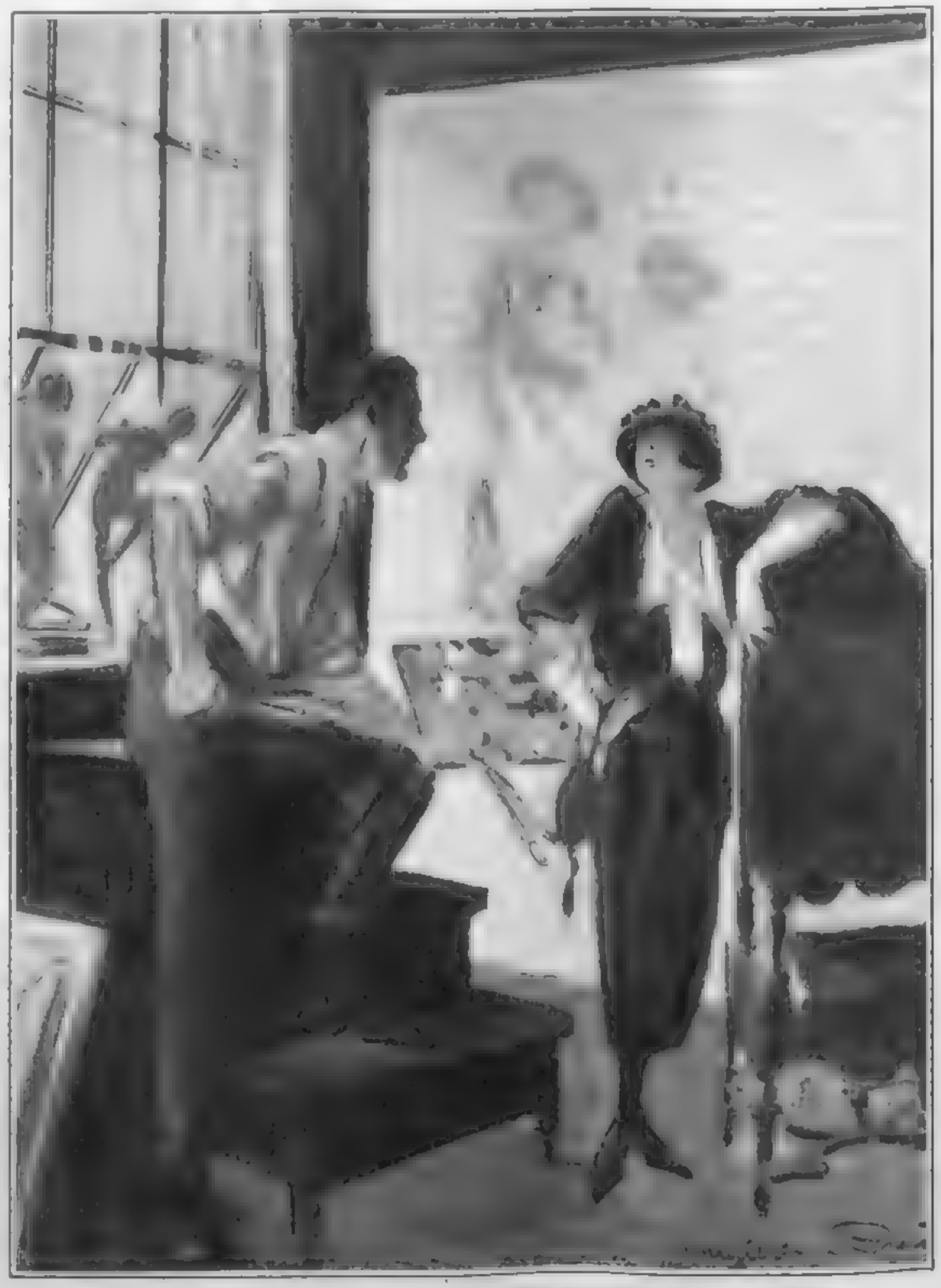
XII

By Lee Wilson Dodd

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

WHAT surprised me most when Laurestine came in to me was her still wistful, childlike beauty. She was wearing a ready-made suit, evidently new, and cut in the extreme department-store version of the prevailing mode—the skirt very short and narrow, emphasizing somehow the ingénue look of her. A smart little straw trimmed with dark blue poppies, a flower unknown to science, matched and accented the depth of her night-blue eyes. My first startled impression was that the very slip of a girl who had once entered my studio in Paris to bring me disaster again stood before me, untouched by Time, an innocent Lamia exempt from mortality. Then she passed from shadow into the full north glare from the studio window and I saw that she was not, after all, immortally seventeen; I saw that a discreetly cunning use of make-up had something to do with the astonishing illusion. Something; by no means all. Even in that full cool glare it would have been impossible, I think, for a stranger to believe her a day more than thirty, and he might easily have supposed her twenty-five. I insist upon this, for I believe this extraordinary impression of youth given by a woman of thirty-five, who had lived, as I later discovered, through experiences bitter enough to have prematurely aged her, was due chiefly to a psychical defect. Laurestine, I am now convinced, was born incapable of mental or, if you prefer, spiritual maturity. Experience, which channels most of us so deeply, could model her nature only, if I may put it so, in low relief; she was not, could not be, emotionally or morally, a creature of sharp high lights and inky shadows; or, to change the figure, she was like a violin with constantly muted strings, and however wildly or sadly that virtuoso, Time, might play upon her, the full vibrations of her being were checked and the resultant music was a little thin, a little dull.

Thus she passed through life affecting others for good or evil more deeply than she was ever herself affected. And her appeal to life was throughout but the stray kitten's appeal for shelter, for a stroking hand, for a saucer of milk and a warm corner on the hearthrug. Asking so little, really, it is singular that she should have been so kicked and buffeted about the world; a discipline that had taught her little, I found, but a self-pitying vindictiveness and the instinctive swift use, when cornered, of teeth and claws.



"How Old You Look, Alfred. But I've Been Reading About You Lately—in the Papers. You're Up in the World Again. You Said You Would Be"

It was her old stray kitten's appeal that she brought now, without embarrassment, to me.

"How old you look, Alfred."

"So old as that?"

"Older. But I've been reading about you lately—in the papers. You're up in the world again. You said you would be. *Maman* was always wrong, somehow—wasn't she? I've had the devil of a life—almost ever since you kicked me out."

"Oh! Hardly that! Play fair, Laurestine."

"Well—*maman* said —— And I couldn't know then, could I, you'd get back to all this? That's the worst of it. I've guessed wrong all through—like *maman*. I thought Anton would have the world at his feet."

"Anton?"

"I stuck to him sixteen years, like a fool. That's something. Not many women would have. *Ah, voilà l'enfer même! Comme j'étais bête, au fond!* Dragging on with him like that, Alfred; going lower and lower!"

"Anton?" I repeated.

"Anton Hrdlika. You wouldn't know him. He came back to Paris from Vienna just after you disappeared. Where did you go, Alfred?"

I told her briefly.

"Well," she then said, in her casual semidetached way, "does it interest you at all, Alfred, after all these years, to know that you're the father of a grown-up son?"

Yes, it interested me.

But, first, some words of explanation here; I had hoped to avoid them, but I see now they have become inevitable.

For eighteen months after my débacle at twenty-two, after Laurestine had left me, and the apartment on the Ile St.-Louis had been given up, together with the value at forced sale of all my personal effects save the clothes on my back and a change or two of linen, I had plowed on stubbornly, alone, through the hungriest and blackest hours of my life. To what depths I was then reduced it doesn't amuse me even now to recall. Twenty times I was on the point of giving up the struggle, writing to my aunt for money enough to feed me, put a decent suit on my back and fetch me home; down and out, broken spirited—licked. But always at the last moment some gust of pride restrained me; and if I wrote her it was only to say that I was working hard and, I hoped, making some progress as a painter. Which was true enough in its way—a way of penitential wretchedness I simply haven't the heart fully to describe.

Naturally, under these circumstances, I was soon withdrawn from any probable chance of contact with Mme. Méran or Laurestine; though I suspected it would not be difficult to find them, had I desired to do so, by making inquiries at the suburban estate of Laurestine's famous second father, which I knew to be charmingly situated in Auteuil. But I had more pressing cares. By the end of six months I was kenneled at night in a stinking slum, an inner court off the Rue de la Montagne Ste.-Geneviève, a street I now always avoid when in Paris, for all its medieval picturesqueness. There are certain smells there, smells as ancient as the stones which seem veritably to sweat them forth, that revive too sharply the humiliations of certain moments. However, perhaps I ought not to look back so bitterly on an environment which in itself led directly to a turn for the better in my fortunes.

When more than a year had passed since my downfall I was approaching the absolute zero of endurable existence. My straits—they were not imaginary—were of course largely due to my fantastic determination to make my living as a painter, and in no other way. My one source of income—ridiculous phrase in this connection!—was the sale for little or nothing of copies, done on small panels of wood, of the more popular modern paintings in the Luxembourg. A third-rate dealer in picture postcards and other tourist gimcracks, situated on a side street near the Panthéon, would now and then buy these things from me at a franc or so the panel; but neither he nor anyone else in the Quarter would do more than shrug shoulders over my attempts to sell original work.

And it became increasingly difficult for me to buy even a minimum of the materials I needed; in fact the day came at last when I found myself with nothing but some left-over ends of crayon and the roll of coarse paper I had persuaded a horse butcher to give me in return for lettering a half dozen window cards. That, I think, was my absolute zero; and it was with an almost hysterical desperation, with raging disgust of life in my heart, that I divided the roll of coarse paper into six sheets, seized a bit of crayon, and within an hour's time dashed off—there are no truer words for it—a series of harsh, brutal sketches, impressions of the street life down there in the foul court, seven stories of poverty and crime below my attic window: Toinette, the half-witted crone, fingering over garbage for her *tites trouvailles;* Gaspard, with his pendulous goiter; and so on.

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Good cheer and good spirits I treasure—
Good fare for my friends and myself.
I never can measure the health and the pleasure
Stored up on this wonderful shelf.

A "private stock" worth while

Just a step from the pantry and almost without lifting a finger you have this delicious soup all ready for your table!

An invigorating dish to start the meal off with a glow, waken your appetite and make all the food taste better and do more good.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is the pure delightful juice of luscious tomatoes, picked when they are red-ripe and made into soup the same day. You get the full, stimulating tonic effect of the tomato, enriched with creamery butter, granulated sugar and other ingredients to season and make it still more nourishing and appetizing.

Good soup every day is one of health's big rules.

A new Campbell's "kind"

Campbell's Bean Soup, an old favorite—a delicious soup that everybody likes—has been added to Campbell's famous 21 "kinds." Ask your grocer for it.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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Oh, I had no need to draw these derelicts from the life! Their images, with all they implied of human degradation, rose before me, menacing types of impotence and despair. I flung them on to the coarse sheets with broad, abrupt strokes like curses; I labeled them: "*Toinette, Cour des Gueux*"; "*Gaspard, Cour des Gueux*," and so on. And then I rolled them up carelessly, those six sketches, thrust them under my arm, and went forth to sell them, somehow, anyhow—I knew not how—but if necessary I would hawk them along the quays like the beggarly failure I had become.

And it was, indeed, along the Quai des Grands Augustins that I met Conrad Archer. There has been no stronger force in the art world of England during the first decades of the twentieth century; his mastery of both line and color—though I admit I love the man himself too deeply for calm judgment—seems to me absolute. He is ten years older than I, and at the time I write of was just coming to the peak of his power. Conrad Archer! Who that has seen him or talked with him can ever forget him! If he were not a great painter he would still be a great personality. He is built like a viking and has a rugged face of the most singular male beauty—the beauty of Balder. In this neurotic, feminized age—an age that is fighting the greatest war in history with quivering, disordered nerves, and that will infallibly be prostrated by the remembered horrors of it—Conrad Archer's serene vigor of body and brain is almost overpowering. We lesser men have a way simply of disappearing in his presence; he wipes us out. He is either the last of a great race or forerunner of a greater race to come.

Hardly knowing or caring where my steps were taking me, I had descended the twisting steepness of the accursed Rue de la Montagne Ste.-Geneviève, had reached the river across from Notre Dame, and had turned left along the embankment. It was just after I had passed the clanging confusion of the Place St.-Michel that I saw Conrad Archer—six feet two of him, a blond giant in loose-fitting bronzy tweeds. He was planted solidly in the center of traffic beside one of those long low drays used in Paris for the transport of wine barrels, and he was engaged, calmly, in hauling the driver of the dray from his seat with the evident intention of chastising him. A crowd was gathering; a crowd that seemed hostile to the blond giant. I shouldered my way pretty roughly through the crowd and joined him.

"What's wrong?" I cried. "Let me help you!"

"Thanks," he replied, dragging the carter from his seat with a final heave, collaring him, and shaking him like a suit of old clothes. A menacing growl of protest ran through the crowd. He turned on them and they fell back perceptibly from the blue flame of his eyes. Then in fluent, idiomatic French which he visibly punctuated by rattling the bones of the helpless carter, he addressed them:

"You're on this brute's side because he's French and I'm English. How stupid of you! We have brutes in England too; they may not beat their horses, but they do their wives—and I've had a go at more than one of them! As for this species of offal—his cart's overloaded and his treatment of his horses is a disgrace to civilization. Ah—here's a *sergent de ville* at last! Take this low bully in charge, will you? . . . But certainly—for overloading and abusing his—— What! . . . Oh, very well, take me in charge then! And my friend with me!" I looked about for his friend, only to discover that he referred to me. "And I promise you one thing, sergeant—I'm going to make this a celebrated case before I'm done with it. We'll have this matter thoroughly aired before you're many days older. I'm going to get this case publicly tried, sergeant, in every newspaper of London and Paris."

Throughout this harangue the ruffled carter, in an undertone, seemed to be discussing the manners and customs of camels and soiled swine. But now, suddenly, the sentiment of the crowd, and with it the *sergent de ville*, turned against him.

The English *milord* was right, came random vociferations, both male and female. To treat one's horses like that—it was infamous! No man of heart could be expected to endure it; and so on. The *sergent de ville* reprimanded the carter sharply, in well-chosen words; he also apologized to the English *milord*. It had assuredly never been his intention to arrest him. He trusted that under the circumstances—in view of the fact that he would himself see to the amelioration of the load—a regrettable incident might be considered as closed.

A Long Piercing Note—a Stiletto Stroke of Sound—Stabbed Through Us Like the Ice Flash of Neuralgic Pain

"Come along," said the English *milord*, seizing me by the elbow. "Let's wade out of this muck!"

A path opened before him and together we strode on to the Pont Neuf and crossed it to the island, coming to a sudden stop before the gallant, satirically smiling effigy of Henri IV. Then the English *milord* gave a great disgusted laugh from the depths of him, and a black-aproned midinette speeding by piped at him over a lifted shoulder, "*Ah, v'là le volcan! Pis après?*" And the English *milord* laughed louder than before, all his disgust vanishing.

"I love them! I love Paris and everything in it," he exclaimed, "except those damned carters!"

Such were the beginnings of my devotion. He insisted on taking me to a near-by café for a bock. He told me who he was, which abashed me; and he made me tell him who I was, which abashed me more. Then: "What's that roll under your arm?" he demanded. "Drawings?" And he reached for them and spread them before him on the table.

"Good Lord!" was his comment. "I wondered why I liked you so much at first sight. Now I know."

Within two weeks I had crossed the Channel with Conrad Archer to slave for him, as a fanatic, though much coddled, apprentice, on his magnificently audacious mural decorations for the assize courts at B—— Art is long, life short. Thus much I quickly learned now that my true labors had begun. A sharp, sanative lesson; the cold douche that stimulates talent and kills off conceit. *Ars longa* —— There is never quite time enough left to attain perfection. From this time on, I confess, there was little room in my thoughts for the past. What was done was done; and there was so much to do. The incident of Laurestine slipped from my consciousness for months at a time; it was almost as if it had never been.

But you can now readily see why it interested me to learn from Laurestine that throughout these crowded, swift-flying years I had been the oblivious father of a living, growing, possibly attractive, possibly insufferable, but in either case wholly unbelievable son.

XIII

FOR I did not at once believe her. It was too incredible that Laurestine, having borne me a son, should have made no earlier effort to call this rather important fact to my attention. But in the end I was forced to believe her, though I admit the preposterousness of her story. Told by any other woman I should simply have laughed it away. Told almost casually by Laurestine it carried for me its own peculiar credentials. Briefly, the fantastic circumstances were these:

At the time she had left me, swept forth like a detached leaf by the frenzy of her mother, Laurestine did not know that she was *enceinte*. Mme. Méran had whirled her off toward Auteuil, as I rather more than suspected, blowing her straight into the suburban villa of her second father; but what I could hardly have known was that her second father was not at all pleased by this intrusion. He was a fairly good-natured celebrity, I infer, but with a full share of Olympian selfishness, quite capable of feeling with Goethe that "it is sweet to see the moon rise while the sun is still mildly shining." And it appears that just at this period the sun of Mme. Méran was beginning to shine for him very, very mildly indeed. I have no information as to the indubitably rising moon.

But I make out, dimly enough, a scene of some sort, ending in M.——'s temporary capitulation; also further and increasingly violent scenes taking place almost daily for a Gehenna of several weeks. And then Mme. Méran vanished, *tout court*; leaving a note for M.——, poor Olympian, which Laurestine told me read somewhat in this way:

"You are a faithless animal and I hate you; but at least I regard you, and shall always regard you, as a second father to Laurestine. God be praised, the care I have lavished upon her has not been wasted; you will find her submissive. Count—but for reasons of state I must withhold his name—has long urged me to visit Holy Russia under his protection, and—chiefly for Laurestine's sake—I go. In the absence of one who has sacrificed much for you, and whose heart you have desolated, I know that your conscience will speak. You will not neglect the future of an unfortunate and innocent child because of your pig-like animosity toward her broken-hearted mother."

She left no address.

It was just about this time that Laurestine was forced reluctantly to admit to herself that she was with child. For her, in the circumstances, it could be only a disagreeable

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THE GREAT THINGS OF LIFE—AMBITION

Ambition means vision and vision means light

IN office and workshop men spend their lives; and for what? For power? For gold? These are poor rewards. They toil for the faith in women's eyes, and for dreams of the future of boys and girls.

Surely the temples of toil deserve the best. Good air; good surroundings; Edison MAZDA Lamps. For one must see clearly if one would see far: ambition means vision and vision means light.

Authorities have estimated that if the workman at his bench saves even three minutes a day, as a result of better lighting, then the better lighting pays for itself and shows a profit. If this be true for the man at the bench, how much more true for the man at the desk.

The engineers of the Edison Lamp Works have prepared a series of unusual studies in proper lighting for offices, workshops and homes. These are for your service: let us know along what line your interest lies and we will send you the booklet that will help you most.

EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Famous Automatic Lowering Flour Bin—pronounced the most important improvement in kitchen cabinet design. Makes baking easy. Saves heavy lifting and treacherous climbing.

The Cabinet for Any Kitchen

THE beautiful Sellers Mastercraft shown in the picture is a modern convenience made for use in the average home of today. Its size has been carefully decided upon after 28 years of experience. So a Sellers just naturally fits into *any* average American kitchen - usually in the space that a good architect keeps for the kitchen table. The Sanitary Porceliron Extension Work Table of the Sellers does away with any other table.

For over 28 years our great factories have been devoted to the task of making the Sellers, "The World's Most Convenient Kitchen Cabinet." We doubt if you can find a *real* convenience that it lacks. As a matter of fact, the beautiful Sellers Mastercraft contains "Fifteen Famous Features" each a long wanted improvement—*never before combined in any one cabinet.* These improvements cost us thousands of dollars *extra* each year. They include the Famous Automatic Lowering Flour Bin; the Automatic Base Shelf Extender; the Dust-Proof Base Top underneath the Sanitary Porceliron Work Table; the Ant-Proof Casters; Steam-Proof Finish, Etc. Without them we do not believe a cabinet can really serve.

But see for yourself. Go to the local dealer. Have him demonstrate these remarkable improvements. Note, too, that the price of a Sellers is no more than that of any ordinary kitchen cabinet. And your dealer will without a doubt be glad to make terms to suit your income. Why wait? Why not have a Sellers right away? If you do not recall who the local Sellers dealer is, please write us for his name and a *free* copy of the Sellers Book.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS COMPANY · ELWOOD, INDIANA

Canadian Factory: Sellers Kitchen Cabinet Company of Canada, Southampton, Ontario, Canada

The CABINET with the 15 FAMOUS FEATURES

SELLERS KITCHEN CABINETS

"The Best Servant in Your House"

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discovery, and coupled with her mother's inopportune desertion it completely unnerved her. She was by nature incapable of forming a plan. The very thought of childbirth frightened her into whimpering fatuity. For a week she crept into corners and shivered and mopped her eyes; and her irritated second father—who didn't like to look at anybody whose fish-white face had a red, rubbed little nose stuck on it—wondered how the devil any sane being could grieve like that over the loss of Toto. Then, to crown all, Laurestine, at her wit's end, having no one else to appeal to, confessed her plight to him and told him she wanted to die; she was entirely certain she wanted to die—but not like that! It was such an ugly way to die! And wouldn't he please be nicer to her?

To do M.—— justice, he seems to have made up his mind to rise to this crisis as swiftly as possible, the sooner to have done with it. He began, sensibly, by pointing out to Laurestine that she was not the less a married woman because she had deserted her husband—or he her, whichever it was! Such details didn't intrigue him sufficiently for retention. And since her child would be legitimate and its father was still presumably alive and in Paris somewhere, the first step was assuredly to find him. For as to his having spent all his money—absurd! M.——, for one, didn't believe it. These Americans always had money, confound them! Or if now and then one of them became momentarily embarrassed, there was certain to be some steer-killing relative in Shee-cago who would come to the rescue—*comme ça!* That is, at a snapped finger, a wave of the hand!

The chances were the redskin had simply cooked up an excuse for escaping from a responsibility he'd grown tired of. That arrives! Or possibly he'd discovered how Toto had let him in! "Let's be frank, Laurestine. He was an imbecile to marry you. Toto would have sold you to him on much easier terms. You know that as well as I do."

It was precisely here that M. —— overreached himself.

For, to do Laurestine justice as well, she knew nothing of the kind. It was always a question what Laurestine knew or did not know, and she knew many things she had better not have known; but it seems certain that she had always believed her mother—in spite of a marked social handicap, which she understood very well—could and would find her a rich, indulgent husband. Her mother had promised her to do so ever since she, Laurestine, was a tiny girl; and she had had faith in her mother's practicality always. So, in spite of the bald fact of Mme. Méran's flight, she resented M.——'s brutalities; hotly resented them—in the end hysterically.

All of which, added to former exasperations, mounted to M.——'s head, and he hotly, and in the end hysterically, resented her resentment. Well—"*ça arrive!*" The upshot being that Laurestine's second father gave her five thousand francs, showed her to the door and washed his hands of her forever. So, at least, he said. Perhaps it was not really his intention to abandon her so callously. Perhaps the poor Olympian was not at the moment wholly responsible for his actions. He is dead now; his works are among the permanent glories of France.

From that moment on Laurestine's account to me of her haphazard driftings grew rather sketchy and obscure. She seems easily to have found work in the studios until her condition became apparent; at which time she seems to have been honestly befriended by a young Breton painter, who sent her down to his old mother in Quimper. There her child was born, and proved a healthy infant. Throughout the following year Laurestine stayed on in Brittany, going at last to Pont Aven, where both she and her sturdy baby posed for the artist colony during a not unhappy summer. Much seems to have been made of that baby by the artist colony, and Laurestine seems to have grown very proud of it in her semidetached way.

With winter she returned again to Paris, and there she met Anton Hrdlika. Anton, that winter, was hovering—with a certain uncertainty due, doubtless, to alcohol—on the verge of a *succès fou*. Laurestine assured me that "*tout Paris*"—translate, "several young enthusiasts"—believed him to be the coming man; whether as painter or violinist she did not make quite clear. It is obvious that he soon took possession of Laurestine. I make out, but mistily, a Montmartre period, followed by a general drifting about together over the face of Europe, and a final adventure, *en famille*, to a new and, it was to be hoped, less temperamental world.

Nothing further of Laurestine's second etc. came into the story, nor of Mme. Méran; nor, for the matter of that, of me. This I could bear. But there were two or three other little enigmas to which I was less indifferent—which, indeed, I determined at once to solve.

"And now that you've been so tardily open with me, Laurestine, would you mind very much answering three or four questions?"

She gave me the old pathetic lift of eyes. "Why should I mind, Alfred?"

"First of all, then—why are you here?"

"You're my husband, Alfred—or aren't you? Have you divorced me?"

"No. It might have been wiser. But I've been too busy to bother with such things. And I've had no desire to marry again."

"Then you are my husband, you see—and I've come home. I've learned my lesson, Alfred. If you'll just be a little nice to me again—as you were once? I'll not be any trouble to you; you can live as you please; I'll not interfere. And you'll not be ashamed of me. These horrible, cheap clothes—I hated to come back like this. But I'm still pretty, Alfred; you can see for yourself how pretty I am. And then there's Bela."

"Bela?"

"Your son, Alfred. We called him Bela Hrdlika, Anton and I. It made everything more comfortable all round. Bela thinks Anton is his father."

"Do you happen to feel at all, Laurestine, what enormities these things are—these things you mention as trifles, so casually?"

"Enormities?" Her face clouded and sharpened; she put forth tentative claws. "It's easy enough for you to say that, now that you're rich again. I wonder what sort of things you'd have to confess to if you told me the truth? And if I'd stuck to you when you were *foutu*—well, Alfred, you would have had to support me and the baby—and where would you be now? Where Anton is, perhaps. Oh, you've nothing to complain of! You've had your freedom—while I've been kicked about! And"—the claws just curved out for an instant—"after all, it was you who drove me away. And you did deceive me and *maman*—about your being rich, I mean. You can't deny that; and you wouldn't like the truth about it to be common property, would you? When you talk of enormities, Alfred, please remember your own."

There was a twisted justice in her reminder; I was forced to acknowledge to myself that Laurestine had heavily scored. She was playing with stacked cards, perhaps; cheating a little, perhaps; but she had scored. And in the end, as I began to see clearly, she would win the game. For I couldn't honorably refuse to play with her, pretty much on her own terms. She wasn't an ordinary adventuress; not in any sense. Her return was far from being a shrewdly calculated attempt at blackmail. Laurestine was now and always would be fundamentally naïve. It was simply that the stray kitten needed a corner of my hearthrug, now that I again had a hearthrug and a tended hearth. She wouldn't bother me—much. She'd curl up in her corner if I'd let her; only—I must let her! The stray kitten was thus far desperate: didn't intend to be left outside any longer in the cold. And feeling the force of this, I couldn't blame her; for my soul, I couldn't! After all, a stray kitten is a stray kitten the world over, and the man who will not warm it and feed it when it mews at his door is not himself likely to mew later on with much success at the doorsills of heaven.

Moreover—and I confess my heart, whose valves, you remember, were not timing perfectly, pounded at the thought—this was not just any stray kitten! I confess that figure vanished as the thought thudded through me: "For you this woman is not a stranger and can never be an outcast. She is part—a disturbing, ironic part—of your destiny forever. She is the mother of your child."

"Tell me about Bela," I said. "But wait—I'll order lunch first." I rang for Li Po, who was quickly before us, silently respectful, faintly smiling. "Li Po," I informed him, "this lady is Mrs. Elliman, my wife." His face did not change. "We separated years ago, long before you joined me. Please get us something good—something a little special, Li Po."

"Vely please to meet," said Li Po to Laurestine; then bowed and withdrew.

"Now, Laurestine—tell me about Bela! Where is he? When can I see him?"

"Your servant thinks I'm pretty," said Laurestine. "Did you notice, Alfred, the way he looked at me?"

It took me until late that night to win from Laurestine a patchwork account of Bela and his sadly grotesque upbringing; but at last I was in possession of all it was immediately essential for me to know. Li Po had prepared my little-used guest room for Laurestine, who had brought with her all her worldly goods in a battered hand satchel. When she

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"Now I am Going to Kill You," He Said

ROLAND STOOPS TO CONQUER

(Continued from Page 5)

informal salutation that he felt he could ill brook at that moment. His sense of hearing told him, however, that she had lost no time in getting busy herself, and he casually looked over at her to make sure that she was quite as bad as he thought. And she certainly was—worse, if anything.

His apportionment of the morning mail was brought to him, and it was interesting enough to make him forget his vexation and its cause almost completely. Only when Joe McCann, the oldest of the city salesmen and now street superintendent, went to her desk with the excuse of "a coupla letters, sister, if you can squeeze 'em into some of your spare time," did he recall her existence.

Sister amilingly said that she could take the coupla letters at the present moment, and red-faced Joe grinned and drew up a chair.

"I'll make this all right with you some time, sister," he told her.

"'s all right now," Miss Thayer answered briskly. "I don't remember that you ever proposed to me, though," she continued, reaching for her notebook. "Where do you get that 'sister'?"

"That's right, I didn't!" exclaimed Joe, slapping his forehead. "How careless of me! The only reason I can think of is that I wasn't ever acquainted with you."

"And maybe your wife wouldn't have let you," suggested the young woman. She tapped with her pencil on the desk to recall him to the business in hand. "Who's the letter to?"

Joe laughed raucously, and it was this offensive noise that attracted Roland's attention. He looked up with a frown and met Joe's eye. Joe winked.

"Peaseley's peeved," he remarked truthfully to Miss Thayer. "I don't blame him."

"Shoot if you are ready, please," said Miss Thayer.

About half an hour after that Roland availed himself of his happy privilege of summoning this—er—little lalapaloosa. She came, and he vouchsafed her a stiff inclination of his head and a "Good morning, Miss Thayer." She gave him a smile that was really captivating if he could have seen it that way.

"Good morning. Have you got over your grouch yet?" she returned.

She was hopeless. As the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months, Roland recognized this more and more clearly. He made no diplomatic representations to Mr. Austin concerning her though. He wanted to be fair, and was obliged to concede her efficiency. It was really a joy to have her, from that point of view, as it was exasperating to have one's aesthetic sense constantly jarred, to say nothing of one's sense of the proprieties. As a stenographer, she had Miss Dismukes a faded memory inside of a couple of weeks; as a personality, she was a continual irritation, and her good nature was not the least irritating thing about her. Once in a while Roland said some pretty caustic things to her, but though she was ready enough with a retort, she invariably laughed at him as she made it.

No deference! Not even proper respect, it seemed! Where her bump of reverence should have been one surmised a deep indentation. But there was nothing personal about it, as was proved to the amazement of all who heard her impertinence to Mr. Austin himself.

Mr. Austin stopped at her desk as he was on his way to the stock rooms, doubtless attracted by the uncommonly vivid figure she made as she sat clattering away on her typewriter. He must have been unusually impressed, although his face was quite expressionless as he stood for several moments with his hands clasped behind his back and rocking slowly from heel to toe as he watched her. He, too, was watched—rather apprehensively.

Suddenly he said gruffly, "Hello!"

Miss Thayer started and looked up. Then the irrepressible smile parted her lips.

"Mercy, you made me jump!" she exclaimed. "Hello yourself!"

Mr. Austin nodded with a sort of a half smile and went on his way. Nothing came of it though. But imagine!

No, nothing personal about it. She was hail fellow well met with everybody, from William, the office boy, up. They all felt perfectly free to kid her, and she freely came right back at them. No dignity! No reserve! Hopeless! They all called her Sophie, *sans cérémonie;* sometimes Sophie Evelyn, but generally Sophie. Of course Roland didn't. But there was this to be said for her: She never addressed them without the prefix Mister. Mister Smarty perhaps now and then, or Mister Man, but, *entendez vous,* she didn't Sam or Billy them.

The Nile-green frock was now a thing of the past; but, *hélas,* it had been discontinued only to be succeeded by a quite unsuitable confection in one of the popular purples—with lilac hose—and that in turn gave place to an ecru horror. She possessed, it appeared, a large number of large-sized rings, set with semiprecious stones, and sometimes wore two or three of them at once; and she had a habit of pressing a gemmed finger to her cheek as she took dictation, which annoyed Roland very much—jarred. Her bead necklaces were equally objectionable and various. There seemed no end to them. Poor savage child! And then, granting that she received a good salary, for Payne & Austin were very fair in the matter of wages, she must have spent every penny outside of expenditures for board and lodging on dress and ornament. It was really too bad, and at times Roland couldn't help a feeling of deep pity for her.

But, after all, as Roland remarked to Mrs. Du Pape, what could one expect? She had never confided in him—Miss Thayer hadn't—for he had never encouraged any familiarity of conversation, although he was now quite pleasant; but he could nevertheless imagine the personal influences and environment that had formed her. A child of the people. Her parents were probably of the middle labor class who—if surviving—possibly owned a small cottage on the West Side. Her father, who we will say is a night watchman in a lumberyard, would sit on the front steps on Sunday mornings in his shirt sleeves and with his waistcoat unbuttoned, smoking a clay pipe, while her mother, in a boudoir cap, put on the pork to boil and prepared the greens for dinner. Their daughter was, of course, their pride—pretty and smart as a whip, and she had gone through grammar school like a streak, and was earning her four or five dollars a week as cash girl in a department store a year before she had thought of twisting up her braids.

"She wears her hair marcelled now, you said, didn't you?" Mrs. Du Pape asked.

"Well, not now. I am inclined to think that I was mistaken about the marcel, and that it was a permanent wave undulated for the occasion of her coming to us. A temporary permanent, as it were, for it is now merely wavy. I don't think I could stand the other."

"Red. I think you told me."

"A Titian red. Really not so bad."

"And what color are her eyes?"

"I haven't noticed," said Roland. He had been about to say that they were something of the color and clearness of the tourmaline in her ring, but he detected a certain glint in Mrs. Du Pape's own eyes that put him on his guard. "Yes, a very smart little girl, no doubt," he proceeded airily—"and ambitious. Took a course of shorthand in some business college, I suppose, for I don't think that her father would have consented to night school. Then having the natural manual dexterity that one observes sometimes in persons of even abnormally low mentality, she became an expert typist. Still, as her ambitions were purely material, her associations, friendships, intimacies continued to be those of her class—shopgirls and shopboys, factory employees, mechanics. She was unable to rise above their low ideals and parrot slang: therefore her real ability can never advance much beyond her present position. In a word, culture is an asset."

"It seems strange to me that you are so interested in her," said Mrs. Du Pape.

"I?" Roland looked surprised.

"I don't know who else," Mrs. Du Pape said. "I'm not. So why are we talking so much about her, *mon ami?*"

Roland shrugged his shoulders and smiled enigmatically; but he was rather annoyed by the implied accusation. And what dashed business was it of Mrs. Du Pape's if he was interested in Miss Thayer? Piqued, no doubt. Of course, talking to a woman, one must talk of no other woman. Even clever characterization falls flat, it would seem. Roland began to think that Milly was not so broad in her sympathies after all, and he glanced at her with sudden distaste. Bobbed hair was really not becoming to her; it needed a young face.

"But that is fascinating—that little picture of the father sitting on the steps in his shirt sleeves," said Milly, perhaps divining his discontent. "Delicious, and so graphic and amusing!" She laughed.

"I don't see anything amusing about it," said Roland coldly, and facing right-about. "He has a right to sit in his shirt sleeves if he wants to. Clean shirt sleeves aren't disgraceful, and if he feels more comfortable with his coat off and his waistcoat unbuttoned, why shouldn't he consult his ease? It's his cottage. His thrift and industry made it his and make him a good citizen respected by his neighbors—not a person to sneer at."

"You appear to be intimately acquainted with him," said Milly, losing her temper a little. "Have you been calling?"

"No, dear lady," Roland replied suavely. "I am not even aware of the existence of a Mr. Thayer. But I think we sometimes make a mistake in adopting an air of condescending amusement in our regard of people in slightly humbler circumstances than our own; and I, too, have eaten boiled pork and greens, and have made no secret of my suspenders in public."

"Oh, tell me about it!" Mrs. Du Pape begged, clasping her hands.

But Roland wasn't feeling in a confidential mood. The spirit of *camaraderie* between them seemed to have weakened. Its kick was wanting. Apropos, when it came to that esprit, didn't the little Sophie exemplify it to a remarkable extent in her intercourse with the men in the office? She did! She was a comrade! Give and take—familiar, and yet commanding respect. Not dignified at all, in the sense of holding her nose in the air and keeping the corners of her mouth turned down; not reserved, if reserve implies a fear of natural self-expression or the manifestation of honest interest in other people. But the boys in kidding her seemed to know just about how far familiarity ought to go, and stopped to get off about a mile on the safe side of the terminal point. As for her—well, rather colorful costumes. She was a colorful personality, so one could hardly object to them reasonably. One became used to them by degrees. One could at least tolerate them. And her slang was really picturesque at times—piquant.

These were reflections subsequent to that little rift within the lute of just good friendship with Milly, and continuing them, Roland half resolved that he would lower another one or two of the barriers that he had erected to protect himself against Sophie Evelyn. There was no reason why he should not admit her to a—well, a *camaraderie,* if you will—encourage rather than repel the friendly overtures that she continued to make apparently without any idea that he snubbed her.

But Sophie Evelyn didn't wait to be encouraged. The very next day she stopped him as he was passing her desk.

"You've got a black smudge on your nose," she informed him.

Roland, greatly embarrassed, tried to see it.

"Oh, my goodness, don't make yourself cross-eyed! No, on the other side, and lower down. Here, let me take your handkerchief, and now stoop down. I don't want to rip the seams of my sleeves reaching up to you. Can't you stoop?"

Blushingly, Roland stooped and allowed her to rub his fine aquiline nose for him. It was an extraordinary situation and affected him peculiarly. Her face was so close to his that he could look nowhere else, except at her neck, and on that his gaze could not modestly linger.

He had never before realized that the texture of the human skin could be so fine or that it could be so delicately tinted. Her eyes were like the blue tourmaline in her ring. She was looking critically at her field of operation.

"Thank you very much," said Roland.

"Wait," said she, and believe it or not, she moistened the handkerchief with the tip of her little red tongue and gave his nose a final rub.

"There, it's off now," she assured him, and allowed him to straighten up.

"All dates are off, too, between you and me," said Joe McCann who, with Weyman and Scriber, had been standing close by—highly interested observers. They were grinning broadly, all three of them, and Scriber slapped his leg.

"I ain't going to stand for that, you know," Joe continued. "Of course, Mr. Peaseley is a nice boy and all that, and you didn't mean a thing by it, but this is too much. I am lost to you forever."

"I should dissolve in tears!" Sophie retorted. "I'd certainly like to lose you, but I don't think there's any such luck."

"Another thing, Mr. Peaseley has a true, manly heart, and it isn't right to trifle with it," Joe went on.

"It was my nose she was trifling with," said Roland. "Don't mind him, Miss Thayer. This is his idea of humor."

"Tell us how it feels, Roly," Weyman requested.

"It's so hard to explain anything to you, my dear chap," Roland drawled contemptuously, and walked away from them, nobly concealing his rage and disgust.

He had no leisure to indulge in these emotions for the next two hours before closing time, being called into conference with Mr. Austin and Messrs. Deasy, Kane, Simmons and Westerman, all important men, almost immediately after the incident. It was not the first time that he had been so honored, and he welcomed such occasions particularly as, aside from the implied recognition of his good judgment, they afforded him opportunity for the exercise of his diplomatic talents. This time he thought that he had distinguished himself even more than usual by his respectful and alert attention to the views expressed by his seniors and superiors, and by his modest and conciliatory expression of his own opinions when they were asked for. When the talk was over Mr. Austin detained old Westerman.

"Well, that's settled," he said. "I think it will work out all right, too. By the way, James, I've been thinking of Peaseley for your place when you leave us. What do you think? Good man, isn't he?"

"Might be," replied the veteran, pushing out his under lip dubiously. "You never can tell."

"Young of course, but he has some good ideas," said Austin.

"You would naturally think so, as they are generally your ideas. I notice that he always agrees with you. Smart lad, but flabby fiber. No independence. Too darned polite—if you want to know what I really think. A compromiser—insincere—that's Peaseley."

"You're sore because I think of putting a youngster into your venerable bunion-bulged shoes," said Austin.

"He's got the measure of your foot all right," retorted Westerman. "This thing we've been discussing is a compromise, and I'll bet it won't work out."

"Croak on, croak on!" said Austin. "We can't bull our way through everything though, and it isn't always a sign of weakness to be polite. Furthermore, the boy has made a good record with us. I'll tell you, James, if I decide to give him the job I'll compromise with you by giving him half the salary that goes with it. That all right?"

"Do as you like, but I'd feel better about it if I had ever heard him insult somebody," grumbled James.

"Well, I've got a month to consider it," said Mr. Austin.

From which it would appear that diplomacy must go in its shirt sleeves to please some people, and though promotion, like kissing, goes by favor, merit has something to do with it; notwithstanding which a knock is not always a boost. There is no doubt that old Westerman's had a certain effect on Mr. Austin's mind. He cast back for an instance of Roland's objection or opposition to his views and could not remember one. And he, Austin, was bound to admit fallibility. Old James Westerman objected whenever he differed, and was sometimes right. Did young Peaseley then merely aim to please, or had he the firm's interests sufficiently at heart to advocate warmly a judicious policy that he knew would be unfavorably received? Would he stand by his guns when it got down to brass tacks? There was a month to consider that.

But in the meantime Roland was pleased with himself, and when he went back to his

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VALUE.—White Owl offers value. Value in the carefully chosen long-leaf filler. Value in the imported Sumatra wrapper. Value in the handsome, full-size Invincible shape. Value in the careful workmanship.

You may be putting off more pleasure than you realize if you have not yet tried White Owl.

General Cigar Co., INC.
NATIONAL BRANDS
NEW YORK CITY

WHITE OWL

10c straight
Box of 50: $4.75

10¢

Jim Henry's Column

Who Pays for Advertising?

Our sales manager and I are always arguing that point. He claims that no one pays for it—something to the effect that it cuts down selling costs and brings about economies through large production.

That's too deep for me—It seems to me somebody has to pay.

Let's say that our advertising costs 2 cents a tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. That's a generous estimate. Unless our sales manager is right—and I must admit he usually is—that means that you pay from 5 to 8 cents a year for having learned of one of the most satisfactory articles you ever used.

Without the advertising you would never have heard of Mennen's and would still be using that hard soap that made shaving painful and dreaded surgery.

Of course we could have employed the old method of personal solicitations, but that would have doubled the cost of a tube and would have taken about fifty years to accomplish what advertising has done in four.

You know, lots of men are more conservative than you—they cling tenaciously to the old-fashioned lather that bites them. It is going to take several years of pounding to release some men from their prejudices and get them to send 15 cents for one of my demonstrator tubes.

But when they do fall, doesn't the picture of their solemn and startled joy the first time they experience the thrill of slipping a razor into a thoroughly chastened beard recompense you for this five-cents-a-year contribution to my crusade?

and afterwards—Mennen Talcum for Men—it doesn't show

I believe I mentioned that my demonstrator tube costs 15 cents by mail.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

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desk he found himself quite able to forgive McCann and the other fellows for their coarse pleasantry. Oddly enough, he had not for a moment blamed Miss Thayer. She had acted impulsively, as she always did, but in a kindly spirit and with no intention of embarrassing him. A trifle indecorous, perhaps, in an office especially, and some people might have carped at her primitive method of moistening his handkerchief. But she was primitive as a child is primitive, and considered in that light her action had a sort of charm. She was busy as usual now—quite unconscious of him.

McCann had left the office. Scriber and Weyman were both absorbed in their work. The affair was forgotten. After all, they were good fellows.

Roland rather imagined that they envied him that little attention from the young lady. Perhaps they had concluded that he wasn't so slow—what? Not a displeasing thought, that.

Dismissing it, he cleaned up some odds and ends of work before he left the office, but on the way to Drexel Boulevard he again allowed himself to glow. He had heard rumors that Mr. Westerman would retire before long, and unless some outsider was brought in, which was unlikely, that meant a step upward all along the line of the deserving. It was not too much to hope for Kane's place if Kane went up. Then a little glazed retreat of his own in the row of the Sacred Six, remote from the distractions of the general office and protected from contact with McCann *et al.*; push buttons on his desk to summon underlings. Well, sooner or later that would come. He felt that Mr. Austin was keeping an approving eye on him.

At the dinner table Milly Du Pape told him that he was looking happy about something, and he gallantly said that considering his proximity to her it wasn't strange.

"I missed you at breakfast," he added as an afterthought.

"I missed the buckwheat cakes," said she. "I got down too late for them. I had a wretched night—couldn't sleep."

Roland forbore to ask the cause of her insomnia. He feared that his coldness of the evening before might have had something to do with it. Well, to make up for the breakfast he might for once propose a *petit souper* after a cinema entertainment somewhere. He asked her if she had any engagement for that night.

"Margaret Stanhope sent me a couple of seats for Certainly Not, Cyril, to-night," Mrs. Du Pape answered. "She's playing Lady Cresswell, and she wants my criticism. I knew Margaret when she was in the chorus at Spindler's Orpheum. She's rather obvious, but she makes up well, and her rôle isn't exacting, I imagine. Would you care to see her?"

Roland said he would be delighted, and they went and saw Certainly Not, and then had that *petit souper* at Ricardi's, which didn't seem at all the same place without the Chianti. Milly was very gay, but Roland couldn't help wishing that her laugh were not so shrill and that she had worn something more becoming than that severe, shapeless, dull-sage peplum thing. A little color and a few fluffles and ruffles might have helped her costume, and when she lit her cigarette Roland saw some people at a near-by table covertly staring and exchanging smiles. Of course they were bourgeois, but one doesn't care to have even the bourgeoisie snickering in their sleeves at one. No sense in making oneself conspicuous. His attention to Milly's criticism of the play and players became hard to fix, and he had to force it several times after random replies to be didn't know what. But he gathered that Larry Lamater, the star, was even more obvious than Margaret Stanhope, and that he had no sense of the nuances. The play itself was, of course, banal in the extreme, which accounted for its popularity. Milly said that she would make it the subject of a lecture to her pupils in her school of expression—things that are done, but shouldn't be. But had Roland read Selvig Skaagenholm's appreciation of the art of Nikolai Barstchovskovitch? Well, Roland hadn't, but he intended to, and meantime, fascinating as all this was, he had a hard day's work before him on the morrow and "Beppo, the check, please."

It was the shank of the evening, really, but that was right about the day's work. The Russians were wonderful, although one couldn't help thinking that their literature must suffer tremendously in translation—or something. Still, one's work—one had to be keen about it. And yes, he did find it interesting. After all, it was through and by means of commerce that art flourished, so it was rather absurd to speak of commercialism as opposed to art—in a way. And there was a romance in trade. Your Tyrian purples, brocades, cloth of gold, tapestry and lace were just dry goods. Should art disdain its foster mother? Another thing, the ministers to commerce, neophytes as well as flamens and pontiffs, are interesting. One notes types and studies them, finds them more and more interesting.

Roland was still descanting on the lure of commercial life when he felt in his pocket for the key to admit them to Gilfillan's, but Mrs. Du Pape hushed him.

"If you're not careful we'll get talked about," she warned him in a whisper. "Sh-h-h!"

Roland resolved then and there that he would be very careful indeed.

Good old temple of commerce! Roland was beginning to feel his heart positively expand at the sight of its front of smoke-blackened brick, and the gleaming brass of its name plates at the entrance seemed, this morning, a golden promise from afar.

"Good morning, Billy," to the elevator man, and "Good morning, Mr. Peaseley," from Billy. In the years gone by there had been a man there who always said harshly, "Step lively, kid! Get back in the car," and who refused to make a special stop for him on the way down. Nothing like that now. Even Willie, the office boy, was deferential, and when you get any deference from one of those little animals you may be said to be going some in an upward direction. Walton, unusually early, struggling into his office coat, hailed him with a "Good morning. Fine morning, ain't it?" Walton didn't want to Mister him yet, not when he could dodge the issue, as it were, but the evasion was flattering, and Walton's manner was respectful in spite of himself. All these and other greetings Roland returned with real heartiness this morning—with a smile that was less gracious and more genial than usual.

Miss Thayer appeared as he was unlocking his desk.

"You beat me to it, didn't you?" she called, and her smile was like a burst of spring sunshine on a bank of primroses. That, be it understood, was Roland's poetical thought.

"Beat you to it," he assented cheerily, adopting her quaint phrase almost unconsciously. "Nice morning."

"Swell!" replied Sophie enthusiastically.

She was having some trouble with the mechanism that raised her typewriter to the level of her desk. Roland started up to help her, but young Walton made a sort of a baseball run and slide and beat him to it, and he returned to his seat regretting his impulse and hoping nobody had noticed it. Then he plunged into his work, as into a pool of oblivion. Luckily he was always able to do that. He did not give Miss Thayer a single thought again until he required her services.

"Quite a grist this morning," he observed pleasantly as she seated herself.

"Well, I suppose we've got to do something to earn our wages," she said. "Let's go."

"Excuse me," said Roland, "I was—er—thinking of something."

He was thinking how clean, sweet and wholesome she always looked. What a prettily shaped ear that was, and what really remarkable hands—small, slender-fingered, well kept; no apparent sinews, no nicotine stains, no ——

"Hammond & Larson, San Antonio, Texas. Gentlemen ——"

His attention was again distracted by some half-suppressed guffaws. Looking up he saw that practically the entire outer office force, including Willie, had suspended their work to watch McCann and Weyman, who were relieving dull routine by a representation of the smudge scene of the day before. McCann, with a languishing expression on his red face, was stooping to his fellow ass, who, with a handkerchief daintily held between thumb and forefingers, made delicate dabs at his nose.

"Aw, thanks so awfully much," said McCann tenderly.

"Wait a moment! It's not off yet," Weyman piped in a falsetto voice, clutching McCann's ear and pulling his head down. "Hold the pose! No, not your nose; your pose. Hold it!" [General titters.] He affected to spit on the handkerchief [increased mirth] and again dabbed and then cocked his head cunningly to one side. "It's off now," he declared, after a brief inspection. Then he looked around to meet Roland's wrathful gaze, and feigning dismay seized McCann's arm. "We are observed," he whispered hoarsely, and McCann, after a melodramatic start, assumed an air of exaggerated dignity and strutted away, followed after a moment by Weyman.

As soon as the giggling had entirely subsided Roland turned to Miss Thayer, and saw with something of a shock that she was actually distressed; so much so that a deep pink suffused her face and neck, and her eyes were downcast. For an instant Roland had to struggle with a fierce inclination to go over to the offenders and knock their heads together until they cracked. He felt as able to do that as he was intensely desirous. Involuntarily his fingers clenched on the letter that he had been holding, crumpling it to a wad. Then Sophie looked up.

"I know I shouldn't have done that yesterday," she murmured.

"Nonsense!" said Roland, and with real chivalry he laughed. "Would you let me go around all day a besmirched object of derision? Of course not! As for those yahoos—well, *'la moquerie est souvent une indigence d'esprit,'* you know."

She laughed too, quite herself again.

"Sure!"

"That means 'Kidding is often a sign of a weak mind,'" Roland explained, a little ashamed of his swank.

"*Çela va sans dire,*" said Sophie. "That means 'I got you,' doesn't it?"

"Practically," smiled Roland. "*En effet.*" He wondered, though, where she had picked that up. He might have asked her, but she said, "Hammond & Larson, San Antonio, Texas. Gentlemen—Yes?"

Roland straightened out the crumpled letter and resumed his dictation.

That afternoon half a dozen imaginary black spots were solicitously wiped from as many noses. Roland raged inwardly, but managed to appear not to notice. The next day, however, it got beyond a joke. At intervals some humorous young man would sport a real, sure-enough smudge procured from the débris of the pencil sharpener and go about seemingly unconscious of it until it was ostentatiously detected and removed by another wag. The incorrigible McCann started that variation of the sport almost the first thing in the morning, and at noon Roland waylaid him in the passage by the elevator and drew him aside. He had resolved to approach the matter diplomatically—firmly but diplomatically—but at McCann's grin he forgot that determination.

"See here, McCann, this thing has got to stop," said he. "If you won't stop it of your own accord I'll stop it for you."

"What? How?" queried McCann with a baby stare of innocent surprise. "This is strange language to fall from your lips, Mr. Peaseley. How have I incurred your displeasure, may I awsk?"

Roland began to tremble and turn pale.

"You know damn well what thing!" Roland burst out. "And if you ask me how I'll stop it I'll tell you that! I'll flatten your nose so a smudge won't stay on it, and I'll do it damn quick! I wouldn't care if it were only I who was concerned. You could make as big a clown of yourself as you wanted for all I'd care, but you're annoying a young lady very seriously, and I won't stand for that. Do you get it?"

The light of battle came into McCann's china-blue eyes at the first part of this speech, and he took a half step back and became visibly tense. But at the last of it he relaxed.

"Listen, boy!" he said. "You keep your shirt on! You won't get anywhere with me, only to the mat, talking big. I never met the guy I didn't think I could lick if I had to. Get that? All the same I wouldn't want to do anything to get the little lady sore, and if she is sore I'm sorry and I lay off. But it's because I feel that way. See? If you think you'd like to hand me a wallop on the nose and think you can get away with it, why, help yourself! But my advice to you is keep a tight hold on your goat. If the boys think they can't get it they'll quit of themselves."

It was good advice, Roland felt. He nodded and was turning away when McCann stopped him.

(Continued on Page 33)

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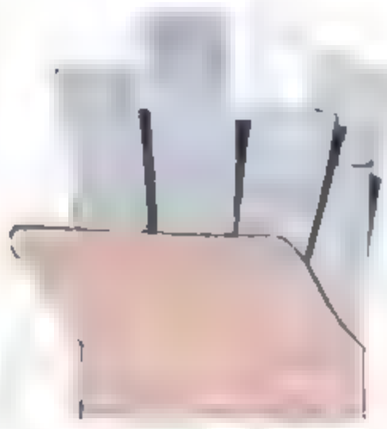

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(Continued from Page 30)

"You're all right, Roly," he said. "But tell me," he went on earnestly, "did my ear deceive me, or did you say 'damn' twice?"

As McCann predicted, the joke died out. He may have hastened its demise somewhat, but however that may have been, Roland went up in his estimation quite a little, and it was only a day or two later that, lunching with old Westerman and Westerman alluding disparagingly to Roland as a weak sister, Joe took issue with him on that point.

"Where do you get that weak-sister stuff?" he asked.

"That's what he is," declared Westerman. "Butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. No force. I guess I haven't been watching him for a year for nothing. Between you and me, Joseph, Austin was thinking of putting him in my place when I take up golf next month. I discouraged that idea."

"Why?" asked McCann.

"Because my job needs a man with backbone, and he hasn't got any more than an angleworm, by cracky!" said Westerman.

Joe leaned across the table and shook a stick of celery at him impressively.

"Listen, Mr. Westerman!" he said. "The only trouble with that boy is that he eats too much raw meat, and I don't think he would be particular whether it was alive or not if it came to a showdown. He has got enough sense to see it is easier to get his way by patting you on the back and speaking softly, but don't you forget that he has got a swift, hard punch in both mitts, and a line of talk that would melt steel ingots, let alone butter, when he takes the notion to use it. I know! He gave me a cussing out the other day that would have shocked a stevedore, and if I hadn't knuckled down I'd be eating my lunch to-day off a one-legged bed table in the Michael Rees Hospital."

"Yes, you knuckled down!" said Westerman incredulously.

"I thought it better to," said McCann, biting off a couple of inches of celery. "You know me, Mr. Westerman, but I thought it better so. He was right too. I am not telling what our disagreement was about, but I saw a great, radiant light when he got through.

"You take it from me, you have got Roland wrong if you think you can dent him with your finger. I've been watching him five years or more."

"Maybe you're right," said Mr. Westerman, wavering.

"You bet I am!" said Joe. And the good fellow said it with so much assurance that Westerman, who was a conscientious old fossil, repeated what he had said to Mr. Austin.

"You can't always tell," said Austin. "Men often fool you—and women too. There's a girl—well, never mind that."

"One thing I will say for Peaseley—he seems to me to have been doing better work in the last month or so," Westerman conceded.

That was true. Roland had been noticing it himself, and would have admitted it. He had always been more than a merely perfunctory worker, content to do his stunt and to do it acceptably; but now, perhaps with that place in the row of the Sacred Six in his mind, he was putting a wonderful amount of pep into what he did. He went at it with a relish. Sophie Evelyn noticed it in his correspondence. One morning she said admiringly, "I'll say that's some letter!"

"Covers the ground, eh?" said Roland, mightily pleased.

"And goes right into the fence corners," she said. "I am learning something on this job. It must be great to have a college education."

"Well, a university training helps a man, of course." Roland was tempted to say that or something like it. It wouldn't be lying at that, but there was always something about Sophie that compelled candor. She was so candid herself, so incapable of deceit.

He hesitated a moment, but came right out with it. "I'm not a college man," he said. "I only had two years in high. I'd have liked more, but I had to go to work on a regular job when I was seventeen. My mother couldn't afford to keep me at home any longer, and I didn't want her to. She was a dressmaker. We lived in a little cottage on the West Side down by the river, and eked out the rent by taking our landlord as a boarder. He was night watchman in a lumberyard, and a good old scout. He paid the funeral expenses when mother went, and I had hard work to get him to let me repay him."

There it was—all out. But the confession was worth while. Just to see Sophie's face when he made it—the kind sympathy in her clear eyes! Of course she had thought him a college man. The day before she had casually mentioned that she had seen Certainly Not, Cyril and thought it was just lovely. He had pointed out the banality of the play and the deplorable obviousness of the players and had drifted into a short disquisition on the modern drama and the art of its chief exponents, in which he displayed, no doubt, a great deal of erudition. It had naturally impressed her.

Well, he had now placed himself on her level or had at least let her know that he was once on her level; that self-culture was not impossible; that one could rise. She had frankly told him that she was learning from him, and that was extremely gratifying. She really was learning. At times now she spoke with perfect correctness and an absence of slang. There was that French the other day too. A very fair pronunciation, indeed. Well, she was quick, and had a retentive memory and considerable intelligence. A pity that he could not have an opportunity to talk more with her! If he called ——

But that would look rather pointed. There was the cursed conventionality that made friendship between the sexes a virtual impossibility. And somehow women, even the most enlightened, were slaves to that particular convention at heart. They would talk about *camaraderie* and freedom, but a *camarade* might as well be an engaged man for all the freedom they allowed him. Milly Du Pape, for instance. Milly had been getting to think that she owned him, and now that he had asserted his independence she was snappish and sarcastic. There had been a time when he rather enjoyed Milly, too, and admired her sallow and somewhat scraggy type of beauty. He had even approved of her bobbed hair and her gunny-sack smocks. Funny! Once—here he blushed—he had imagined himself some day married to a girl of Milly's type—was it Milly herself?—and living in that dear Paris, his French perfected, a figure in the highest literary and art circle, an intimate of the American ambassador's and his diplomatic adviser; his own establishment, small but exquisite in all of its appointments. He supposed he would marry some day. It mightn't be half bad—with the right sort of wife.

Here he would picture the right sort of wife, who bore no resemblance whatever to Milly Du Pape.

But if a real friendship with Sophie Evelyn—or any other girl—was impossible there was nothing to prevent friendliness and even a certain freedom in their daily intercourse. Roland had, as you have seen, come to that conclusion quite a little while before that, and his friendly feeling was growing day by day. He seldom passed her desk now without a friendly smile or a word or two. Sometimes it was more than a word or two. Sometimes, with a view to her instruction, he would unlock the treasures of his mind and display a few little gems of information. Apropos of her specialty, ancient writing—the Egyptian hieroglyphics, the symbolism of the Chinese character, runes, Babylonic cuneiform and bricks—all that sort of thing; not exhaustively or ostentatiously, but superficially and casually, you might say, so that what he said would be stimulating rather than informative.

Now and then he brought down a new book that he thought might be stimulating, and after he had let it lie on his desk for a day or two he would happen to mention it and ask her if she would care to read it—which she invariably did. Her comments were usually very amusing, but showed, nevertheless, a certain insight. She always returned these books promptly. He hardly dared ask her to accept them, as it would have seemed rather marked. The men in the office occasionally dropped sticks and even packages of gum on her desk, which she took graciously enough, distributing the confection, however, with a generosity that left little of it for her own consumption.

Now and then Roland had seen her jaws in motion for a moment or two after such a benefaction, but it was evident that she was not a gum addict. He would have liked to give her a box of candy once in a while. He had sometimes brought candy to Gilfillan's, placing it on the parlor table Sunday afternoons, with a general invitation to the ladies to regale themselves, and he had rather plumed himself on his selection. The boxes were greatly admired, as well as the quality of the sweets. But so far as he had observed, nobody had presented Sophie with candy in boxes. It would have looked too marked. So with flowers. She habitually wore flowers—a little nosegay of pansies or violets, or a rose, which she always transferred to a tiny Bohemian glass vase on her desk. Roland thought that a charming trait. But he couldn't bring her even a dozen or so long-stemmed Beauties, not to speak of the bern-boned baskets that he often contemplated in the florists' windows. He could do nothing that might look marked. As it was, he knew there was a general impression in the office that he admired Miss Thayer—perhaps that she regarded him favorably. Well, he didn't mind that. He did admire her—in a way. She had many admirable qualities.

She had, after all, good taste. She appreciated his neckties, and they were not of a sort to appeal to a person destitute of fine color sense. He hadn't minded her telling him that she liked them—not a bit. As for her own dress now—well, it must have been rather as a contrast to the plain, depressingly plain attire of the Misses Dismukes and Gregg that it had impressed him as garish or tawdry. Admitted that it was not so sober and inconspicuous as some people might think suitable to a business office, yet it expressed her—was in harmony.

Did she regard him favorably? Sometimes he thought so; but on the other hand he sometimes thought that she laughed at him a little too much; but then she laughed at everybody. She was friendly; but then she was friendly with Joe McCann, who continued to call her "sister," and she was friendly with Weyman and with Walton and with Mr. Austin and with Willie.

Yet there was something rather special in her attitude toward him, he reasoned, or the boys wouldn't have kidded, and they did kid now and then; not offensively. In fact he couldn't help liking the soft impeachment, and met it not with an enigmatic smile but a regular grin. It was not until Walton got married that Roland realized the whitherward of his drifting. On that interesting occasion the boys chipped in and bought the happy couple a splendid chest of silver. Roland's chip was so generous that Joe McCann remonstrated.

"Listen, Roly," he said, "this ain't going to be a solid set. We want to do it right, but not so's to tempt all the burglars in town to bust into their flat. Half this will be a plenty."

"Walton doesn't get married every day, and he is a good chap," Roland urged. "Let's make it solid, Joe."

"I'm beginning to think you're foxy," said McCann. "Trying to set a precedent against the time you are bumped off—what? You probably figure it will be your turn next; but let me tell you, boy, when you rob this institution of its little ray of sunshine you'll be in luck if you get a pickle fork. I'm gonna put Sophie hep to that too."

Roland colored.

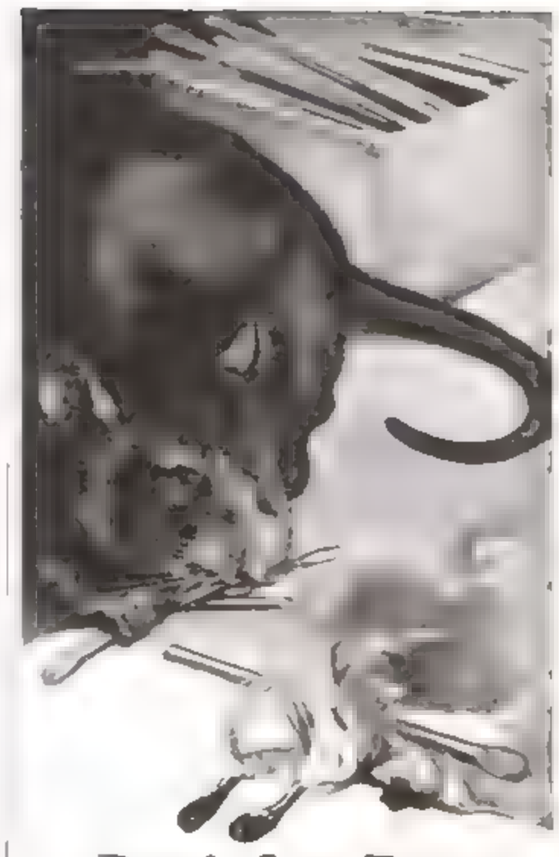
"Ah, lay off that stuff!" he said, and he said it as awkwardly, with as much *mauvaise honte* and as little aplomb as can be imagined. "Say," he continued earnestly, "don't you go making any breaks! You can make a lot of trouble if ——"

"Oh, I won't butt in!" Joe chuckled. "I'm no spoil-sport."

"But I want to tell you that you're mistaken if you think ——"

"I don't think," said McCann, leering at him—"not unless there is occasion for it. It gives me brain fag. But listen some more! If you don't get busy pretty soon I may change my mind and see what chance I've got."

And with that he went away, leaving Roland *planté là*, as you might say. And this it was that gave Roland pause, and into the pause came a feeling that he had been checked on the edge of a precipice. He had been innocent enough in his intentions, heaven knew, but he could not honestly acquit himself of a lack of consideration for Miss Thayer. If others could misconstrue his attitude toward her, she herself might do so, and what had been sport for him, so to speak, might be—well, a mighty serious disappointment to her. He would trifle with no woman's affections



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deliberately. That was about the sum of his pondering. Pray heaven it was not too late, so to speak!

From that moment he did all that he could to correct any false impression that Miss Thayer might have received from his thoughtlessness. He no longer stopped at her desk for that pleasant word or two, and though his courtesy was undiminished he discontinued the little friendly conversational interludes in the dictation, politely recalling her when she showed a tendency to stray into them. He brought no more books to his desk, he wore the very same necktie day after day—one day after one day.

At first his behavior clearly puzzled her. Being a direct sort of young person, she asked him the reason for his altered demeanor the very first morning.

"What's eating you this morning?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon?" said Roland gravely.

"Don't mention it," said she with a smile that should have softened him. "What have you been eating? We'll try it that way."

"About my ordinary breakfast menu," he answered lamely.

"That's the trouble, I suppose. Cardboard is about the most indigestible thing you can eat. Couldn't you wait for the oatmeal? A new dining-room girl, I suppose."

"I think not," said Roland.

"You'd better have it out then."

"I beg your pardon?"

"The tooth. Might as well first as last."

"I have no toothache, if that is what you mean," Roland told her bravely.

"You must be sickening for something then. Have you ever had the measles?"

"Yes—no—I hardly know," said Roland, almost losing his control. "I'm perfectly well, thank you. Shall we ——"

He turned a letter over and looked at its back.

"I suppose we might as well," she sighed. "They say these chiropract—excuse me. To whom?"

It was worse than Roland had thought it would be. The next morning she approached him with a countenance as grave as his own, although her eyes were impish.

"And what sort of a night did we have?" she asked in the brisk trained tones of a trained nurse.

A rather restless night, but Roland didn't tell her so. He wished her a good morning, but beyond a brief smile made no response to her inquiry.

"Pulse, temperature and respiration normal?"

You might have thought they were from appearances; but his pulse was decidedly accelerated and he felt a strange sort of oppression in his breathing.

"Shall we begin?" he asked.

He only looked at her once or twice during that session, and it was a rapid, sneaking glance directly after his delivery of a sentence. She had one moonstone-ringed finger pressed into the soft fullness of her cheek in the way that used to irritate him, and there was a half smile on her lips as her quick pencil moved jerkily over the page of her notebook. He did not allow his gaze to linger though. He wanted to stick to his resolution, and to fortify it he tried to feel angry and contemptuous when at other times during the day he heard her exchanging gay banter with Joe McCann and some of the others. But in this he rather failed.

In fact his whole plan of withdrawal seemed to be rather a failure, and the realization of that forced itself upon him so strongly during the night of the second day that after a prolonged mental struggle he decided to abandon it. What was the use? It didn't make any difference to her. Clearly there was no danger of her becoming infatuated with him. She didn't even resent his altered manner. A good-natured acquiescence was all she showed. He had exaggerated the importance of this thing, and yet it was important, indirectly, inasmuch as the foolish constraint was distracting his attention from his work, making him absent-minded and forgetful. He had done several things that he ought not to have done and left undone some that he ought to have done in the past forty-eight hours. He would be natural again—be himself, easily familiar, even gay, within the limits of becoming mirth; be, in short, as he had been before.

The relief that this decision brought to the young man was amazing. He felt actually exhilarated as he made his morning toilet in anticipation of—his day's work. Nothing like being sensible. He put on a new tie, calculated to attract attention. Tra-la la-lee, tra-la-la-la-la-lee, their tales of love shall tell, in accents whose ——

And he ate a fair-to-middling breakfast. And he stopped at the florist's stand on Jackson and contemplated a sheath of daffodils. Why not?

Not now, but, hang it, some other time, maybe! And as for that thing of calling, why not call? It wouldn't be criminal and might be amusing.

He had never called on a girl, but for that matter he had never stood up to a man and threatened to flatten his nose before that Joe McCann incident. There had to be a first time for everything, and other fellows called on girls without suffering ill effects.

A man may drink and not be drunk,
A man may fight and not be slain,
A man may kiss ——

Moderation—that was the thing! Be natural and let the chips fall as they may.

It was in that mood that he entered the office; in that holiday mood that he nodded and smiled at Sophie Evelyn, and a little later hailed McCann as old sport. He felt an access of the genial glow when, with his correspondence ready, he called to Sophie, and she came, radiant as ever, impudent as ever. But he was ready for her.

"I'm feeling better now," he said, smiling frankly. "A child might play with me this morning."

And at that, incomprehensibly, Sophie Evelyn seemed to congeal.

"I'll call Willie as soon as we get through," said she. "I think he'd be willing to shoot a dollar. Shall we begin?"

Roland laughed.

"I deserve that," he said good-humoredly. "I've been pretty ugly, I know. Well, that's all over and I'm going to be good. You'll see—Sophie."

"Ain't you the fresh thing!" ejaculated Miss Thayer indignantly, and then at his look of dismay she laughed, and her wonderfully lucent eyes became as full of kindness and dancing deviltry as ever. It was a tremendous relief to Roland; so much more are looks than mere words. He laughed with her. It was all over, and for the present he was satisfied. Hardly trusting himself to further speech of a personal nature, he began to dictate; but now he could look at her with perfect freedom—at her hair, with the light from the window at the back of her making a glorious red-gold halo of its outer fluffiness; at the curve of her cheek and its cream-and-rose complexion ——

It struck him as if it had been a flash of actual lightning, instead of a little ray of piercing violet that, as he looked, turned to darting red and then to dazzling white. Yet it took him a moment or two to identify it, and at first its possible significance only dully occurred to him. Slowly and with a smothering sense of apprehension he realized that the flash came from a ring set with an enormous solitaire, and that the ring was on the third finger—the engagement finger, as he understood it—of Sophie's left hand.

"Where did you get that ring?"

The girl seemed not to notice the harsh, discordant tone of his voice. She smiled complacently, turning her hand this way and that, admiring the scintillations of the gem.

"From my steady," she answered, and gave him a quick, coquettish glance and then demurely lowered her eyes.

Wonder, if you please, at the stoicism of the Indian brave who, bound to the stake, with the mounting flames slowly shriveling his tortured flesh, yet smiles scornfully at his torturers, returns them taunt for taunt and defies their devilish devices to wring a shriek or groan from his stern control; marvel as you read of our little friend, the Spartan boy, managing to preserve an appearance of equanimity with the sharp-toothed fox beneath his robe lunching upon his vitals; recall, with emotions of admiration and awe, any instance you choose of pain and anguish nobly borne and concealed; but don't exhaust these emotions until a large share of them has been given to the young man who, suddenly finding himself passionately in love, and learning at the same instant that his love is worse than hopeless, yet goes on cutting bread and butter, as it were, with unruffled front.

Roland certainly put up a beautiful front. A somewhat livid and ashen front, perhaps, but otherwise unruffled. Considering the difficulty of dispelling a black cloud that rolled against his brain, threatening its complete envelopment, and taking into account the tidal wave of blood that succeeded and then receded, first filling every vein almost to bursting and then drawing back to the heart, weighting it and burning it like so much molten lead, it was a wonderful, marvelous and admirable thing, his "Oh, excuse me!" and then going on with his dictation, rallying his disorganized mental forces, urging them irresistibly to the job.

Rather soldierly!

But it left him pretty limp. A moment or two after she had gone he put his hand to his forehead and it came away wet with sweat. He had to be a pretty good little soldier all through that day and for days to come. That day he fought to meet her smiles, to keep up a show of the friendliness that he had as much as promised her. The next day he was spared that effort, but there was another bloody bludgeoning for him to suffer with his head unbowed—Miss Thayer had gone.

"On her vacation?"

"No," answered Miss Pillow, who, it seemed, was now assigned to him. "I think she has left us for good. It's a pity. She was very competent. I'm afraid you won't be very well satisfied with me after her, Mr. Peaseley."

"Not at all," Roland said mechanically. He forced a smile. "Left us to get married, I suppose."

"I really couldn't say. Mr. Austin didn't tell me the reason."

From scraps of conversation among the boys that he listened to hungrily Roland gathered that Miss Thayer had not confided to anyone even her intention of leaving, and there was a rather hurt feeling in consequence. If she was quitting to get married—which seemed to be the general impression—she might have given the boys a chance to congratulate her anyway. They were all good friends of hers. If she had been fired there would have been a bubbling well of sympathetic indignation from which she might have drawn dripping bucketfuls; if—as was rumored—she had been engaged as secretary to a multimillionaire they would have rejoiced with her. As it was, they were sore, and declaring that she was a peach gave the phrase the unpleasantly sarcastic inflection and tried to forget her. But she was missed. Naturally Roland was appealed to for information. Among others, Joe McCann came to him.

"What do you know about it?" he demanded.

Roland shrugged.

"You'll have to ask somebody else," he said. "I know no more about it than you do. It's too bad, because she was really very competent."

McCann eyed him keenly for a moment and then snorted.

"Very competent!" he echoed. "You're a jim-dandy! Well, I'll ask Austin."

If he did, and he was quite capable of it, Mr. Austin presumably did not satisfy his curiosity. At least Roland heard no more from him on the subject at that time. At that time Roland had no wish to hear anything, fearing the worst. His faculty of concentration stood him in good stead just then, keeping all his thoughts on his work to the exclusion of anything else during business hours; but inevitably, when his work no longer occupied him, he suffered enough mental anguish to have spread amply over a hundred divorce cases and libel suits. Either dull misery or the most poignant agony of mind when he abandoned himself to the jealous imaginings that obsessed him at all times. Another's! The hackneyed tragedy of that word! *C'est à rire*, and yet the horrible implications of it!

Another's!

And he had himself to blame for it, perhaps. If he had not been a snob; if he had not been puffed up with his own fancied importance—self-dazzled by his self-applied thin varnish of culture; if he had courted her boldly and unashamed in the eyes of his little world, wouldn't there have been a good chance for him? But he was too fine to get down and scramble in the dust with ragamuffins for a jewel! Idiot!

Now some little ribbon clerk who didn't stand on his gentility had got her, or some drummer, or slacking silk-shirted mechanic

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PACKARD

PACKARD CARS REPRESENT THE FOREMOST ADVANCE OF THE ART

THERE has never been a pause in the development of the Packard Car. Steadily, it has been refined, improved, enhanced without stint. Just as the old one-cylinder Packard represented the highest state of the art then, so do Twin-Six and Single-Six Packards represent the foremost advance of the art now. There is only one way to realize true Packard performance, and that is to drive the Packard Car.

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The Packard Twin-Six Touring
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SIMPLER AND MORE COMFORTABLE

SUPPOSE your hat, for instance, came in two pieces. Every time you put it on you'd have to go through a lot of useless motions. So why wear two-piece underwear when one union suit is so much simpler? And why wear the ordinary union suit when you can get the

HATCH
ONE BUTTON
UNION SUIT

It is still simpler and still more comfortable. No row of buttons and buttonholes up and down the front—instead, "button one, troubles done." No binding and wrinkling as when two edges have to be pulled together—instead, a smooth, even fit all over.

This Spring you can get the Hatch One Button Union Suit in the finest of knit goods and nainsook. We shall be glad to send, free on request, a catalog describing the complete line.

The Hatch One Button Union Suit is featured at the best stores everywhere, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free.

Men's garments: Knitted—$1.50, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00. Nainsook—$1.00, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00 and 2.50.

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FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
ALBANY NEW YORK

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who could buy gorgeous diamond rings—tell it to her in diamonds; thirty cents a day will do it—and furnish four-room flats in weathered oak mission—you furnish the girl; we'll furnish the flat. Your credit is good with us. No, cut out that stuff! Whoever it was would be a good fellow—a better man than he was. She would choose wisely, no question about that, as there might have been had she chosen Mr. Roland E. Peaseley, the salient saphead of the century.

In some such cheerful self-communion he was making his way back to the office after a perfunctory lunch when out of the multisonous street came a sound of low laughter that made his pulses jump. He looked around and there she was!

Vivid as ever, so that his was not the only head—by many—that was turned to look at her. Or perhaps it was the road car in which she was seated; or it might have been that notice was divided between her and her companion. The car was vivid enough of itself—a royal blue, with its upholstery in buff pigskin; the metal work gleaming silver bright, the woodwork of a clean, glossy finish, the spare tire on its sloping back cased in the same buff leather. It caught and reflected the sun most conspicuously, while its soft purring, as it slowed for the corner and stood for an instant, suggested unlimited power. Anybody would have noticed the car. Even Roland did, although his gaze had passed swiftly to the laughing girl and then to the young man with her.

A slender, brown-skinned young fellow, damnably good-looking, beautifully groomed; attired *comme il faut* in rough, expensive, carefully careless sports clothes, he went with the car perfectly. He was laughing with the girl, whose costume also suggested the country club and its diversions, and even as he seemed wholly occupied with her, he yet released his gleaming, purring monster at the first white-gloved gesture of the traffic officer and shot forward, swiftly and noiselessly, into the westward running stream of vehicles, threading his way as far as Roland could distinguish him, with consummate skill and only the slightest apparent attention to anything but what Sophie was saying.

It was less than a moment from the instant that Roland saw them until they were out of sight, but in that short space it seemed that all that he had suffered before was trivial.

The violence of his emotions produced an actual nausea that compelled him to turn to a shop window and stand there staring blankly, unseeingly, with that deathly sensation at his stomach and trembling knees that threatened to give way beneath him, until he had recovered in some measure, and in spite of his knees proceeded on his way.

As he went he tried to deduce some conclusion from what he had seen. Here was no shopman or industrious young mechanic to consider, but one of the idle rich; a roué perchance, whose jaded fancy had been caught by a pretty face and *un dialecte très bizarre*. Was he merely what his people would term an infatuated young fool, contemplating the honest folly of a *mésalliance*, or was he a designing villain who was tempting a heedless girl to ruin with rare jewels and all the other devil's baits of luxury? That was for him to find out, and presently a resolution to find out formed and hardened in his mind, took the weakness from his knees and doubled his fists. If everything was all right, then all right. He would step back and continue to take his medicine until he was killed or cured. If not—that was where his fists clenched and he realized what joy there might be in a cruel and brutal homicide.

He was to find out something significant far sooner than he expected, for almost immediately on entering the office he came upon Joe McCann, who was—as was his wont in idle moments—indulging in ponderous persiflage with one of the young women from the lace department—a pretty young creature named Lindstrom, to whom Roland had often made courtly obeisance. Seeing Roland, Joe grinned and beckoned.

"Come here a moment, Peaseley. Now what do you know about this!" he said. "Here I hand her a three and a half carat, guaranteed to deceive experts, pure-white solitaire stone that set me back all of a dollar and thirty-five cents, and she won't take it just because ——"

"Just because it's one his old girl wouldn't take," supplied Miss Lindstrom, making play with her eyes at Roland. "Would you, Mr. Peaseley? I guess I don't have to take anybody's leavings! If he had come at me with one that hadn't been used before I might of took it."

"But my old girl did take it, I'm telling you," said Joe. "Took it and wore it and said she'd be true as the stars above. Am I to blame if she changed her mind? I certainly do have the dog-gonedest luck around this shop with my fiongsays!" he continued, with an affecting break in his voice. "Before Sophie Evelyn there was Kitty and b-before K-Kitty ——"

"Well, hand it over," said the girl, "if you feel as bad as all that about it."

She slid the ring over her finger and turned the setting outward, whereupon a ray of violet shot out that changed to red and then to a dazzling white. Roland uttered an involuntary cry that she took as a burlesque of amazement, and after an appreciative giggle she minced away to her work. Then for the first time McCann really looked at Roland and his merry face suddenly became concerned.

"Say, Roly, you're sick!" he exclaimed.

"It isn't anything. Just a spell," Roland muttered. "Don't look at me like that!" he continued sharply; and then, "Tell me, Joe, did you give that ring to Miss Thayer the last day she was here?"

"Yes," replied McCann. "But what ——"

Roland did not wait for further questioning. He was already on his way down the corridor that led to Mr. Austin's office, where he stopped, and after a single perfunctory knock opened the door and entered.

Mr. Austin looked up, frowning at the intrusion, and then seeing who it was, said, "Oh, yes! Sit down, Peaseley. I was told you were out."

"I was out to lunch," Roland explained. "I wanted ——"

"Yes," said Mr. Austin, "of course. Well, I've got something to tell you. Mr. Westerman is leaving us the first of next week, and Mr. Payne and I have decided to give you a chance at his job. We are not quite sure about your size, mind you, and it will be understood for the present that the arrangement is temporary; but if you make good, as I think you will, you'll stick. Well, what do you think?"

He beamed benevolently, and leaning back in his swiveled chair awaited Roland's torrent of grateful thanks.

"It's very kind of you," said Roland absent-mindedly. "Of course I shall try. What I wanted to ask you, Mr. Austin, was Miss Thayer's address. I am told it doesn't appear in the register, and I understand that you personally engaged her."

"Yes, I engaged her," replied Mr. Austin, knitting his bushy brows and peering from under them at the young man curiously. "Am I to understand that you want this new position, or do you decline it?"

"Oh, certainly I want it—thank you! I didn't expect it at all; but I'll do my best to—make good. If you can give me Miss Thayer's address ——"

"What do you want it for? Has she mislaid anything or forgotten anything?"

"It's personal," Roland answered. "I don't feel at liberty to go into particulars, but—I want to communicate with her. It's rather urgent."

Mr. Austin stared at him for a moment and then broke into a laugh.

"What's the matter with you, Peaseley?" he asked. "I give you a promotion that I thought would make you turn handsprings, and you dismiss that unimportant little matter and you implore me for an address. Personal! Well, if it's personal and urgent perhaps I'd better give it to you—if the young woman wishes me to do so. Do you think she will?"

"I—I am not sure, sir," Roland stammered.

"Has it occurred to you that if she had wanted you to have her address she would have given it to you?"

The old devil asked that question very blandly.

"That wouldn't follow," said Roland bluntly. "I have never asked for it, and she—Miss Thayer would not have been likely to volunteer it."

"Unless the personal matter required it?"

Roland was silent for a moment. Then he said, flushing:

"I hope I am a gentleman, and that I would give her no cause to regret"—he stopped again—"I would ask you to be kind enough to ascertain, but it would take time, and ——"

"And the thing is urgent—very, very urgent," Mr. Austin murmured thoughtfully. "Well, I'll give you the address conditionally on your going out there at once and getting this urgent personal matter off your chest so that you can put your mind a little on business. Have you a notebook, or can you remember it?"

He gave the young man an address on Ashland Avenue, and he had hardly done so when Roland thanked him hurriedly and departed, *sans cérémonie*.

"Well, I'll be switched!" Mr. Austin ejaculated.

The street number that Mr. Austin had given Roland identified no humble cottage after all, but an ugly and substantial old house in a block of ugly and substantial old houses whose appearance suggested better days.

Two or three of them, indeed, had fallen on distinctly evil days, by the evidence of scaling paint, rusted iron railings and ragged, weed-grown lawns, but this one was among the well-preserved, retaining all its unimpeachable respectability and something of the spruceness of youth. It was, in fact, rather imposing, and Roland's first impression that it might be a private boarding house something like his own was dispelled even before a neat, quite unboardinghouselike maid opened the door

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Blue Bird and

"The Kingdom of the Future"

To that mystic land—"The Kingdom of the Future" where dwell the souls of babes unborn, BlueBird brings happiness and rejoicing.

For BlueBird means that the welcoming song of the mothers "who stand waiting at the door" will be more than ever fresh and joyous.

It means that they will be spared the most wearing of all household tasks and that even after washday they will feel strong and untired.

And the future health and happiness of the babes to be as well as that of their mothers is made more certain by the freedom from toil that BlueBird brings.

The fact that clothes washed in BlueBird are washed cleaner and last many times longer than when washed by the ordinary methods is entirely due to the distinctly superior and correct BlueBird principle of washing.

To really appreciate BlueBird you must see it at work. Let your dealer demonstrate it to you and ask him, too, to tell you how conveniently easy it is to buy BlueBird.

"BlueBird Brings Happiness to Homework"

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THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
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BlueBird
ELECTRIC CLOTHES WASHER

Now made by the Makers of Dayton and Yale Bicycles and Davis Sewing Machines

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"This blue flame with the clean white tips is the hottest."

"It's just the flame to use for baking, or boiling, or any kind of fast cooking. And the beauty of it is that it doesn't blacken your pots or pans."

You'll Like Aladdin Utensils, Too

They brighten the kitchen and lighten the work. Two are shown on this stove—and there's an Aladdin shape for every kitchen need. Ask your dealer.

How the New Perfection Banishes Soot

Doesn't it remind you of the story of *Beauty and the Beast* when you see snowy-white mashed potatoes in an ugly soot-blackened pan?

But, like the Beast in the fairy tale, that soot is not a *real* beast. It is merely *good heat gone wrong!* In other words, it is fuel that should have been turned into cooking heat. The New Perfection stove keeps your pans so clean because it turns all of the kerosene oil—every drop—into cooking heat.

That Long Blue Chimney burner provides room for *complete combustion* of the kerosene—every drop has time to burn up into clean intense heat before it reaches the cooking pan. That's *how* the New Perfection banishes the Beast—the frowning smoke and unpleasant odor.

And that's *why* your pans keep shiny—why your kitchen stays cool and comfortable. No wonder that more than 3,000,000 women cook on the New Perfection!

Just as fast as the kerosene oil is turned into clean heat, a powerful draft drives it forcefully, in one hot, concentrated stream, up against the utensil.

New Perfection Cooks Anything

New Perfection cooks know they can make anything—from doughnuts to the most delicate sponge cake—on the New Perfection. It gives speedy, steady, clean cooking heat for all occasions.

Each burner is almost a cook stove in itself. You can keep the tea-kettle simmering with the low flame. On another burner you can use the medium flame—an all-blue flame—for most ordinary cooking purposes. And for fast cooking there's the high flame with the clean white tips. It's the hottest.

This blue flame with the clean white tips is just as clean as it looks—and it's the hottest

It has a Speedy, Steady Fire

At any flame-speed, the New Perfection is the same—steady and dependable. Once set, the flame stays put. And it's always visible through the mica doors.

Brass Burners Make for Long Life

One of the reasons why the New Perfection shows such a long, healthy life-line is that *every part* is made right. The New Perfection burner, for example, is *solid brass*—not merely brass-finished. It never rusts, nor does it burn out, even with years of constant service.

See a Demonstration

Your dealer will gladly demonstrate the New Perfection—see him, or write us for the free New Perfection Booklet

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Oil Cook Stoves and Ovens

Made by
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
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Also makers of
PERFECTION *Oil Heaters and*
ALADDIN *Cooking Utensils*

Branches in Principal Cities

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to him and ushered him into a reception room that, if not quite so modern in its furnishings as some of the newer hotel parlors that Roland had seen, had at least a modern note. Not a boarding-house parlor.

He saw all this without any attempt to reason it out. His capacity for bewilderment was already overcrowded, and besides, there was the momentary expectation of Miss Thayer's appearance. The maid had told him that she was at home—which he had thought unlikely—and that was enough to paralyze his reasoning faculties. She was coming! Coming! The maid had returned to tell him that Miss Thayer would be right down.

She was coming!

Then she came—and the moment she saw him she laughed—laughed! But almost immediately she checked her mirth and seemed troubled. Roland was certainly looking haggard.

"Something funny," she partly explained, offering her hand. "How do you do, Mr. Peaseley? Are you well?"

"Quite well, thank you," Roland replied indistinctly.

He took her hand and released it at once. It was the first time that he had ever touched it, and the effect of its warm, soft, yet firm clasp was thrilling past endurance.

"You don't look so," she said. "Sit down and make yourself comfortable. No, take that chair—it's easier. What are you doing away from the office at this time of day?"

"I—I wanted to see you," Roland answered, faltering as he looked at her. She was wearing a plainly designed dress that brought out the unusual fairness of her skin in the most amazing way. Her hands were very white, exquisitely shaped. "So I came. Your leaving was—unexpected."

"It was sudden, wasn't it? It was sudden to me. You see, I came home to find my beloved father desperately ill and refusing to take medicine or nourishment from any hand but mine. He is still on the verge of collapse, and any sudden shock—like my going back to the office—might prove fatal, or even worse. So I don't suppose I shall ever go back."

She spoke with a flippancy that seemed heartless—almost gayly. Roland rose at once.

"I hadn't heard of it," he said in confusion. "I shouldn't have intruded."

"Oh, sit down, please. He isn't really ill; he's only dying to get out to the links. That's where I was this morning—a nurse has to have some fresh air and exercise, of course, and I have just been maddening him with an account of our foursome—rubbing it in—and telling him how his hated rival dub did a seventy-seven yesterday. That's his punishment. He's been shamming, and he's afraid to convalesce too soon, and I'm pretending to be crazy to get back to work. Really, I'm not. Parents can be a great trial sometimes, can't they?"

She rattled all this off with a heightened color and perhaps a suspicion of nervousness. Roland was still dazed, but that determination of his to find out was revived.

"I want you to tell me about this," he said earnestly. "I don't understand. I thought I should find you in—different surroundings. I come here and see you ——"

"It's nice of you to come. I—thought perhaps you might."

She said it nicely, and then laughed again without any apparent reason, and again composed herself to comparative seriousness.

"There's no great mystery about it," she said. "We are just fairly well off. If my father had anything like a decent business head—well, I won't go into that. But I've always been businesslike, practical, and I always wanted to fit myself for something that would make me independent of—the next thing that might happen; so I up and took a commercial course in a commercial college. There was considerable parental opposition, but I did it. Wasn't that too awful?"

"I don't think so," said Roland.

"It was lots of fun. Some of my college chums were—priceless."

That was a word of Roland's, and she looked at him rather mischievously as she said it.

"The next thing was to see if my, perhaps, too partial professors were deceiving me when they said that I was a wonder. There was only one way to test that, which was to get a job. That was where father had his first heart attack. But I answered Payne & Austin's advertisement, and—*voilà!*"

She gave him another mischievous smile.

"I think I got the job and kept it—on the showing that I made. Mr. Austin told me that he didn't recognize me at first. He hadn't seen me since I was little. And then I used an alias. My real name is Margaret. Not so pretty as Sophie Evelyn, do you think?"

Roland shook his head.

"I proved that I could make my own living as a stenographer, didn't I?"

Roland nodded.

"I think you ought to know. I did my best to make myself awful, so that aside from my work you wouldn't like me at all. I succeeded, didn't I?"

Roland shook his head. What an obtuse ass he had been! But he had to satisfy himself concerning one thing instantly:

"That ring you wore the last day—McCann gave it to you, but I didn't know ——"

"Yes, that was a joke of dear Mr. McCann's and mine. '*La moquerie est souvent une indigence d'esprit,*' you know. I returned it to him though. I told him I loved another and could never be his."

"I—I saw you in a car with a man this morning," Roland blurted out desperately. "Was he—did you mean him when you said that you—that there was another?"

"Really, Mr. Peaseley!"

"I beg your pardon," said Roland miserably.

"Ain't you the fresh thing!" she exclaimed in her best Sophie Evelyn manner, and with the swift transition from dignity to impudence that had bewildered more than once before.

"Did you come here to ask me that?" she asked him suddenly.

Roland bent his head in assent.

"Then it would be a shame to have you take all that trouble for nothing," said Miss Thayer. "That boy was Billy Elliot. He knows how to drive a car. Do you?"

"No," answered Roland humbly. "I know very little of anything else."

"Nor does Billy," she rejoined. "I'm not engaged to him, since you seem to be interested. And now that I have answered that question, Mr. Peaseley, I must really ask you to try to observe *les convenances* a little more carefully—that is, if you intend to call here again."

She rose, as did Roland, and stood in a stately pose, the expression of her beautiful eyes slightly disdainful. She extended her hand to him, but as a princess might have to a peasant. He was about to bow over it when she was seized with another fit of laughter and dropped back into her chair.

"You shouldn't do that," said Roland with grave reproach. "I've made a bigger fool of myself than even Nature intended. I'm quite aware of that, and I know that I've been ridiculous from the first moment that I saw you; but I have suffered too. If you knew how much—since I saw that ring on your finger and—well, you wouldn't laugh now."

She sobered a little at that appeal, but even so her mirth was not entirely subdued.

"It—it—isn't that," she said. "I like you to—to be a fool. But what I've been laughing at is—do you know there's a black smudge on your nose? Really and truly. Stoop down ——"

Roland did not return to the office. It was too late. Nor did he go to the Gilfillans' for dinner, because he didn't feel like eating, and in his present mood he would have found the Gilfillan gang or any other gang an infliction. He walked because he felt like walking, and he chose unfrequented streets that led nowhere in particular so far as he knew or cared. He walked lightly but with a measured tread to the cadences of an old rime in which there is much reason:

A—man—may—drink—and—not—be—drunk,
A—man—may—fight—and—not—be—slain,
A—man—may—kiss—a—pret—ty—lass
And—yet—be—wel—come—back—a—gain.

But that is not saying that he had kissed anybody. He might have been exhilarated by the mere assurance that when he did call again at the Thayer residence he would not be exactly unwelcome.

Yes, humble in spirit as he was, he was quite sure of that! He walked with the air of a conqueror.

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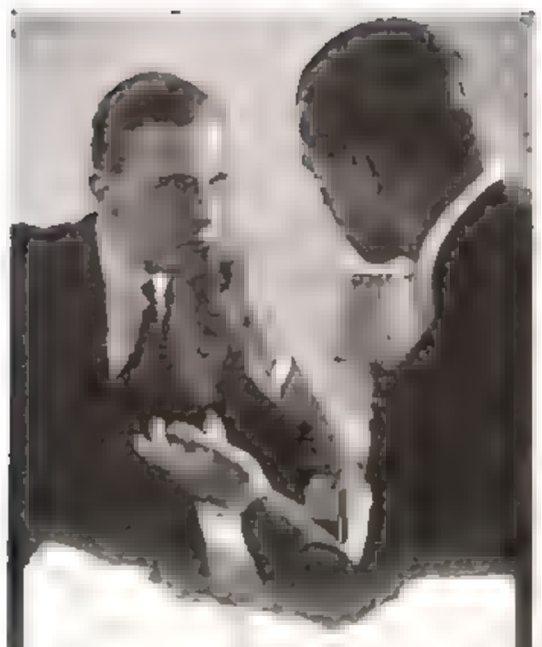

"Foster gave me something to think about, and I'm going to take his tip.

"HE was in today while the bookkeeper was writing checks on our machine, and after watching him a while Foster asked me if he might make a friendly suggestion.

"Foster told me that since they have been using

Defiance SPEED Writers

—they have been able to relieve their high-salaried employees of check writing, the junior clerks being able to take care of same with remarkable speed and accuracy.

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THE SALVAGING OF CIVILIZATION

(Continued from Page 13)

These are very natural questions at the first onset. But are they sound questions? May they not be a little affected by false analogies? The governing of the whole of the world may turn out to be not a magnified version of governing a part of the world, but a different sort of job altogether. These analogies that people draw so readily from national states may not really work in a world state.

And first with regard to this question of a king or president. Let us ask whether it is probable that the world state will have any single personal head at all.

Is the world state likely to be a monarchy—either an elective, short-term, limited monarchy such as is the United States, or an inherited limited monarchy like the British Empire?

Many people will say you must have a head of the state. But must you? Is not this idea a legacy from the days when states were small communities needing a leader in war and diplomacy?

In the world state we must remember there will be no war—and no diplomacy as such.

I would even question whether in such a great modern state as the United States of America the idea and the functions of the President may not be made too important. Indeed, I believe that question has been asked by many people in the States lately, and has been answered in the affirmative.

The Headship of the World State

The broad lines of the United States Constitution were drawn in a period of almost universal monarchy. American affairs were overshadowed by the personality of George Washington, and, as you know, monarchist ideas were so rife that there was a project during the years of doubt and division that followed the War of Independence for importing a German king, a Prussian prince, in imitation of the British Monarchy. But if the United States were beginning again to-day on its present scale, would it put so much power and importance upon a single individual as it put upon George Washington and his successors in the White House? I doubt it very much.

There may be a limit, I suggest, to the size and complexity of a community that can be directed by a single personal head. Perhaps that limit may have been passed by both the United States and by the British Empire at the present time. It may be possible for one person to be leader, and to have an effect of directing personality in a community of millions or even of tens of millions. But is it possible for one small, short-lived individual to get over and affect and make any sort of contact with hundreds of millions in thousands of towns and cities?

Recently we have watched with admiration and sympathy the heroic efforts of the Prince of Wales to shake hands with and get his smile well home into the hearts of the entire population of the British Empire, of which he is destined to become the "golden link." After tremendous exertions a very large amount of the ground still remains to be covered.

I will confess I cannot see any single individual human head in my vision of the world state.

The linking reality of the world state is much more likely to be not an individual but an idea—such an idea as that of a human commonweal under the God of all mankind.

If at any time, for any purpose, some one individual had to step out and act for the world state as a whole, then I suppose the senior judges of the supreme court, or the speaker of the council, or the head of the associated scientific societies, or some such person, could step out and do what had to be done.

But if there is to be no single head person, there must be at least some sort of assembly or council. That seems to be necessary. But will it be a gathering at all like Congress or the British Parliament, with a government side and an opposition ruled by party traditions and party ideas?

There again I think we may be too easily misled by existing but temporary conditions. I do not think it is necessary to assume that the council of the world state will be an assembly of party politicians. I believe it will be possible to have it a real gathering of representatives, a fair sample of the thought and will of mankind at large, and to avoid a party development by a more scientific method of voting than the barbaric devices used for electing representatives to Congress or the British Parliament, devices that play directly into the hands of the party organizer, who trades upon the defects of political method.

Will this council be directly elected? That, I think, may be found to be essential. And upon a very broad franchise. Because, firstly, it is before all things essential that every adult in the world should feel a direct and personal contact between himself and the world state, and that he is an assenting and participating citizen of the world; and, secondly, because if your council is appointed by any intermediate body all sorts of local and national considerations, essential in the business of the subordinate body, will get in the way of a simple and direct regard for the world commonweal.

And as to this council: Will it have great debates and wonderful scenes and crises and so forth—the sort of thing that looks well in a large historic painting? There again we may be easily misled by analogy. One consideration that bars the way to anything of that sort is that its members will have no common language which they will be all able to speak with the facility necessary for eloquence. Eloquence is far more adapted to the conditions of a Red Indian powwow than to the ordering of large and complicated affairs. The world council may be a very taciturn assembly. It may even meet infrequently. Its members may communicate their views largely by notes which may have to be very clear and explicit—because they will have to stand translation—and short to escape neglect.

And what will be the chief organs and organizations and works and methods with which this council of the world state will be concerned?

There will be a supreme court, determining not international law, but world law. There will be a growing code of world law.

There will be a world currency.

There will be a ministry of posts, transport and communications generally.

There will be a ministry of trade in staple products and for the conservation and development of the natural resources of the earth.

There will be a ministry of social and labor conditions.

There will be a ministry of world health.

There will be a ministry—the most important ministry of all—watching and supplementing national educational work and taking up the care and stimulation of backward communities.

Factors That Make for Simplicity

And instead of a war office and naval and military departments, there will be a peace ministry, studying the belligerent possibilities of every new invention, watching for armed disturbances everywhere, and having complete control of every armed force that remains in the world. All these world ministries will be working in coöperation with local authorities, who will apply world-wide general principles to local conditions.

These items probably comprehend everything that the government of a world state would have to do. Much of its activity would be merely the coördination and adjustment of activities already very thoroughly discussed and prepared for it by local and national discussions. I think it will be a mistake for us to assume that the work of a world government will be vaster and more complex than that of such governments as those of the United States or the British Empire. In many respects it will have an enormously simplified task. There will be no foreign enemy, no foreign competition, no tariffs, so far as it is concerned, or tariff wars. It will be keeping order; it will not be carrying on a contest. There will be no necessity for secrecy; it will not be necessary to have a cabinet plotting and planning behind closed doors; there will be no general policy except a steady attention to the common welfare. Even the primary origin of a world council must necessarily be different from that of any national government. Every existing government owes its beginnings to force, and is in its fundamental nature militant. It is an offensive-defensive organ. This fact saturates our legal and social tradition more than one realizes at first. There is, about civil law everywhere, a faint flavor of a relaxed state of siege. But a world government will arise out of different motives and realize a different ideal. It will be primarily an organ for keeping the peace.

And now perhaps we may look at this project of a world state mirrored in the circumstances of the life of one individual citizen. Let us consider very briefly the life of an ordinary young man living in a world state, and consider how it would differ from a commonplace life to-day.

He will have been born in some one of the united states of the world—in New York, or California, or Ontario, or New Zealand, or Portugal, or France, or Bengal, or Shansi; but wherever his lot may fall the first history he will learn will be the wonderful history of mankind, from its nearly animal beginnings a few score thousand years ago, with no tools but implements of chipped stone and hacked wood, up to the power and knowledge of our own time. His education will trace for him the beginnings of speech or writing, of cultivation and settlement.

He will learn of the peoples and nations of the past, and how each one has brought its peculiar gifts and its distinctive contribution to the accumulating inheritance of our race.

He will know, perhaps, less of wars, battles, conquests, massacres, kings, and the like unpleasant invasions of human dignity and welfare, and he will know more of explorers, discoverers and stout, outspoken men than our contemporary citizen.

While he is still a little boy he will have all the great outlines of the human adventure brought home to his mind by all sorts of vivid methods of presentation, such as the poor, poverty-stricken schools of our own time cannot dream of employing.

Citizens of the World by Education

And on this broad foundation he will build up his knowledge of his own particular state and nation and people, learning not tales of ancient grievances and triumphs and revenges, but what his particular race and countryside have given, and what they give, and may be expected to give to the common welfare of the world. On such foundations his social consciousness will be built.

He will learn an outline of all that mankind knows and of the fascinating realms of half knowledge in which man is still struggling to know. His curiosity and his imagination will be roused and developed.

He will probably be educated continuously at least until he is eighteen or nineteen, and perhaps until he is two or three and twenty. For a world that wastes none of its resources upon armaments or soldiering, and which produces whatever it wants in the regions best adapted to that production, and delivers them to the consumer by the directest route, will be rich enough not only to spare the first quarter of everybody's life for education entirely, but to keep on with some education throughout one's entire lifetime.

Of course the school to which our young citizen of the world will go will be very different from the rough-and-tumble schools of to-day, understaffed, with underpaid assistants, and bare walls. It will have benefited by some of the intelligence and wealth we lavish to-day on range finders and submarines.

Even a village school will be in a beautiful little building, costing as much, perhaps, even as a big naval gun or a bombing aeroplane costs to-day. I know this will sound like shocking extravagance to many contemporary hearers, but in the world state the standards will be different.

I don't know whether any of us really grasp what we are saying when we talk of greater educational efficiency in the future. That means, if it means anything, teaching more with much less trouble. It will mean, for instance, that most people will have three or four languages properly learned; that they will think about things mathematical with quickness and clearness that puzzle us; that about all sorts of things their minds will move in daylight where ours move in a haze of ignorance or in an emotional fog.

This clear-headed, broad-thinking young citizen of the world state will not be given

(Concluded on Page 42)

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Then remember that this engine is solely a Hupmobile product—designed and built in the Hupmobile factory.

If we have been able to make the Hupmobile a better car and a better-paying investment to our owners—and many of them will tell you that we have—it has been due, not only to the completeness of Hupmobile manufacturing facilities, but to the care and skill with which those facilities are employed.

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(Concluded from Page 40)

up after his educational years to a life of toil; there will be very little toil left in the world. Mankind will have machines and power enough to do most of the toil for it. Why, between 1914 and 1918 we blew away enough energy and destroyed enough machinery and turned enough good gray matter into stinking filth to release hundreds of millions of toilers from toil forever!

Our young citizen will choose some sort of interesting work—perhaps creative work. And he will be free to travel about the whole world without a passport or visa, without a change of money; everywhere will be his country; he will find people everywhere who will be endlessly different, but none suspicious or hostile. Everywhere he will find beautiful and distinctive cities, freely expressive of the spirit of the land in which they have arisen. Strange and yet friendly cities.

The world will be a far healthier place than it is now—for mankind as a whole will still carry on organized wars—no longer wars of men against men, but of men against malarias and diseases and infections. Probably he will never know what a cold is, or a headache. He will be able to go through the great forests of the tropics without shivering with fever and without saturating himself with preventive drugs. He will go freely among great mountains, he will fly to the poles of the earth if he chooses, and dive into the cold, now hidden deep places of the sea.

But it is very difficult to fill in the picture of his adult life so that it will seem real to our experience. It is hard to conceive and still more difficult to convey. We live in this congested, bickering, elbowing, shoving world, and it has soaked into our natures and made us a part of itself. Hardly any of us know what it is to be properly educated, and hardly any what it is to be in constant general good health.

To talk of what the world may be to most of us is like talking of baths and leisure and happy things to some poor hopeless, gin-soaked drudge in a slum. The creature is so devitalized; the dirt is so ingrained, so much a second nature, that a bath really isn't attractive. Clean and beautiful clothes sound like a mockery or priggishness. To talk of spacious and beautiful places only arouses a violent desire in the poor thing to get away somewhere and hide. In squalor and misery, quarreling and fighting make a sort of nervous relief. To multitudes of slum-bred people the prospect of no more fighting is a disagreeable prospect, a dull outlook.

Well, all this world of ours may seem a slum to the people of a happier age. They will feel about our world just as we feel about the ninth or tenth century, when we read of its brigands and its insecurities, its pestilences, its miserable housing, its abstinence from ablutions.

But our young citizen will not have been inured to our base world. He will have little of our ingrained dirt in his mind and heart. He will love. He will love beautifully, as most of us once hoped to do in our more romantic moments. He will have ambitions—for the world state will give great scope to ambition. He will work skilfully and brilliantly; or he will administer public services, or he will be an able teacher; or a mental or physical physician; or he will be an interpretative or creative artist; he may be a writer or a scientific investigator; he may be a statesman in his state or even a world statesman. If he is a statesman he may be going up perhaps to the federal world congress. In the year 2020 there will still be politics, but it will be great politics.

Instead of the world's affairs being managed in a score of foreign offices, all scheming meanly and cunningly against one another, all planning to thwart and injure one another, they will be managed under the direction of an educated and organized common intelligence intent only upon the common good.

Dear! Dear! Dear! Does it sound like rubbish to you? I suppose it does. You think I am talking of a dreamland, of an unattainable Utopia? Perhaps I am! This dear, jolly old world of dirt, war, bankruptcy, murder and malice, thwarted lives, wasted lives, tormented lives, general ill-health and a social decadence that spreads and deepens towards a universal smash—how can we hope to turn it back from its course? How priggish and impracticable! How impertinent! How preposterous! I seem to hear a distant hooting.

Sometimes it seems to me that the barriers that separate man and man are nearly insurmountable and invincible—that we who talk of a world state now are only the pioneers of a vast uphill struggle in the minds and hearts of men that may need to be waged for centuries—that may fail in the end.

Sometimes again, in other moods, it seems to me that these barriers and nationalities and separations are so illogical, so much a matter of tradition, so plainly mischievous and cruel, that at any time we may find the common sense of our race dissolving them away.

Who can see into that darkest of all mysteries, the hearts and wills of mankind? It may be that it is well for us not to know of the many generations who will have to sustain this conflict.

Yes, that is one mood, and there is the other. Perhaps we fear too much. Even before our lives run out we may feel the dawn of a greater age perceptible among the black shadows and artificial glares of these unhappy years.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of six articles by Mr. Wells. The next will appear in an early issue.

WILD EARTH

(Continued from Page 11)

The girl had listened with her eyes cast down, her hands nervously picking at the edge of the tablecloth. But he was not mistaken in her. She had wherewith to meet him, and her gaze was honest, without coquetry or evasion.

"Oh, I do like you!" she cried with quick color. "I do! I do! I always thought somebody like you'd come along some day, just like this, and then—it just seemed foolish to expect it. But look here. I told you a story, right off. My name's not Anita—it's Annie. I took to pretending it's Anita because—it does seem sort of silly, but I got to tell you—because I saw it in the movies, and it seemed sort of cute and different, and Annie's such a plain, common name. But I couldn't let you go on talking like that and calling me by it, now could I?"

The mutinous young waiter brought their food and thumped it truculently down before them.

"Look out!" said Dean with sudden violent harshness, the vein in his forehead darkening ominously. "What do you think you're doing, feeding cattle?"

The boy drew back in confusion, and Annie exclaimed: "Oh, he didn't mean it anything against us—he's just mad because he has to be a waiter."

"Well, he'd better be careful; kids can be too smart Aleck."

The little gust had deflected them away from their own affairs. But Annie brought them back. She leaned toward him.

"You make me kind of afraid of you. If you ever spoke to me like that it'd just about kill me."

He was contrite. "Why, I couldn't ever speak to you like that, honey; it just made me mad the way he banged things down in front of you. I don't want people to treat you like that."

"And you look so fierce, too—scowling so all the time."

He put up a brown finger and touched his savage vein.

"Now, now—you mustn't mind my look. All the Dean men are marked like that; it's in the blood. It don't mean a thing." He smiled winningly. "I reckon if you're beginning to scold me you're going to marry me, huh?"

Something very sweet and womanly leaped in Annie's blue eyes.

"I—I reckon I am," she said, and then confessed herself a brave adventurer and philosopher in one. "Wes, I'd be a fool to sit round and make excuses and pretend it wouldn't do to be so out of the ordinary when here you are and here I am, and it means—our whole lives. I don't care, either, if I didn't ever set eyes on you till to-day—I know you're all right and that what you say's true. And I feel as if I'd known you for years and years."

"That's the way I felt about you the minute I looked at you. Oh"—he gave a vast and shaking sigh—"I can't hardly believe my luck. Eat up your supper and let's get out of here. Maybe there's some stores open yet and I could buy you a ring."

"And I have to be in my boarding house by half past ten," offered Annie, "or I'll be locked out. What the girls are going to say when I come in and tell 'em ——" She looked at him with intense and piteous question—the question that every woman at the moment of surrender asks, sometimes with her lips, but always with her heart: "It is going to be all right, isn't it? And you'll be good to me?"

"So help me God," said young Wesley Dean.

The farm lay high, as Wesley had said. Indeed, all the way from Baltimore they had seemed to be going into the hills, those placidly rounding friendly Maryland hills that rise so softly, so gradually that the traveler is not conscious of ascent. The long straight road dips across them gallantly, a silver band of travel to tie them to the city, with little cities or towns pendant from it at wide intervals. Trees edge it with a fringe of green; poor trees, maimed by the trimmers' saws and shears into twisted caricatures of what a tree should be, because the telegraph wires and telephone wires must pass, and oaks and locusts, pines and maples must be butchered of their spreading branches to give them room.

It was along this highway that the motor bus, filled with passengers and baggage and driven with considerably more haste than discretion, carried the newly married pair. Annie's eyes grew wide at the wonder and beauty of it. She was not at all afraid. She snuggled her hand into Wes', and loved it—and loved him, too, with his look of pride and joy in her. She was content to be silent and let him talk. Now and then she looked at the little turquoise ring on her finger above the shiny new wedding ring, and loved that, too, for he had chosen it at once from the trayful offered them, blurting out that she must have it because it matched her eyes.

"All this country out here's rich," he bragged, "but Fred'rick County's got the richest land of all. Richest in the state. Maybe richest in the whole United States, I dunno. And all the farms are big. Great big farms—and great big teams to till 'em. People don't use mules here s'much as they do over on the Eastern Shore. And there's not any sand, like there is over there—in spots, that is."

"What's that man doing?" asked Annie alertly.

"Plowin'. Say, didn't you ever see a man plowing before?"

"Only in the movies," said Annie unabashed. "Do you ever plow?"

He laughed outright.

"Say, you're going to be some little farmer's wife. I can see that. Yes'm, I plow a little now and then. It's like fancywork—awful fascinating—and once you get started you don't want to stop till you get a whole field done."

"Quit kidding."

"Say, Annie, do you know a chicken when you see it walking round? Or a turkey? Or a guinea keet? We got 'em all. Aunt Dolcey, she takes care of 'em."

"I'd like to take care of 'em. I'll feed 'em, if she'll show me how."

"Aunt Dolcey'll show you. She'll be tickled to death to have somebody feed 'em when she's got the mis'ry."

At Frederick they left the big motor bus and got into Wes' own rackety flivver, the possession of which delighted Annie's heart.

"My land, I never thought I'd get married to a man that owned an automobile," she confessed with flattering frankness in her voice.

"This ain't an automobile," said Wes. "It's a coffeepot, and an awful mean one. Sometimes she won't boil, no matter what I do."

The coffeepot on this particular day chose to boil. They rattled merrily out of Frederick and off into the higher hills beyond. It was a little after noon when they reached the farm.

They had had to turn off the pike and take a winding wood road, rough and muddy from the spring rains. All through the budding green of the trees dogwood had hung out white bridal garlands for them,

(Continued on Page 45)

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If you were to ask us which of the five Reo models shown would win in a popularity contest, we couldn't tell you. ¶ Of only one thing we feel certain—each Reo model would be winner in its class. ¶ And the more experienced the judges, the greater would be the Reo majority. ¶ In the year 1920, more Reo Speed Wagons were made and delivered than of any other commercial car of similar size or capacity. ¶ That tells the story so far as that great Reo is concerned. ¶ Original alike of its type and of its title—"Speed Wagon"—this Reo knows no rival, no peer. ¶ Each successive attempt to copy or imitate this Speed Wagon only serves to accentuate its superiority in the minds of users. ¶ "There's only one Speed Wagon"—and that's a Reo. ¶ "If it isn't a Reo, it isn't a Speed Wagon." ¶ It is a wonderfully satisfying thing to be able to produce five models each of which enjoys such an enviable reputation and such proud eminence in its class. ¶ Yet there is no secret about the process—the ripest experience; sound engineering; facilities that are unsurpassed for efficiency and accuracy; financial strength that renders Reo immune to the ebb and flow of "good and bad times"— ¶ These added to the fundamental—Honesty of Purpose—are the reasons for Reo quality—and that in turn accounts for the splendid demand Reos always enjoy. ¶ "Standardize on Reos"—you'll find in one, two, or all five Reo models, the car or cars that will exactly fit your needs and conform to your idea of values.

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Burns Natural or Artificial Gas *and* Coal or Wood

(Continued from Page 42)

and there were violets in all the little mossy hollows. At last they came through to the clearing, where lay the farm, right on the ridge, its fields smiling in the sun, a truce of Nature with man's energy and persistence. Yet not a final truce. For all around, the woods crept up to the open and thrust in tentative fingers—tiny pine trees, sprouts and seedlings of hardwood, scraps of underbrush—all trying to gain a foothold and even when cut and overturned by the sharp plow still clinging tenaciously to their feeble rooting.

"It looks somehow," said Annie, vaguely understanding this, "as if the trees and things were just waiting to climb over the walls."

"And that's what they are," said Wesley Dean. "The time I put in grubbing! Well—let's go in and see Aunt Dolcey."

He had told her, coming out, that he was afraid she would find the house sort of plain, but just the space of it delighted her. The rooms were bare and square, whitewashed exquisitely, the furniture dark old cherry and walnut of a style three generations past.

There were no blinds or curtains, and in the streaming sunlight Annie could see that everything was clean and polished to the last flicker of high light. Here and there were bits of color—crimson and blue in the rag carpet, golden brass candlesticks on the mantel, a red beaded mat on the table under the lamp, the lamp itself clear glass and filled with red kerosene that happily repeated the tint of the mat. It all pleased Annie, touching some hitherto untwanged chord of beauty in her nature. And there was about it the unmistakable atmosphere of home.

"Old-fashioned, but sort of swell too," she decided. "Looks kind of like some of the parlors of those old houses on Charles Street that I used to rubber into in the evenings when the lights were lit and they'd forgot to put the blinds down."

She liked the impassive, almost Egyptian face of Aunt Dolcey too. The old colored woman had received her with a serious regard, but friendly.

"Mist' Wes, he stahtle me mighty frequen', but he nevah stahtle me with no marryin' befo'," she said. "Honey, it'll be mighty nice to have a pret' young gal in de house. I'll serve you de bes' I kin, faithful an' stiddy, like I always serve him. Ef I'd 'a' known you was a-comin' I'd sho had somethin' fo' dinneh to-day besides greens an' po'k, cracklin' pone an' apple dumplin's. That's nuffin' fo' a weddin' dinneh."

But when they came to eat it, it was delicious—the greens delicately seasoned, not greasy, the salt pork home-cured and sweet, the cracklin' pone crumbling with richness and the apple dumpling a delight of spicy flavor.

They sat opposite each other, in as matter-of-fact fashion as if they had been married for years. They were young and exceedingly hungry, and hunger destroys self-consciousness.

The china was very old—white plates with a curving pattern of blue leaves and yellow berries. The knives and forks were polished steel with horn handles. The spoons were silver; old handmade rat-tail spoons they were, with the mark of the smith's mallet still upon them and the initials W. D. cut in uneven letters.

"Those were my great-granddad's," said Wesley. "Same name as mine. He had 'em made out of silver money by a man down in Frederick. They must be nearly a hundred years old. My great-granddad, he was the man that bought this land and began to clear it. He wanted to be away off from everybody."

"Why?" asked Annie, interested in the story.

The vein on Wesley's forehead seemed to grow larger and darker as he answered:

"Oh, he got into trouble—knocked a man down, and the fellow struck his head on a stone and died. It didn't come to trial—it really was an accident—but it didn't make granddad popular. Not that he cared. He was a hard-headed, hard-fisted old son of a gun, if there ever was one, according to the stories they tell about him."

"What were they fighting about?"

"Oh, I dunno—granddad was high-tempered, and this fellow was sort of smart Aleck; give him some lip about something and dared him to touch him. And quick's a wink granddad punched him. At least that's the way I always heard it. Prob'ly they'd both been taking too much hard cider. Bring me another dumplin', Aunt Dolcey, please."

As the old woman entered, bringing the dumpling, Annie fancied there were both warning and sympathy in her eyes. Why, she couldn't imagine. In a moment she forgot it, for Wesley was looking at her hard.

"It's funny," he said, "to think I only saw you yesterday and that we got married this morning. Seems as if you'd been here for years and years. Does it seem awful strange to you, honey?"

"No," said Annie. "No, it doesn't. It is queer, but all the way here, and when I come into the house, I had a sense of having been here before sometime; kind of as if it was my home all along and I hadn't known about it."

"So it was—and if I hadn't ever met you I'd've been an old bach all my life."

"Yes, you would."

"Yes, I wouldn't."

They were both laughing now. He got up and stretched himself.

"Well, Mrs. Dean," he said, "I gotta go out and fix my disker, and you gotta come along. I don't want to let you out of my sight. You might fly off somewhere, and I'd never find you again."

"Don't you worry about that. You couldn't lose me if you tried."

They went through the kitchen, and there a tall gaunt old colored man rose and bowed respectfully. He and Aunt Dolcey were having their own dinner at the kitchen table.

"This here's Unc' Zenas," said Wesley. "He's Aunt Dolcey's husband, and helps me on the place."

And again Annie saw, this time in the old man's eyes, the flicker of sympathy and apprehension that she had marked in Aunt Dolcey's.

"And right glad to welcome y', Missy," said Unc' Zenas. "We didn' spect Marse Wes to bring home a wife whenas he lef', but that ain' no sign that it ain' a mighty fine thing."

They went out into the mellow spring day. Wesley Dean, now in his blue overalls and working shirt, became a king in his own domain, a part of the fair primitiveness about them. It was as if he had sprung from this dark and fertile soil, was made of its elements, at one with it. Here he belonged, and the very spring of the earth beneath his feet was repeated in the measured beating of his blood. The land could not warp or break him, as it does so many, for he belonged to it as essentially and as completely as it belonged to him. Dimly the little townsgirl beside him felt this, and dimly she hoped that she, too, might prove to be of the same mold.

"Look at the barn, and the stables, and the corncrib," he was saying. "See how they're all built? Hand-hewn logs, chinked with plaster. Great-granddad built them all, helped by his two slaves. That's all the slaves he had, just two, and one of 'em was Unc' Zenas' grandfather. Everything's strong and sound as the day he finished it."

"That one looks newer," said Annie, pointing.

Wesley looked a little shamefaced, as does every typical Anglo-Saxon discovered in sentiment.

"I built that," he confessed. "It's a chicken house. Somehow I didn't want to go down to the sawmill and get planks and build with 'em 'mongst all these old log things. So I got the logs out in the woods and built same as great-granddad. Maybe it was foolish, but I couldn't help it."

"It wasn't foolish; it was nice," she affirmed.

She perched on the tongue of a wagon while he mended the disker, dividing her attention between him and the live things of the barnyard. A string of decorative white ducks marched in single file about the edge of the cow pound. Beyond them a proud red-wattled cock paraded and purred among his harem of trim hens, now and then disturbed in his dignity by the darting nervousness of a pair of malicious guineas, acknowledged brigands of the feathered tribes. Trim iridescent pigeons toddled about on their coral feet, looking for left-overs from the chickens' table.

"Say, Wes, I should think you'd have a dog," she said suddenly. "A nice big dog lazying round here would sort of complete it."

He bent suddenly over his disker and gave the nut he was working on a mighty twist, but he had tossed aside his hat, and she could see the sudden jump and darkening of his menacing vein.

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BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL SECTION

Philadelphia, Monday, January 31, 1921

MEN AND BUSINESS

By RICHARD SPILLANE

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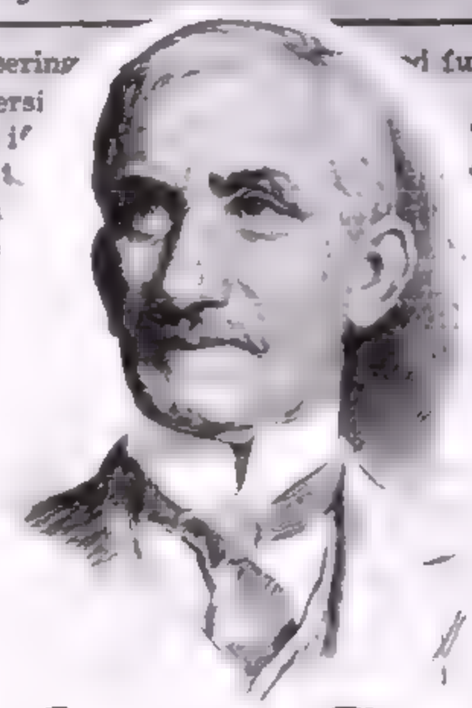

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"I had a dog," he said in a low voice, "but he died.

A curious restraint fell on them, and for the first time Annie felt herself an alien, a stranger, far adrift from familiar shores. She shivered in the light wind.

"You cold? You better go in the house and get something round you," Wes said to her.

"I guess I'd better." And she left him hammering.

In the house she found Aunt Dolcey in the big bedroom over the living room. She had just finished remaking the bed—an old maple four-poster, the wood a soft and mellowed orange, fine and colorful against the white quilt, the lace-edged pillow slips.

"I put on clean sheets," said Aunt Dolcey as Annie hesitated on the threshold. "Yes'm, I put on everything clean, an' the bes'. I know what's fitten. My chile, dishyer de third bridal bed I made up for wives of de Dean men."

Something caught in Annie's throat, terrified her. This old black woman, with her remoteness, her pitying wise eyes, what did she mean? Annie wanted terribly to ask her. But how begin? How get through this wall of inscrutability which the black and yellow races have raised for their protection?

She fluttered nearer to the old woman. "Look," she began tremulously "look - it's all right, isn't it, my marrying him so quick? I haven't got any folks, and—and I suppose I haven't got much sense; but there was something about him that just made me trust him and—and want him. But it was all so quick, and—now I'm here it seems like maybe—there was—something—oh, you'd tell me, wouldn't you? It is all right, isn't it?"

The old woman considered. "It's all right ef you're all right," she pronounced at length.

"But—but what do you mean? And—and look here—Aunt Dolcey—tell me—what'd he do to that dog he had?"

"What you know 'bout any dog?"

"I don't know—anything; but when I asked him why he didn't have a dog—he was queer. It scared me."

"Doan be skeered. They ain' nuffin' to be skeered of 'bout Marse Wes. Eve'ything all right ef you got patience, an' ef you got sense, an' ef you got haht enough. Sperrit an' sense go far, but the haht gwine carry you froo. Now I said my say"—her tone mellowed into unctuous kindness—"what you want, Missy? Som'n Aun' Dolcey c'n fotch you? Temme what it is, f'r I got to be up an' erbout my wuk. I got er weddin' cake to mek yit this ebenin'. Yes, ma'am—I gwi' mek you weddin' cake fill de bigges' pan in de kitchen."

She helped Annie rummage in her trunk and get out the sweater she had come in for, and it was not until the girl was running back to the barns that she realized Aunt Dolcey had not answered her question. But the old woman's words had steadied her, reassured her.

And Wes received her gayly. His repairs were done, his team in harness, ready to start.

"It's a shame," he said. "We ought to go off down to town and play round and have a big time, but I'm so behind with my disking, Annie honey. You see I had to stay over a day in Baltimore. Fact. Important business." He winked at her jocosely. "So I've got to work rest of the day. That's what comes of marrying a farmer. Farm work don't even wait on a bride, not even the prettiest bride in the world."

He stooped to kiss her, and she held tight to his arm.

"I don't mind. You go on about your business and I'll get all unpacked and settled. But don't be late to supper—Aunt Dolcey's making us a wedding cake."

She watched him as he drove down the lane and turned into the field and steadied the first straining rush of his team. Again she felt her abandonment, her utter forlornity, her distance from everything she had known and been accustomed to. But once more she proved herself an adventurer and a philosopher.

Shrugging her shoulders, she turned back to the house.

"It may be a funny way to get married; but everything's all right until it stops being all right, and—and I like it here."

She had been married a week now, and the week had been the fairest of fair weather, indoors as well as out. Now she sat at the clumsy old secretary desk to write a letter to Miss Tolman.

". . . For all you said, and thought I was crazy, I am just as happy as I can be. Wes is kind and full of fun, and he works very hard. This farm is a pretty place, and the house is ten times as big as your shop. I am learning to cook and churn butter, and Aunt Dolcey, the old colored woman, teaches me and doesn't laugh when I am dumb. She says, and Wes does, too, that I am a born farmer's wife, and I think maybe I am, for I like it in the country more than I ever thought I'd like any place, and I don't get a bit lonely. You ought to see our wheat—it's like green satin, only prettier.

"I hope the rheumatism in your hands is better, and that you have got somebody good in my place. Cousin Lorena, I am a very lucky girl to fall in love with such a nice man, with a piece of property and a flivver, even if it is an old one; but better than all that he has is Wes himself, for you never saw a better, kinder man. He is not rough and does not chew tobacco as you thought maybe he did, only smokes a pipe once in a while. I made a sweet-potato custard yesterday, and he said it was the best he ever tasted. He says I must not do anything that is too hard for me, but I am going to drop seed corn. We have been down to town once, and went to the movies and bought some candy, and he wanted to buy me a new hat, but I wouldn't let him. He is so kind. . . ."

She had written in a glow of happiness, trying to tell everything and finding it hard to get it into words that would allay Cousin Lorena's forebodings and impress her properly. Annie frowned at the paper. How inform a bilious middle-aged prophet of evil that she had not only wedded prosperity and industry but also a glorious young demigod whose tenderness and goodness passed belief.

Suddenly she heard a voice, loud, angry, incoherent. She dropped the pen and ran out to the kitchen door.

Wes stood there, confronting Uncle Zenas—a Wes she had never dreamed could exist. The vein on his forehead was black and swollen; indeed his whole face was distorted with rage.

"You damned old liar—don't you tell me again you put that pitchfork away when I found it myself in the stable behind the mare's stall. Pretty business if she'd knocked it down and run one of the tines into her."

"Marse Wes, you had dat pitchfo'k dere yo'se'f dis mawnin'. I ain't nevah touch dat pitchfo'k." Unc' Zenas' voice was low and even.

Behind Wes' back Aunt Dolcey made signs to her husband for silence.

"I tell you you're a liar, and by rights I ought to cut your lying tongue out of your head! I haven't even seen that pitchfork for three days, and when I went to look for it just now I found it in the stable where you'd had it cleaning out the stalls. Now shut up and get out about your work! Don't let me hear another word out of you!"

Unc' Zenas turned away, and Wes, without a word or look at the two women, strode after him. Annie, shaken, caught Aunt Dolcey's arm.

"Oh, Aunt Dolcey," she breathed, "what on earth was the matter?"

Aunt Dolcey drew her into the kitchen.

"Nuffin' but Marse Wes flyin' int' one his bad Dean temper fits, honey," said the old woman. "No use to min' him. No use payin' any 'tention. Dat why I waggle my head at Zenas to say nuffin' back. Talk back to Marse Wes when he's high-flyin' on'y meks things worse."

Annie beheld an abyss yawning beneath her feet.

"Yes, but Aunt Dolcey—what's the sense in talking that way? It wasn't anything, just a pitchfork out of place. And he went on so. And he looked so dreadful."

Aunt Dolcey rattled her pans.

"I been dreadin' dis moment, whenas you firs' see Marse Wes in his anger. Zenas an' me, we's use to it. Marse Wes dataway; som'n go wrong he fly off de handle. Zenas ain't mislay no pitchfo'k—I seed Marse Wes mahse'f wid dat pitchfo'k dis mawnin'. But eve'y once in a while he git a temper fit an' blow off he mouf like dat. Sometimes he strike somebuddy—but he doan often strike Zenas. Sometimes he git mad at oner de hosses an' frail it proper. Dat high temper run in de Dean fambly, chile. Dey gits mad, an' dey flies off, an' you just got to stan' it."

"But does he—does he get over it quick?"

The old negro shook her head.

"He'll be mighty quiet come suppeh-time, not talkin' much, lookin' dahk. Walk light, an' don't say nuffin' rile him up, eve'ything all right. T'-morrow mawnin' come, he's outer it." Her voice rose into a minor cadence, almost a chant. "Chile, it's a dahk shadder on all de Deans—dey all mahked wid dat frown on deir foreheads, an' dey all got dahk hours come to um. Marse Wes' maw she fade out an' die caze she cain' stan' no such. His grammaw, she leave his grampaw. An' so on back. Ontell some ooman marry a Dean who kin chase dat debbil outer him, jes so long de Dean men lib in de shadder. I tole you, ain' I, de day you come, sperrit an' sense carry you fur, but it's de haht gwine carry you froo. Now you un'stan'."

Yes, Annie understood, imperfectly. So might Red Riding Hood have understood when the wolf suddenly appeared beside her peaceful pathway. She asked one more question, "Does he get mad often?" and waited, trembling, for the answer.

Aunt Dolcey stuck out her underlip. "Sometime he do, en den again, sometime he doan. Mos' giner'ly he do."

Annie walked back to her letter, and looked at its last phrase. She picked up the pen, but did not write.

Then with a quick intake of breath she took her first conscious step in the path of loyal wifehood.

She added, writing fast: "He is the best man that ever lived, I do believe," and signed her name, folded the letter and sealed it in its envelope as quickly as she could.

At supper she watched Wes. He was, as Aunt Dolcey had predicted, very silent; the vein in his forehead still twitched menacingly and the pupils of his eyes were distended until the color about them disappeared in blackness. After he had eaten he went outside and smoked, while Annie sat fiddling with a bit of sewing and dreading she knew not what.

But nothing happened. Presently he came in, announced that he was tired and had a hard day before him to-morrow and thought he'd go to bed.

Long after he had fallen into immobile slumber Annie lay beside him, awake, marveling how suddenly he had become a stranger, almost an ogre. Yet she loved him and yearned to him. The impulse that had made her finish the letter to Cousin Lorena in the same spirit in which she had begun it called her to pity and help him. She must conceal his weakness from their world. She listened to his deep regular breathing, she put her hand against his hard palm.

"I'm his wife," thought Annie Dean with inarticulate tenderness. "I'm going to try to be everything a wife ought to be."

The next morning he was his old self again, laughing, joking, teasing her as usual. The scene of yesterday seemed to have gone utterly from his memory, though he must have known that she had seen and heard it. But he made no allusion to it, nor did she. The farm work was pressing; the warm spring days foretold an early season.

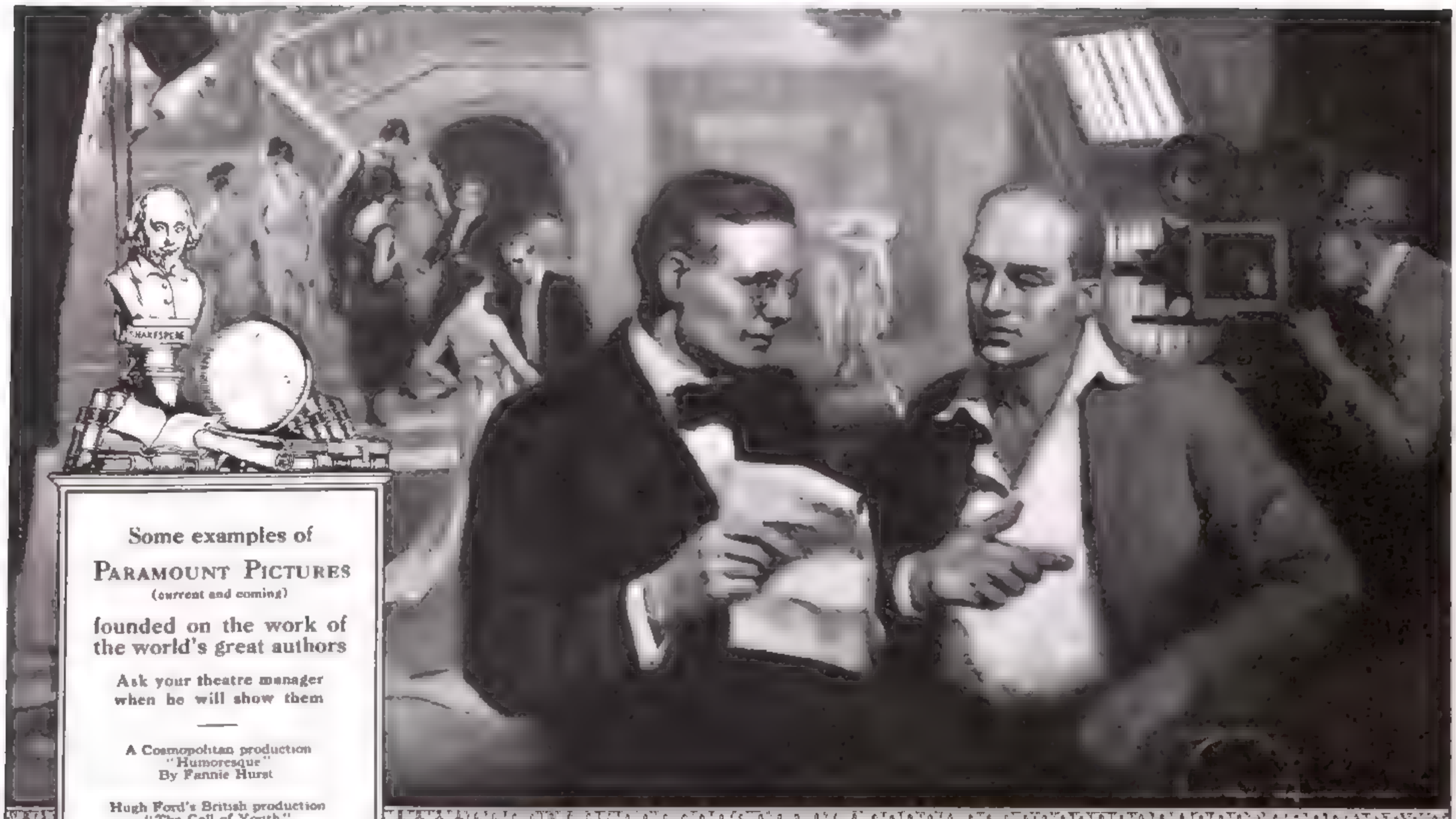
As he went whistling out toward the barn Annie heard him salute Unc' Zenas with familiar friendliness:

"How's tricks this morning? Think the Jersey'll be fresh next week?"

Aunt Dolcey heard him, too, and she and Annie exchanged long glances. The old woman's said, "You see—what I told you was true"; and the young woman's answered, "Yes, I see, and I understand. I'm going to see it through."

But something in her youth had definitely vanished, as it always does when responsibility lays its heavy hand on us. She went about her new life questioningly eager for understanding. There was so much for her to see and learn—the erratic ways of setting hens, the care of foolish little baby chicks; the spring house, cool and damp and gray-walled, with its trickle of cold water forever eddying about the crocks of cream-topped milk; the garden making, left to her and Aunt Dolcey after the first spading; the various messes and mashes to be prepared for cows with calf; the use of the stored vegetables and fruits and meat, dried and salted in such generous quantity that she marveled at it. All the farm woman's primer she learned, bit by

(Continued on Page 48)



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(Continued from Page 46)

bit, seeing how it supplemented and harmonized with that life of the fields that so engrossed and commanded Wes.

But through it all, beneath it all, she found herself waiting, with dread, for another outburst. Against whom would it be this time—Unc' Zenas again—Aunt Dolcey—one of the animals—or perhaps herself? She wondered if she could bear it if he turned on her.

She was working in the spring house mixing cream with curd for cottage cheese, very busy and anxious over it, for this was her first essay alone, when she heard Wes again in anger. She dropped her spoon, but did not go to look, only concentrated herself to listen.

This time he was cursing one of his horses, and she could hear the stinging whish of a whip, a wicked and sinister emphasis to the beast's snorting, and frenzied thumping of hoofs. Her blue eyes dilated with fear; she knew in what pain and fright the horse must be lunging under those blows. And Wes, raucous, violent, his mouth foul with unclean words—only this morning he had told her that when Sunday came they'd go into the woods and find a wild clematis to plant beside the front door. Wild clematis! She could have laughed at the irony of it.

At last she could bear it no longer; she put her hands to her ears to shut out the hideousness of it. After an interminable wait she took them down. He had stopped—there was silence—but she heard footsteps outside, and she literally cowered into the darkest corner of the spring house. But it was only Aunt Dolcey, her lips set in a line of endurance.

"I was lookin' erbout foh you, honey," she said reassuringly. "I di'n' know where you was, en den I remembah you come off down heah. Let Aunt Dolcey finish up dat cheese."

"What—what started him?" asked Annie piteously.

"I doan jes know—sound' like one de big team di'n' go inter his right stall, er som'n like dat. It's always som'n triffin', en no 'count. But land, he'll be ovah it come night. Doan look so white en skeer, chile."

"But—but I been thinking—what if he might turn on me—what if he'd strike me? Aunt Dolcey—did he ever strike you?"

"Oncet."

"Oh, Aunt Dolcey, what did you do?"

Something flared in Aunt Dolcey's eyes that was as old as her race. She looked past Annie as if she saw something she rather relished; just so her ancestors must have looked when they were dancing before a bloodstained Congo fetish.

"You see dat big white scar on Marse Wes' lef' wris'? When he struck me I mahk him dere wid my hot flatiron. Ain' no man eveh gwine lif' his hand to Dolcey, no matter who."

A shrewd question came to Annie:

"Aunt Dolcey, did he ever strike you again?"

"No, ma'am, no 'ndeedy, he didn'. Wil' Marse Wes may be, but he ain' no crazy man. It's dat ole debbil in his nature, Miss Annie, honey. En ef ever oncé som'n tremenjus happen to Marse Wes, dat debbil'll be cas' out. But hit's got to be stronger en mo' pow'ful dan he is. Not 'ligion, fer 'ligion goes f'm de outside in. Som'n got to come from inside Marse Wes out befo' dat ole debbil is laid."

This was meager comfort, and Annie did not follow the primitive psychology of it. She only knew that into her happiness there had come again the darkening of a fear, fear that was to be her devil, no less terrible because his presence was for the most part veiled.

But again she steeled her courage. "I won't let him spoil everything; I won't let him make me afraid of him," she vowed, seeing Wes in his silent mood that night. "I won't be afraid of him. I wish I could cut that old vein out of his forehead. I hate it—it's just as if it was the thing that starts him. Never seems as if it was part of the real Wes, my Wes."

In the depths of the woods, on Sunday, she stood by while he dug up the wild clematis—stood so he could not see her lips quiver—and she put her clenched hands behind her for fear they, too, would betray her.

"Wes," she asked, "what made you get so mad last Thursday and beat old Pomp so?"

He turned toward her in genuine surprise.

"I wasn't mad; not much, that is. And all I laid on Pomp's tough old hide couldn't hurt him. He's as mean as a mule, that old scoundrel. Gets me riled every once in a while."

"I wish you wouldn't ever do it again. It scared me almost to death."

"Scared you!" he laughed. "Oh, Annie, you little silly—you aren't scared of me. Now don't let on you are. What you doing—trying to kid me? There, ain't that a splendid plant? I believe I'll take back a couple shovelfuls this rich wood earth to put in under it. It'll never know it's not at home."

"Yes, but Wes—I wish you'd promise me something."

"Promise you anything."

"Then—promise me not to get mad and beat the horses any more or holler at Unc' Zenas. I don't like it."

"Annie, you little simp—what's the matter with you? A fellow's got to let off steam once in a while, and if you'd been pestered like I have with Unc' Zenas' ornery trifling spells and old Pomp's general cussedness, you'd wonder that I don't get mad and stay mad every minute. Don't let's talk any more about it. Say, look there—there's a scarlet tanager! Ain't it pretty? Shyest bird there is, but up here in the woods there's a couple pairs most every year. Pull that old newspaper up round the earth a little, so's I can get a better holt of it. That's the girl. Gee, I never knew what fun it'd be to have a wife who'd be so darn chummy as you are. How d'you like your husband, Mrs. Dean? Ain't it about time you said something nice to the poor feller instead of scolding his lights and liver out of place on a nice peaceful Sabbath day? You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

She pushed back the fear devil and answered his smile.

"No, sir, I'm not going to say anything nice to my husband. I'll tell you a secret about him—he's awful stuck on himself now."

"Why shouldn't he be? Look who he picked out to marry."

Who could stand against such beguiling? Annie looked up at him and saw his Dean mark give a little mocking twitch, as if it rejoiced in her thwarting.

But she said no more; and they planted the wild clematis with its black woods earth beneath at the side of the front door, and Annie twisted its pliable green stems round one of the posts of the little benched entrance.

Her hands moved deftly, and Wes, who had finished firming the earth about the plant, watched them.

"Your little paws are gettin' awful brown," he said. "I remember that first day, in the shop, how white they were—and how quick they moved. You wrapped up them aprons like somethin' was after you, and I was trying to get my nerve up to speak to you."

"Tryin' to get up your nerve! I reckon it wasn't much effort. There, don't that vine look's if it grew there of itself?"

"Yeh—it looks fine." He sat down on the bench and pulled her down beside him, his arm about her. "Annie, baby, are y' happy?"

She put her cheek against his shoulder and shut her eyes.

"I'm so happy I wouldn't darst be any happier."

"You're not sorry you picked up with me so quick? You don't wish't you'd stayed down in Balt'mer and got you a city beau?"

"I'd rather be with you—here—than any place in the world. And Wes—I think you're the best and kindest man that ever lived. I wouldn't have you changed, any way, one little bit."

She defied her fears and that mocking, twitching vein with the words.

"Same here. Made to order for me, you were. First minute I looked in those round blue eyes of yours I knew it."

"It isn't possible," she thought. "It isn't possible that he can get so mad and be so dreadful. Maybe if I can make him think he's awful good and kind"—oh, simple subtlety—"he'll believe he is, too, and he'll stop getting such spells. Oh, if he would always be just like this!"

But it was only two days later when she called him to help her; there was a hen that was possessed to brood, and Aunt Dolcey had declared that it was too late, that summer chickens never thrived.

"I can't get her out, Wes," said Annie. "She's way in under the stable, and she pecks at me so mean. You got longer arms'n me—you reach in and grab her."

He came, smiling. He reached in and grabbed, and the incensed biddy pecked viciously.

In a flash his anger was on him. He snatched again, and this time brought out the creature and dropped her with wrung neck, a mass of quivering feathers and horribly jerking feet, before Annie.

"I reckon that'll learn the old crow!" he snarled, and strode away.

"We might's well have soup for supper," remarked Aunt Dolcey, coming on the scene a moment later. "Dere, chile, what's a chicken anyway?"

"It's not that," said Annie briefly; "but he makes me afraid of him. If I get too afraid of him I'll stop caring anything about him. I don't want to do that."

"Den," answered Aunt Dolcey with equal brevity, "you got think up some manner er means to dribe his debbil out. Like I done tol' you."

"Yes, but ——"

Aunt Dolcey paused, holding the carcass of the chicken in her hands, and faced her.

"Dishyer ain' nuthin'. Wait tell he gits one his still spells, whenas he doan speak ter nobody an' doan do no work. Why ain' we got no seed potaters? Marse Wes he took a contrairy spell an' he wouldn' dig 'em, an' he wouldn' let Zenas tech 'em needer. Me, I went out moonlight nights an' dug some to eat an' hid 'em in de cellar. Miss Annie, you doan know nuffin' erbout de Dean temper yit."

They went silently to the house. Aunt Dolcey stopped in the kitchen and Annie went on into the living room. There on the walls hung the pictures of Wes' father and mother, cabinet photographs, framed square in light wood. Annie looked at those pictured faces in accusing inquiry. Why had they bequeathed Wes such a legacy? In his father's face, despite the beard that was the fashion of those days, there was the same unmistakable pride and passion of Wes to-day. And his mother was a meek woman who could not live and endure the Dean temper. Well, Annie was not going to be meek. She thought with satisfaction of Aunt Dolcey and the hot flatiron. The fact that he had never lifted finger to Aunt Dolcey again proved that if one person could thus conquer him, so might another. Was she, his wife, to be less resourceful, less self-respecting than that old negro woman? Was she to endure what Aunt Dolcey would not?

Suddenly she snatched out the little old family album from its place in the top of the desk secretary, an old-fashioned affair bound in shabby brown leather with two gilt clasps. Here were more pictures of the Dean line—his grandfather, more bearded than his father, his Dean vein even more prominent; his grandmother, another meek woman.

"Probably the old wretch beat her," thought Annie angrily.

Another page and here was great-grandfather himself, in middle age, his picture—a faded daguerreotype—showing him in his Sunday best, but plainly in no Sunday mood. "Looks like a pirate," was Annie's comment. There was no picture of great-grandmother. "Probably he killed her off too young, before she had time to get her picture taken." And Annie's eyes darted blue fire at the supposed culprit. She shook her brown little fist at him. "You started all this," she said aloud. "You began it. If you'd had a wife who'd 've stood up to you you'd never got drunk and killed a man, and you wouldn't have left your family a nasty old mad vein in the middle of their foreheads, looking perfectly un-Christian. I just wish I had you here, you old scoundrel! I'll bet I'd tell you something that'd make your ears smart."

She banged to the album and put it in its place.

"Well, not me!" said Annie. "Not me! I'm not going to be bullied and scared to death by any man with a bad temper, and the very next time Mister Wes flies off the handle and raises Cain I'm going to raise Cain, two to his one. I won't be scared! I won't be a little gump and take such actions off any man. We'll see!"

It is easy enough to be bold and resolute and threaten a picture. It is easy enough to plot action either before or after the need for it arises. But when it comes to raising Cain, two to your husband's one, and that husband has been a long and successful cultivator of that particular crop—why, that is quite a different thing.

(Continued on Page 50)

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(Continued from Page 48)

Besides, as it happened, Annie did not wholly lack sympathy for his next outburst, which was directed toward a tramp, a bold dirty creature who appeared one morning at the kitchen door and asked for food.

"You two Janes all by your lonesome here?" he asked, stepping in.

Wes had come into the house for another shirt—he had split the one he was wearing in a mighty bout with the grubbing hoe—and he entered the kitchen from the inner door just in time to catch the words.

He leaped and struck in one movement, and it carried the tramp and himself outside on the grass of the drying yard. The tramp was a burly man, and after the surprise of the attack he attempted to fight. He might as well have battled with a locomotive going full speed.

"What you doin' way up here, you lousy loafer?" demanded Wes between blows. "Get to hell out of here before I kill you, like you deserve, comin' into my house and scarin' women. I've a great mind to get my gun and blow you full of holes."

In two minutes the tramp was running full speed toward the road, followed by Wes, who assisted his flight with kicks whenever he could reach him. After twenty minutes or so the victor came back. His eyes were red with the rage that possessed him. He did not stop to speak, but hurried out his rackety little car and was gone. Later they found out he had overtaken the tramp, fought him again, knocked him out, and then, roping him, had taken him to the nearest constable and seen him committed to jail.

But the encounter left him strange and silent for a week, and his Dean mark twitched and leaped in triumph. During that time the only notice he took of Annie was to teach her to use his rifle.

"Another tramp comes round, shoot him," he commanded.

"En in de meantime," counseled Aunt Dolcey, "it'll come in mighty handy fer you to kill off some deseyer chicken hawks what makin' so free wid our nex' crap br'ilers."

But beyond the learning how to use the gun Annie had learned something more; she added it to her knowledge that Aunt Dolcey had once outfaced her tyrant. It was this—that Wes' rage was the same, whether the cause of it was real or imaginary.

The advancing summer, with its sultriness, its sudden evening storms shot through with flaming lightning and reverberant with the drums of thunder, brought to Annie a cessation of her purpose. She was languid, subject to whimsical desires and appetites, at times a prey to sudden nervous tears. The household work slipped back into Aunt Dolcey's faithful hands, save now and then when Annie felt more buoyant and instinct with life and energy than she had ever felt before. Then she would weed her garden or churn and print a dozen rolls of butter with a keen and vivid delight in her activity.

In the evening she and Wes walked down the long lane and looked at the wheat, wide level green plains already turning yellow; or at the corn, regiments of tall soldiers, each shako tipped with a feathery tassel. Beyond lay the woods—dark, mysterious. Little dim plants of the soil bloomed and shed faint scent along the pathway in the dewy twilight. Sometimes they sat under the wild clematis, flowering now, and that, too, was perfumed, a wild and tangy scent that did not cloy. They did not talk very much, but he was tender with her, and his fits of anger seemed forgotten.

When they did talk it was usually about the crops—the wheat. It was wonderful, heavy wheat. It was the best wheat in all the neighborhood. Occasionally they took out the little coffeepot and drove through the country and looked at other wheat, but there was none so fine as theirs.

And with the money it would bring—the golden wheat turned into gold—they would —— And now came endless dreams.

"I thought we'd sell the old coffeepot to the junkman and get a brand-new car, a good one, but now ——" This was Wes.

"I think we ought to save too. A boy'll need so many things."

"Girls don't need anything much, I suppose—oh, no!" He touched her cheek with gentle fingers.

"It's not going to be a girl."

"How d'you know?"

"I know."

So went their talk, over and over, an endless garland of happy conjectures, plans, air castles. Cousin Lorena sent little patterns and thin scraps of material, tiny laces, blue ribbons.

"I told her blue—blue's for boys," said Annie. And Wes laughed at her. It was all a blessed interlude of peace and expectancy.

The wheat was ready for harvest. From her place under the clematis vine, where she sat with her sewing, Annie could see the fields of pale gold, ready for the reaper. Wes had taken the coffeepot and gone down to the valley to see when the threshers would be able to come. In the morning he would begin to cut. Annie cocked a questioning eye at the sky, for she had already learned to watch the farmer's greatest ally and enemy—weather.

"If this good spell of weather only holds until he gets it all cut!" She remembered stories he had told her of sudden storms that flattened the ripe grain to the ground, beyond saving; of long-continued rains that mildewed it as it stood in the shocks. But if the good weather held! And there was not a cloud in the sky, nor any of those faint signs by which changing winds or clouds are forecast.

She heard the rattle and clack of the returning coffeepot, boiling up the hill at an unwonted speed. And she waved her hand to Wes as he came past; but he was bent over the wheel and did not even look round for her, only banged the little car round to the back furiously. Something in his attitude warned her, and she felt the old almost-forgotten devil of her fear leap to clutch her heart.

Presently he came round the house, and she hardly dared to look at him; she could not ask. But there was no need. He flung his hat on the ground before her with a gesture of frantic violence. When he spoke the words came in a ferment of fury:

"That skunk of a Harrison says he won't bring the thresher up here this year; claims the road's too rough and bridges are too weak for the engine."

"Oh, Wes—what'll you do?"

"Do! I'm not going to do anything! I'm not going to haul my wheat down to him—I'll see him in hell and back again before I will."

"But our wheat!"

"The wheat can rot in the fields! I won't be bossed and blackguarded by any dirty little runt that thinks because he owns the only threshing outfit in the neighborhood that he can run my affairs."

He raged up and down, adding invective, vituperation.

"But you can't, Wes—you can't let the wheat go to waste." For Annie had absorbed the sound creed of the country, that to waste foodstuff is a crime as heinous as murder.

"Can't I? Well, we'll see about that!"

She recognized from his tone that she had been wrong to protest; she had confirmed him in his purpose. She picked up her sewing and tried with unsteady fingers to go on with it, but she could not see the stitches for her tears. He couldn't mean it—and yet, what if he should? She looked up and out toward those still fields of precious ore, dimming under the purple shadows of twilight, and saw them a black tangle of wanton desolation. The story Aunt Dolcey had told her about the potatoes of last year was ominous in her mind.

He was sitting opposite her now, his head in his hands, brooding, sullen, the implacable vein in his forehead swollen with triumph, something brutish and hard dimming his clean and gallant youth.

"That's the way he's going to look as he gets older," thought Annie with a touch of prescience. "He's going to change into somebody else—little by little. This is the worst spell he's ever had. And all this mean blood's going to live again in my child. It goes on and on and on."

She leaned against the porch seat and struggled against the sickness of it.

"I might stand it for myself," she thought. "I might stand it for myself; but I'm not going to stand it for my baby. I'll do something—I'll take him away."

Her thoughts ran on hysterically, round and round in a coil that had no end and no beginning.

The silent fit was on Wes now. Presently, she knew, he would get up and stalk away to bed without a word. And in the morning ——

It was as she expected. Without a word to her he got up and went inside, and she heard him going up the stairs. She sat then a little longer, for the night was still and warm and beautiful, the stars very near, and the soft hush-h of the country solitude comforting to her distress.

Then she heard Unc' Zenas and Dolcey talking at the kitchen door, their voices a faint cadenced murmur; and this reminded her that she was not quite alone. She slipped round to them.

"Unc' Zenas, Wes says he's not going to cut the wheat; he'll let it rot in the fields. Seems Harrison won't send his thresher up this far; wants us to haul to him instead."

"Marse Wes say he ain' gwine cut dat good wheat? Oh, no, Miss Annie, he cain' mean dat, sholy, sholy!"

"He said it. He's got an awful spell this time. Unc' Zenas—look—couldn't you ride the reaper if he wouldn't? Couldn't you? Once the wheat gets cut there's some chance."

"Befo' my God, Miss Annie, wid deseyer wuffless ole han's I cain' ha'dly hol' one hawss, let alone three. Oh, if I had back my stren'th lak I useter!"

The three fell into hopeless silence.

"Are the bridges so bad? Is it too hard to get the thresher up here?" asked Annie at last. "Or was that just Harrison's excuse?"

"No, ma'am; he's got de rights. Dem ole bridges might go down mos' any time. An' dishyer road up yere, it mighty hard to navigate foh er grea' big hebby contraption lak er threshin' machine en er engine. Mos' eve'y year he gits stuck. Las' year tuk er day en er ha'f to git him out. No'm; he's got de rights."

"Yes, but, Unc' Zenas, that wheat mustn't be left go to waste."

Aunt Dolcey spoke up. "Miss Annie, honey, go git your res'—mawnin' brings light. Maybe Marse Wes'll come to his solid senses een de mawnin'. You cain' do nuffin' ter-night noway."

"No, that's so." She sighed hopelessly. "Unc' Zenas, maybe we could hire somebody else to cut the wheat if he won't."

"Miss Annie, honey, eve'ybody busy wid his own wheat—an', moreover, Marse Wes ain' gwi' let any stranger come on dis place an' cut his wheat—you know he ain'."

There seemed nothing more to say. In the darkness tears were slowly trickling down Annie's cheeks, and she could not stop them.

"Well—good night."

"Good night, my lamb, good night. I gwi' name you en your tribulations in my prayers dis night."

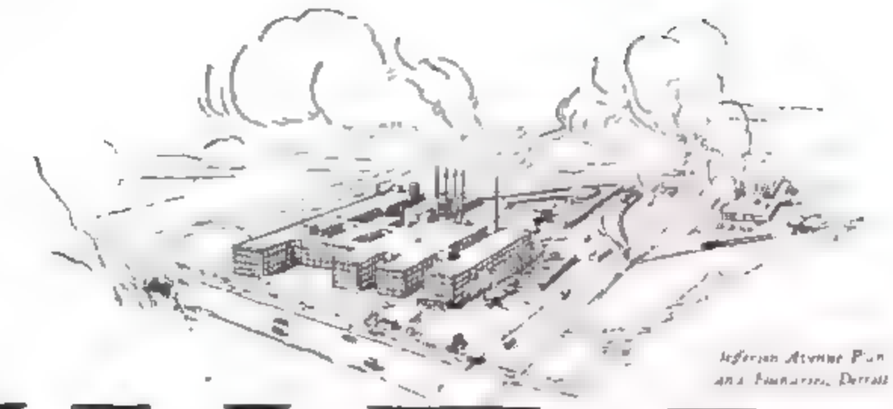
She had never felt so abandoned, so alone. She could not even make the effort to force herself to believe that Wes would not commit this crime against all Nature; instead, she had a vivid and complete certainty that he would. She went over it and over it, lying in stubborn troubled wakefulness. She put it in clear if simple terms. If Wes persisted in his petty, childish anger and wasted this wheat, it meant that they could not save the money that they had intended for the child that was coming. They would have, in fact, hardly more than their bare living left them. The ridiculous futility of it swept her from one mood to another, from courage to utter hopelessness. She remembered the first time that she had seen Wes angry, and how she had lain awake then and wondered, and dreaded. She remembered how, later, she had planned to manage him, to control him. And she had done nothing. Now it had come to this, that her child would be born in needless impoverishment; and, worse, born with the Dean curse full upon him. She clenched and unclenched her hands. The poverty she might bear, but the other was beyond her power to endure. Sleep came to her at last as a blessed anodyne.

In the first moment of the sunlit morning she forgot her trouble, but instantly she remembered, and she dressed in an agony of apprehension and wonder. Wes was gone, as was usual, for he got up before she did, to feed his cattle. She hurried into her clothes and came down, to find him stamping in to breakfast, and with the first glance at him her hope fell like a plummet.

He did mean it—he did! He did not mean to cut that wheat. She watched him as he ate, and that fine-spun desperation that comes when courage alone is not enough, that purpose that does the impossible, took hold of her.

When he had finished his silent meal he went leisurely out to the little front porch and sat down. She followed him.

(Concluded on Page 52)



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Plant No. 1, Dayton, Ohio

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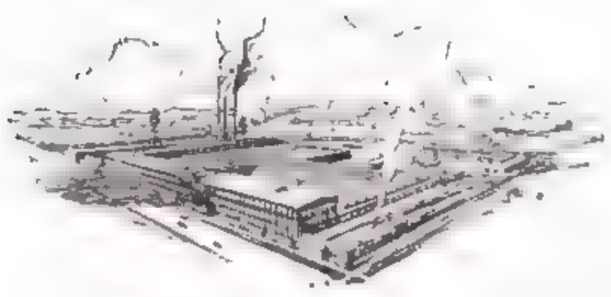

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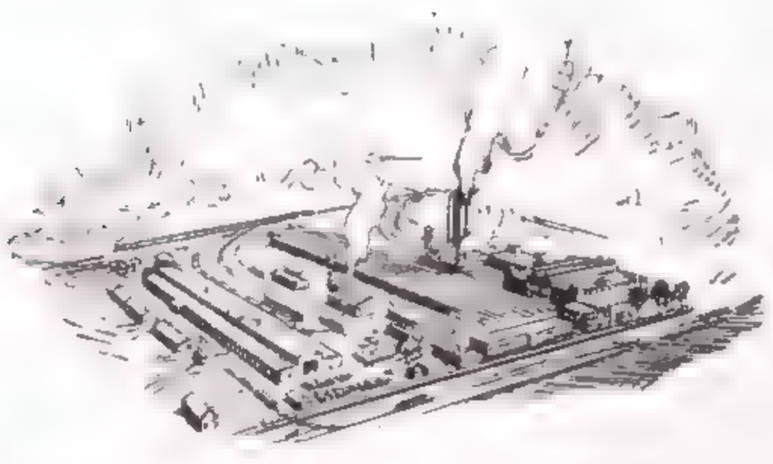

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(Concluded from Page 50)

"Wes Dean, you going to cut that wheat?" she demanded; and she did not know the sound of her own voice, so high and shrill it was.

The vein in his forehead leered at her. What was she, to pit her strength against a mood like this? He did not answer, did not even look at her.

"Do you mean to say you'd be so wicked—such a fool?" she went on.

Now he looked up at her with furious, threatening eyes.

"Shut your mouth and go in!" he said.

She did not move. "If you ain't going to cut it—then I am!"

She turned and started through the house, and he leaped up and followed her. In the kitchen he overtook her.

"You stay where you are! You don't go out of this house this day!" He laid a rough, restraining hand on her shoulder.

At that touch—the first harshness she had ever felt from him—something hot and flaming leaped through her. She whirled away from him and caught up Aunt Dolcey's big sharp butcher knife lying on the table; lifted it.

"You put your hands on me like that again and I'll kill you!" Her voice was not high and shrill now; she did not even raise it. "You and your getting mad! You and your rotten, filthy temper! You'd waste that wheat because you haven't got enough sense to see what a big fool you are."

She dropped the knife and walked past him, out of the kitchen, to the barn.

"Unc' Zenas," she called, "you hitch up the horses to the reaper. I'm going to cut that near field to-day myself."

"But, Miss Annie ——" began the old man

"You hitch up that team," she said. "If there ain't any men round this place, I don't know's it makes so much difference."

She waited while the three big horses were brought out and hitched to the reaper, and then she mounted grimly to the seat. She did not even look around to see if Wes might be watching. She did not answer when Unc' Zenas offered a word of direction.

"Let dat nigh horse swing round de cornahs by hisse'f, Miss Annie. He knows. An' look—here's how you drop de knife. I'll let down de bars an' foller you."

Behind her back he made frantic gestures to Dolcey to come to him, and she ran, shuffling, shaken. Together they followed the little figure in the blue calico dress, perched high on the rattling, clacking reaper. Her hair shone in the sun like the wheat.

The near horse knew the game, knew how to lead the others. That was Annie's salvation. As she swung into the field she had a struggle with the knife, but it dropped into place, and the first of the golden harvest fell before it squarely, cleanly; the stubble was even behind it. She watched the broad backs of her team, a woman in a dream. She did not know how she drove them; the lines were heavy in her hands, dragged at her arms. It was hot, and sweat rolled down her forehead. She wished vaguely that she had remembered to put on her sunbonnet.

Behind her came Unc' Zenas and Aunt Dolcey, setting the sheaves into compact, well-capped stooks, little rough golden castles to dot this field of amazing conflict.

And now the reaper had come to the corner. Unc' Zenas straightened himself and watched anxiously. But his faith in the near horse was justified—the team turned smoothly, Annie lifted the blade and dropped it, and they started again, only half visible now across the tall grain.

Annie's wrists and back ached unbearably, the sweat got in her eyes, but she drove on. She thought a little of Wes, and how he had looked when she picked up that butcher knife. She thought of his heavy hand on her shoulder, and her flesh burned where he had grasped it.

"I'm going to cut this wheat if it kills me!" she said over and over to herself in a queer refrain. "I'm going to cut this wheat if it kills me!" She thought probably it would. But she drove on.

She made her second corner successfully, and now the sun was at her back, and that gave her a little ease. This wheat was going to be cut, and hauled to the thresher, and sold in the market, if she did every bit of the work herself. She would show Wes Dean! Let him try to stop her—if he dared!

And there would be money enough for everything the baby might want or might need. Her child should not be born to poverty and skimping. If only the sun didn't beat so hard on the back of her neck! If only her arms didn't ache so!

After countless hours of time she overtook Dolcey and Zenas, and the old woman divined her chief discomfort. She snatched the sunbonnet off her own head and handed it up to her.

"Marster in hebben, ef I only had my stren'th!" muttered Zenas as she went on.

"Angels b'arin' dat chile up wid deir wings," chanted Aunt Dolcey. Then, descending to more mundane matters, she added a delighted chuckle: "I knowed she'd rise en shine one dese days. Holler at Marse Wes she did, name him names, plenty. Yessuh—laid him out!"

"What you s'pose he up to now?" asked Zenas, looking over his shoulder.

"I dunno—but I bet you he plumb da'nted. Zenas, lak I tol' you—man may hab plenty debbilment, rip en t'ar, but he'll stan' back whenas a coman meks up her min' she stood enough." And Aunt Dolcey had never heard of Rudyard Kipling's famous line.

"Dat chile might kill he'se'f."

"When yo' mad yo' kin 'complish de onpossible, en it doan hurt yo'," replied Dolcey, thus going Kipling one better.

But she watched Annie anxiously.

The girl held out, though the jolting and shaking racked her excruciatingly and the pull of the reins seemed to drag the very flesh from her bones. Now and then the golden field swam dark before her eyes, the backs of the horses swelled to giant size and blotted out the sun. But she kept on, long after her physical strength was gone; her endurance held her. Slowly, carefully, the machine went round and round the field, and the two bent old figures followed.

And so they came to mid-morning. They had long since ceased to look or care for any sign of the young master of the land. None of them noticed him, coming slowly, slowly from the stables, coming slowly, slowly to the field's edge and standing there, watching with unbelieving, sullen eyes the progress of the reaper, the wavering arms that guided the horses, the little shaken blue figure that sat high in the driver's seat. But he was there.

It is said of criminals that a confession can often be extracted by the endless repetition of one question alone; they cannot bear the pressure of its monotony. Perhaps it was the monotony of the measured rattle and clack of the machine, going on so steadily, that finally impelled Wes Dean, after his long frowning survey of the scene, to vault the low stone wall and approach it.

Annie did not check the horses when she saw him; she did not even look at him. But he looked at her, and in her white face, with the dreary circles of utter fatigue shadowing her eyes, his defeat was completed. He put his hand on the bit of the nearest horse and stopped the team.

Then she looked at him, as one looks at a loathsome stranger.

"What you want?" she asked coldly.

He swallowed hard. "Annie—I'll—I'll cut the wheat. Le'me lift you down off there." He held out his arms.

She did not budge. "You going to cut it all—and haul it down to the thresher?"

"Yes—yes, I will. Gee, you look near dead—get down, honey. You go in the house and lay down—I'm afraid you'll kill yourself. I'm afraid you'll hurt—him, some way."

Still she did not move. "I'd ruther be dead than live with a man that acts like you do," she said. "Grown up, and can't handle his temper."

Something in her quiet cold scorn struck through to him and cut away forever his childish satisfaction with himself. A new manhood came into his face; his twitching, sinister vein was still. Surrender choked him, but he managed to get it out:

"I know I acted like a fool. But I can't let you do this. I'll—I'll try to "

The words died on his lips and he leaped forward in time to catch her as she swayed and fell, fainting.

An hour later Annie lay on the lounge in the sitting room, still aching with terrible weariness, but divinely content. Far away she could hear the steady susurrus of the reaper, driven against the golden wheat, and the sound was a promise and a song to her ears. She looked up now and then at the pictured face of Wes' father, frowning and passionate, and the faint smile of a conqueror curved her tired mouth. For she had found and proved the strongest thing in the world, and she would never again know fear.

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THE WIRE CUTTER

(Continued from Page 15)

After she had watched the muskrat climb out upon the ice she continued round the lake to the foot of the opposite range of hills. Here she climbed the slope to the rim of the craterlike blow-out Mauna Loa. Mauna Loa contained a secret known only to herself. The blow-out was so large and so deep that water stood in it, and in this little lake lived a family of otters. Their den was in the steep western bank. She could sometimes see the entrance just under the surface.

When she reached the rim of Mauna Loa she found a dry knoll and sat very still for a while in the hope that the otters would show themselves. Sometimes they did; once she had seen the entire family swimming about below her. To-day, however, she did not see them. Open water at one edge indicated that they were still active; but not so much as a ripple broke its surface.

After a little she strolled on.

The Mauna Loa range of blow-outs extended northeasterly past the edge of her land and then fell off abruptly, as wind-formed ranges will, into a narrow plain. Diana picked her way leisurely among them, and then before reaching the plain struck off due north along the section line. She followed this to her northern boundary, and then northward for almost a mile further, until she reached the Angel Lakes road.

The road was not an important one. The infrequent wheels had hardly cut through even the tender sod of the ridges; but it led to the schoolhouse, and the walking is always easier in a road. She found when she reached it that Thursday's snow lay on it still unbroken. Not so much as a horseman had been by.

Diana had noticed the growing haze; but she was a city girl and could not yet read the sky very well. She thought a blizzard was the wet snow that stalled coal wagons across street-car tracks. She had arrived in the Sand Hills while they were still blue with larkspur, and since then had known them only in their summer aspects.

The first direct word of the blizzard was brought by an Irish snowflake that alighted on her nose. This was followed quickly by others. Before she had gone another hundred yards her cheeks were wet with spray. Before she had gone a second hundred yards the spray had changed to crumbs of sharpened ice that drove against her face in wisps and flurries. Yet because the sun still shone dimly as through waxed paper the whisper of snowfall did not startle her. She continued her stroll with unquickened pulse. Before her lay the road. At the end of the road lay the schoolhouse. Beyond the schoolhouse lay the shorter road back to her homestead when she should be ready to return.

She knew the Sand Hills; she had lived in them almost five months.

The blizzard struck her with such force that she could hardly breathe. The schoolhouse, which had been visible only the moment before, became extinguished as if by a curtain. The chill of the needlelike wind struck through her thin clothing; the driving snow and ice blinded her; she was forced to lean forward to see the shallow wheel tracks. The pressure of the storm became momentarily greater.

The road would have taken her to the schoolhouse door; but as she was gathering strength to make the last dash she met with a new shock. She had bumped head on into the side of a haystack. The shallow wheel tracks she had been following were not wheel tracks at all.

However, she knew where she was. The stack was the one that supplied the schoolhouse, and stood at no great distance from it. The haystack broke the wind, which had become unendurably cold. For a moment she thought she would burrow beneath the hay until she was warmer. But the building was near, and it contained a stove. Drawing her cloak higher round her throat, she once more pressed forward.

By now the drive of ice and snow was so dense that she could scarce open her eyes against it. When she felt that she had traveled the right distance she extended her hand gropingly so as not to collide. She pushed slowly on, and then further. After a little she perceived that the schoolhouse did not stand where she thought it stood. Somehow she had missed the direction.

The mistake frightened her. She must have passed close to the building without seeing it—probably to the west. She would have to be more careful. Facing about, she began letting the wind carry her eastward a foot or two at a time. But again the building eluded her search. She hesitated, continued, stopped. Then deciding that she had been right in the first place, but had turned too soon, she again changed her course. This time she was brought to a stop by the three barbed wires of a fence.

She was growing numb with cold. She would have welcomed the shelter even of a snowdrift. But there was no snowdrift. She wished she had remained at the haystack; but the haystack was now as much lost to her as the schoolhouse. She would have to retrace her steps and start over. She was too far east—much too far.

Then came another thought—the fence itself would take her to the schoolhouse if she followed it, for this fence formed the south boundary of the Vail ranch and passed close to the building she had been seeking.

As she was too far east she now set out westward along the wires—past fence posts, over dunes, through hollows. Her ears and nose, she feared, were frozen. She had kept rubbing them, but they were losing sensation. Her hands were growing numb. Her body was cold—only the struggle onward kept her on her feet. She counted six posts, then two more, then added two to them. The schoolhouse could not stand further west than that.

At the tenth post she turned and began fighting her way back along the fence. Toward the last she found the schoolhouse. It loomed out of the storm scarce fifteen feet beyond the point at which she had been stopped by the wires. She managed to feel along the walls to the door, stagger inside, lift a filled burner to the stove and touch a match to the hay. Then she sat down to warm her numbed limbs and body and consider what she should do next.

III

PETE KLUCK was described by Sam as a large man with a large mind that worked slowly. His thought was so ponderous that almost it would not turn corners at all. The description, while unsympathetic, was not unjust. Some cars can be turned inside a lady's ring; others require the open prairie and a driver hired by the day.

The driver in this case was known by the name of Otto. He was Pete's man, and he had a small mind that worked somewhat better than slowly.

Upon the morning of the blizzard Pete Kluck busied himself round the barn until the snow began to fall. Then he stamped into the house to start dinner. His housekeeper, Mrs. Clyde, was visiting in Kansas. When Otto told him about the yearlings the stew was in the kettle.

"Six of them," said Otto. "They're over to the east stacks."

"We better look them up before dinner," said Pete.

"Maybe so. The wind is like ice already."

Pete thereupon went into the bedroom for his heavy sheepskins. Otto was already wearing blizzard garments. Pete's sheepskins were so much heavier than all of Merlin's clothes taken together that when he had donned them his keg of a head had become a barrel and his barrel of a body a cask. Then they started eastward along the east-and-west fence. Except for one detour they had to make on account of thin ice, they followed this fence closely for almost a mile. Pete was the first to see the cut wires.

"Hullo!" he cried. "Wires down!"

"Must of been dropped a-purpose," said Otto.

The elastic twists in a fence wire tend to render it proof against breaking in cold weather. The break here was found against the north-and-south boundary fence. Not only had the wires been cut, but they had been dragged aside toward the wind. Pete examined the ends. Merlin's wire cutters had left their unmistakable mark.

A large man like Pete Kluck might be expected to lose his self-control, finding his fences cut in a blizzard as severe as this. But he did not. His broken arches remained flat on the sand. All that he said, except the profanity, which he would have used anyhow, was that the cow thief who had cut them wires was traveling south in a tin Lizzie. The reason was that one of his neighbors had won a verdict for six hundred dollars from him two years before for losing his temper over a cut fence wire.

This neighbor, an Irishman named Bridget O'Reilly's husband, had cut the fence separating their properties. Pete, in fact, had caught him in the act. He had thereupon stood the poor devil head down in the sand like a post, to say nothing of bruises inflicted. The court had held that, as the fence was jointly owned, the Irishman had as much right to cut it as Pete had to say he shouldn't. Since then Pete did not exactly think twice before acting, for that would have taken him into the future life, according to Bergson's idea of time; but he thought once and a half.

"Who did it, Pete? The Kincaider?"

"Maybe so. I don't know."

"What did he cut the wires for?"

"How do I know?"

"Where'd a chip-picking Kincaider like him be mushing in a blizzard, anyhow?"

"How do I know?"

He knew. He merely didn't know how he knew. The Kincaider was bound for the schoolhouse.

"You better get out the old boat yourself," Otto suggested. "This is bad weather for females. If that mushing Kincaider finds her he's liable to run off with her."

Pete stood rubbing his ear while he worked his mind round that corner.

"The yearlings can wait, maybe," he admitted.

"Why don't you steal her yourself?" asked Otto.

"What you mean, 'steal her'?"

"Fetch her over to your place. If she's trapped in the schoolhouse you could easy. Just fetch her over—like that."

"Marry her?"

"Sure, marry her! You're trying to, ain't it? You're not scared of Kincaiders, Pete? That ain't it?"

"What I be scared of?"

"Nothing. You can throw him over the schoolhouse with one hand easy."

"Him? It's her! She wouldn't let me."

"Make her!"

"How can I, without a preacher?"

"Common law," said Otto.

"She might make trouble for me afterwards."

"Women don't," said Otto. "You're a good man, ain't it? You got land and money in the bank, ain't it? Well, women like to be run off their feet that way."

Pete was silent starting back. Otto, who knew him, let him think. But toward the end of the second quarter mile his thoughts began finding expression again.

"Mrs. Clyde is off. We're all upside down."

"And a good thing she is."

"I couldn't bring a wife into my house the way it looks now, could I?"

"Leave it to me! I'll wash the dishes and sweep the floors and dust the furniture and everything. Your house is as good as the Kincaider's, ain't it? Leave it to me! I'll move my blankets over to the cookhouse for two three days so you can be all alone."

"Maybe I will," said Pete after further thought. "I ought to be married, anyhow."

"Sure you ought!"

"I need a good wife, anyhow."

"Sure you do!"

"The girl would make a good wife for a man like me."

"Sure she would!"

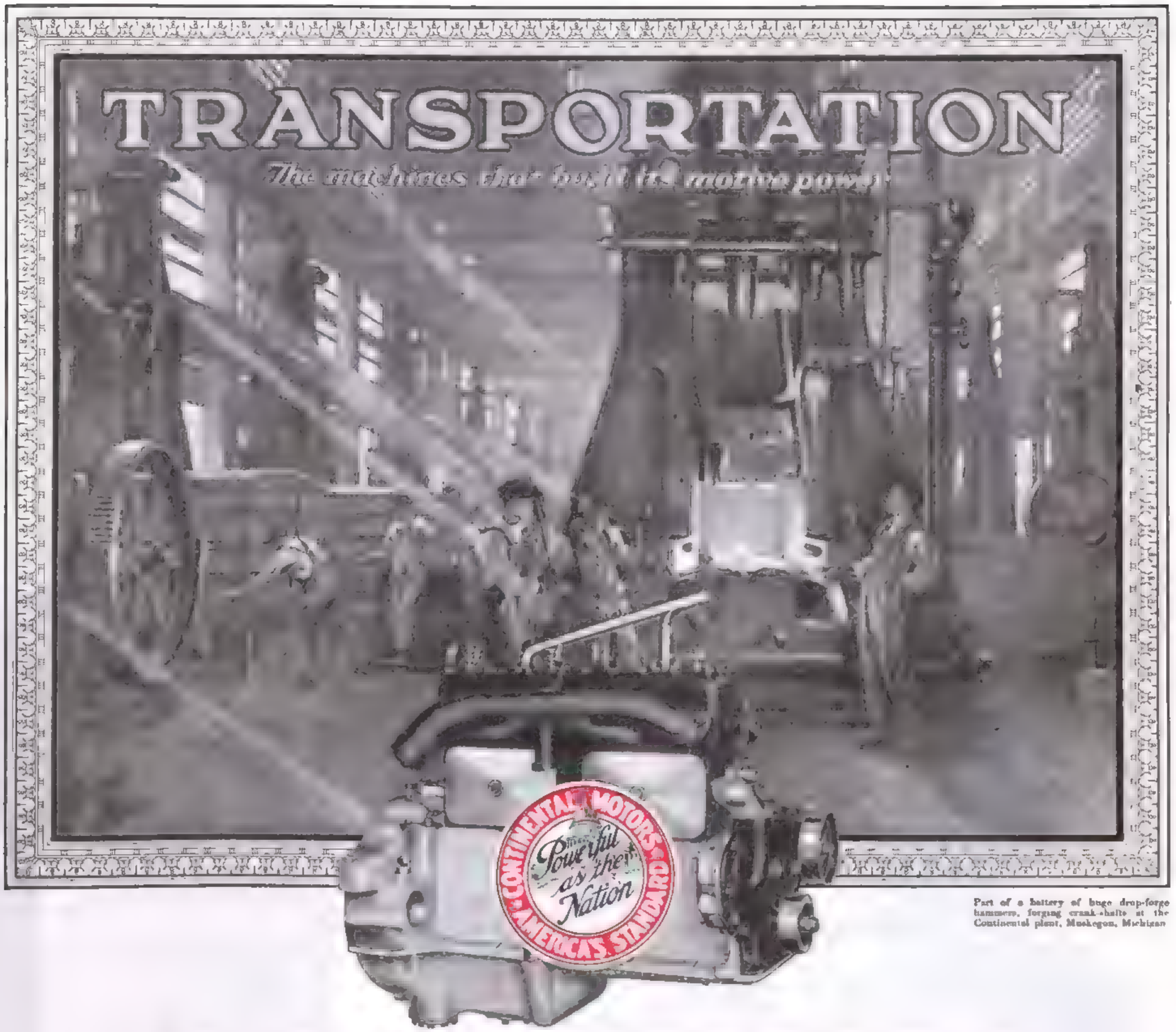
"I don't know yet. Maybe I will and maybe I won't."

After that he reverted to the subject again and again, but always from the point of view of a man who needed a good wife, anyhow, and always with increasing definiteness of intention, until by the time they had reached the ranch buildings the fire had taken hold upon the kindling and he considered himself engaged.

"You get some coffee made while I fix the Lizzie," he told Otto. "I'll be in quick, too."

A moment later he was in the shed where he kept his car, preparing it for adventure. He thudded the tires with his red knuckles, rattled at his chains, filled his tank, added brine to his radiator. Then he lifted down

(Continued on Page 59)



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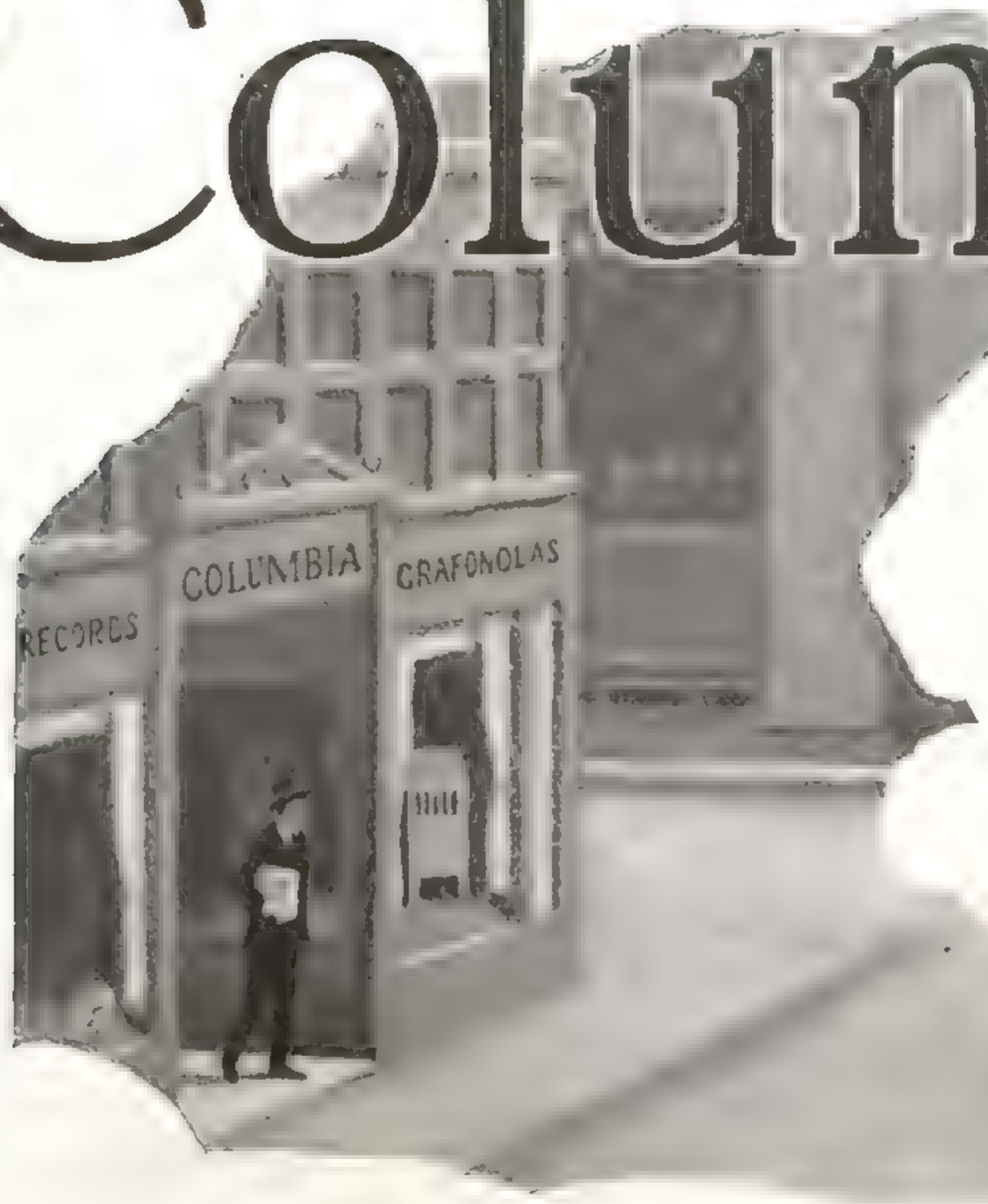

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(Continued from Page 54)

a great armful of robes and horse blankets for use on the return trip. These he placed upon the front seat. He himself needed no blankets.

"Going to be fierce driving cross country," he told Otto over the coffee and stew. "This blizzard's the worst I ever saw."

"You'll get it coming back. Better take the other side of the fence coming back—nearer the driver. Better take a pair of wire cutters your own self."

"I can make out some way."

"About that Kincaider now ——"

"I can handle him all proper."

"I bet you!"

"If he says anything to me ——"

"I know what I'd do if a mushing Kincaider came snooping round my lady. Ain't it so, Pete?"

"He won't look so pretty when I finish with him, maybe."

"I bet he won't, either."

Pete rose and began covering his great shoulders with garments.

"You get the rooms dolled up like you said. I got a date at the schoolhouse."

"Bust him one for me," shouted Otto as he saw the casklike body move out toward the barn.

But Pete did not hear him because of the storm.

IV

MERLIN arrived at the schoolhouse before Otto had reported the defection of the six yearlings. He was wearing so many wraps, and the storm had added such thickness of snow to his bulk, that Diana thought he was somebody else. Not until he had removed the topmost layer of blankets, stiffened now with ice like a doormat, and swept his frozen mittens across the icicles clinging to hair and brows and lashes, and loosened from about his cheeks the great collar of his ulster, also ice-bound and heavy, did she see her mistake.

"Peter Kluck!" she had thought with dismay. But when she saw who he was she sprang to her feet with a little cry of joy.

Merlin had already seen her seated before the stove, her tiny hat on her head, her fur-trimmed cloak drawn about her throat. The suggestion of flight through the storm did not escape him. He might easily have come too late.

As he removed his frozen blankets and mittens and threw back his boardlike ulster he gained other swift impressions. The room was warm, but his eye did not miss the four empty hay burners behind the stove. The schoolhouse was a shelter, but the windows were coated so deeply with frost that to look at them was like looking down into deep grass after a fall of snow, while beneath the sashes the wind had kept paths clear for itself, and in front on the floor lay long white fingers of snow. The building had been banked with hay, but the force of the wind was such that the cracks on the floor were furred as with salt crystals.

"I'm glad I found you," he said simply.

"I was not expecting you." Then when his glance rested on her hat and cloak, "I was just going. I thought I'd better get home while I could."

"Good Lord!" he cried.

He looked at her with an expression that she had not before seen, as though he were frightened.

"I know it's a bad storm; but the haystack is so far from the schoolhouse that it wouldn't be much harder to keep on to my claim. I'll have to, anyhow. Why are you so solemn?" she asked, feeling at last the weight of his grave regard.

"Last year about this time I made one of a searching party to hunt for a woman's husband. He had started for his barn during a blizzard."

"I know. He lost his way. I nearly lost mine."

"He never got back. We found him after the storm had turned into fair weather. He had lain down to die in a snowdrift."

"A woman's husband! But I can see how he might."

"This blizzard is the worst we have had in five years. You wouldn't have lasted three hundred yards. You could no more have found your house in this storm than you could have found mine."

"But, Merlin, I have to find it! I can't stay in this schoolhouse, can I?"

"No; when your fuel gave out you would have had to leave. The building is only a shed. You can see now how the wind comes through the cracks. But you couldn't have reached your claim."

"If you could come all the way from your house without getting lost or freezing I ought to be able to walk to mine. I ought to—I walk it every day."

Her mind said that; but in her heart she was grateful that she could see the look in his eyes as he heard her.

"I didn't follow the road—I followed the fences. And I didn't wear a funny little bunny cloak like yours, and a hat the size of a postage stamp. I had all my blankets to help me, and this wadded cap and this big ulster and two suits of heavy clothing, and I drove with the wind, not against it."

"You oughtn't to have come!" her heart said; but her voice said nothing at all.

"I'm glad I came, and you're glad too." She noticed he was answering the words that her heart said, without having heard them. "You are glad, aren't you? You ought not to have left your house to-day. But you didn't know, and you did; you're here. And now I'm here where I ought to be—here with you."

"I will do anything you ask," her heart said. But her mind, "I haven't any tea or cake to offer you, Merlin; but I'm glad to see you."

"How long have you been here?"

"I thought it looked like a storm, and the schoolhouse was nearer—since then."

His heart asked wouldn't she please let him care for her after this as long as she lived; but his mind, "Are you warm enough?"

"I will go with you anywhere." He did not hear those words, but the words of her mouth, which were, "Yes, thank you, Merlin."

After that both of them talked in circles, round and round; but in their hearts that which was said meant always that which was not said, as it always has and always will when friends speak and listen. The hay burner on the stove died of starvation; the room began to grow cold. Merlin lifted down the empty magazine, cleared the stove of ashes, inverted the fresh burner over the front lids, lighted it. It was this act that brought him once more face to face with the realities. Yet because she was what she was and he what he was he could not speak sensibly, but must remain foolish and unreal.

"Can you run a car?" he asked.

"You know I can—a little. Why?"

"Promise me something. I'm going to fill the burners at the stack. If I stay out long I want you to wrap yourself in blankets and start north along this fence." Without waiting for her reply he crossed to the blackboard and began upon a hurried diagram. "Keep the fence to your left. Cut the wires of these cross fences. When you come to this fourth cross fence cut the north-and-south fence and turn through. The cross fence will bring you out at Pete Kluck's house. He'll take care of you."

Diana stood watching him, too frightened to speak.

"He will never come back!" her heart cried. "He will lose his way and die!" She hardly so much as heard him tell her how to find the fourth cross fence and Pete Kluck's house.

"Why are you leaving off your ulster?" her voice asked finally.

"To give me more freedom of movement."

"To leave it for me to wear. Do you think I should have used it if you did not come back?"

"Not if it would please me?"

"I couldn't. If you go and do not come back I shall start out in search for you. But I do not intend to let you go—not alone—not anywhere. If you go I will go also."

They were both that crazy; no sense any more to their ideas—Merlin in the first place imagining that the girl would let him set out after hay for the stove and then if he did not return save herself in his car; the girl imagining that she could talk like that to a man who loved her.

"You could not help me at the stacks," said the man.

"Either both or neither," replied the girl.

"We should neither of us get back."

"We should be together."

Again she saw an expression on his face that she had not seen before.

"If you care for me as much as that," he said after a little, "why not try to get through together to my house?"

They did not talk much after that, but somehow they managed to be heard. After Merlin had repeated his silence two or three times, and Diana had repeated hers, and they understood each other better, the man's voice became vibrant and confident.

"Either both or neither. I think it will be both. But I wish we could have been married before we start."

"And I also. If anything should happen to us it would be beautiful if we could belong to each other."

"We could be married in the sight of God, facing death."

He took from his pocket the Bible he had brought, and the package. Opening the book at the flyleaf he showed her the inscription.

"Here is my mother's name, written by her mother. That makes this book very precious and holy. In this little box is my mother's wedding ring. We could promise ourselves to each other on this Bible as death threatens us, and I could place this ring on your finger, and it would make us married in the sight of God."

"That would be very beautiful," said Diana. "Married as death faces us, forever and ever."

"We can be married over again for this life by a clergyman in a church when this storm dies down—if we get through."

"We could be married now in a church—in a shadow church. We could imagine the church."

"If we but had a clergyman!"

"We could have a shadow clergyman, Merlin."

"So we could—a shadow clergyman in a shadow church. If you look you will see him. He is standing here before us, with you on his right hand and me on his left."

"We could imagine that these seats are pews, and that our friends are waiting there to see us married. My father and mother are there, and my two sisters."

"I see them very plainly. My father and my mother are there also. My mother is dead, but I see her plainly."

"I, too, see her."

"The clergyman is addressing them as dearly beloved. He says that we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this congregation, to see joined together this man and this woman in holy matrimony instituted of God."

"The man is you, standing in the face of death. I can see you plainly. You are as real as I am."

"And I you. He is requiring us as we will answer at the last day that if either knows of any impediment to our marriage he will now confess it."

"There is none—as we face death and as God sees us."

"None. The replies are for the clergyman; we do not need them."

"We know already. The clergyman is asking you, Merlin, if you will have this woman to your wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony; if you will love her, comfort her, honor and keep her, in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep you only unto her so long as you both shall live. You can place your hand upon the Bible and say you will, if you will."

"I will," replied Merlin, "in the sight of God."

"The reply was for the clergyman; I heard you before you spoke."

"The clergyman is asking you, Diana, if you will have this man to your wedded husband to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony; if you will obey him and serve him, love, honor and keep him, in sickness and in health, and forsaking all others, keep you only unto him as long as you both shall live; and you can say you will, if you will."

"I will." She placed her hand upon the Bible above Merlin's. "In the sight of God."

"I heard you long ago. Then I do now lay this ring upon this book, and the clergyman takes it and gives it back to me, and I do put it thus upon your fourth finger; and I say: 'With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow, in the sight of God.'"

"Upon your bride's finger as we two face death."

"Then the clergyman joins our right hands together thus and says, 'Those whom God hath joined let no man put asunder.' I hear him say it—as God sees us."

"Whom God hath joined!"

"Then he pronounces that we two be man and wife together. Amen."

"We are man and wife in life and in death. We are not shadows, but married folk, with all these our living friends for witnesses."

(Concluded on Page 62)

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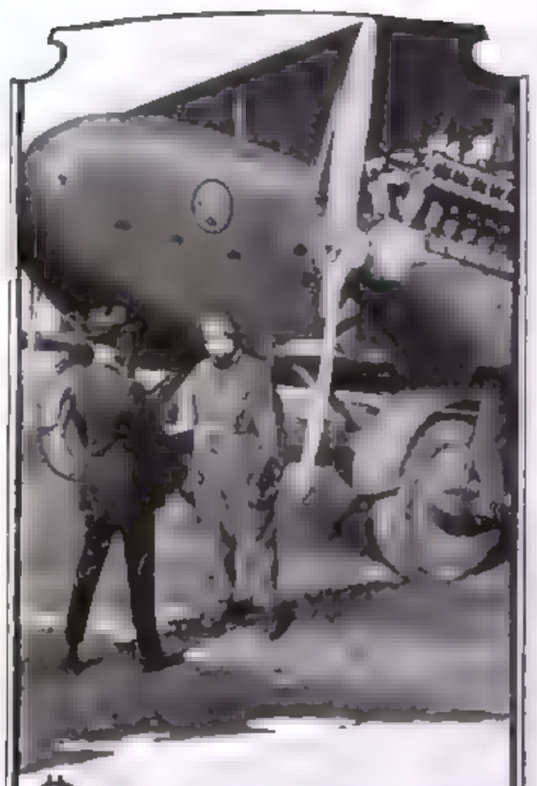

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(Concluded from Page 59)

"Man and wife, forever and forever. And your husband now kisses you in the sight of man and of God."

"I am proud to be your wife," said Diana.

"In the sight of man and of God," repeated Merlin; and he kissed her upon the lips as a bridegroom would kiss his bride before the congregations of the spirit and of the world.

▼

PETE KLUCK closed the door behind him and stood sputtering like salt thrown on a coal, for when he saw them Diana and Merlin were still standing eye to eye.

"Wise man's English," Sam called his wordless rage.

After a moment the huge cowman began unloosening the sheepskin flaps from about his face and neck. When he spoke finally it was to address Merlin, and the words were harsh and throaty, as if a shout had somehow become wedged against a snarl and were trying to force its way past.

"What you doing on my land?" he demanded.

Coming as it did from the depths of the storm, the question sounded less ludicrous than it was. Pete Kluck, angry, was clownish; but to-day his angry words contained menace; behind them was the blizzard; their author might have been Old Borealis himself; his land might have been the entire kingdom of frost.

"We are not on your land," replied Merlin mildly.

"I say you are!"

Pete began taking off his heavy outer garments—his double sheepskin coat, his hooded cap, his great overshoes. His ice-bound gauntleted mittens had already been laid aside.

"What's mine I keep," he said. "You been bothering my woman again."

From every side came the interwoven sound of the blizzard—the rasp of driven ice through the harsh grass, the grunting complaint of the building as the gale swayed it, the tiny shocks, indistinguishable separately but nevertheless perceived, as tumbleweeds and other storm drift glanced off the battens; with through it all, like a cord threading a necklace of clashing beads, the prolix falsetto wail of the wind.

Merlin smiled down at Diana, who had seized his arm restrainingly.

He could not have become angry if he had tried.

"We are married, Peter," Diana said.

"Diana is my wife," Merlin told him.

"You lie, both of you! Who married you? When?"

"We were married in this schoolhouse to-day."

"By a clergyman," said Diana—"the Reverend Doctor Milholland, my own pastor in Chicago. I asked him and he came. He was near us and he came."

"We had witnesses—in the sight of God."

"You lie!" repeated Pete. "I'm married to her myself. Take off your coat."

"No, Merlin! Please, Merlin!"

Merlin spoke to Diana reassuringly. Pete Kluck was still preparing for battle, but the Kincaider paid no attention to him.

"Don't worry, dearest," he said. "A man can't fight to see who shall possess his own wife, but he can fight to protect her. Nothing will happen to either of us."

Then, still talking soothingly, he led her to the front of the room and seated her. She was to be his own brave wife; he knew what he was doing; he had a plan; she was to leave it all to him.

The true art of self-defense is not the art of boxing with gloves; it is the art of fist fighting. When a man is attacked his assailant does not tender him a pair of five-ounce boxing gloves with which to defend himself. His defense of necessity is with the bare knuckles.

Fist fighting has its own style and its own problems, a blow struck with the bare fist being different in its effects from one struck through a glove. In glove fighting the most deadly single blow is the dull, heavy crash that has behind it the entire weight of the body. In fist fighting it is the sharp, quick, chopping blow that does the damage, cutting open a cheek or lip or inflicting upon the body an aching bruise. The slugging blow is almost as hard upon the slugger as upon his opponent, being apt to shatter the knuckles or injure the forearm unless delivered with both good luck and skill.

Had Pete Kluck possessed even a slight knowledge of boxing he would not have allowed Merlin to stand between him and the window, and he would not have threatened him with so many kinds of quick death.

"I'm going to strip you into red shoe strings!" he shouted hoarsely. "I'm going to punch out your eyes and break your teeth and bash in your nose! I'm going to make you think you're boiled beef and I'm a meat chopper! I'm going to break up your bones into little pieces of slate pencil and then sell you in cans! I'm going to skin you and salt down your hide! When I get through with you you'll think you are mince pie without the raisins! When I get through with you ——"

But he couldn't think of any further penalties on the spur of the moment, and his voice trailed off once more into wise man's English.

Merlin awaited him watchfully, left foot forward, face turned slightly to the right, right arm held at guard to protect heart and stomach. He guessed from what he had seen that the big cowman was depending on his size and strength rather than on his skill, but he could not afford to take his ignorance for granted.

The attack was made almost contemptuously. Pete strode forward with the self-confidence of an armored car, and when he was near enough cut loose with a flail-like blow directed at the face. This Merlin blocked, and almost with the same movement he countered with a stinging jab to the mouth. The counter blow was followed by left and right jabs in such quick succession that both had landed before Pete had recovered his balance.

The blows seemed to anger the larger man. With a bellow of rage he aimed a wide swing at Merlin's jaw. This would have done vast damage had it landed, but by the time the huge fist arrived where Merlin's head had been the head was no longer there. The cost to Pete was a savage blow in the stomach, followed by a left jab to the eye. He followed with another swing, which Merlin stepped inside of and countered with a left to the body followed by a right and left hook to the jaw.

After that Pete became more careful of his rushes. He had not as yet landed any of his leads, and had received from Merlin punishment that was beginning to be felt. His care, however, did not prevent his receiving another sharp jab over his swelling right eye when he attempted a straight left, nor a second jab into its mate while he was recovering.

Merlin now began taking the lead. He knew that he could not hope to strike Pete hard enough to daze him except at the cost of broken knuckles; the man was too large and too heavy of bone. He did not try therefore to land slugging blows from the shoulder. Instead he began upon a systematic series of slashing cuts directed at the face.

At the same time he began talking to him. Pete's hoarse threats at the beginning of the fight indicated that he thought he could frighten an opponent, and that indicated that he himself could be frightened by the threats of an opponent, for men usually adopt tactics against others that would be effective used against themselves.

"Now I am going to hit you on the nose," Merlin would say; and a moment later he would land the blow. Or he would say, "Full in the mouth this time, Pete," and that blow would land in spite of all the cowman could do.

After a little the prophecies began to have their effect. Pete began to lose his courage. Then he would vary his attack. Instead of talking to Pete he would remain silent, at the same time raining jabs and hooks upon his face and stomach alternately until the man grew dizzy. Or he would talk to him after the blow instead of before striking.

"I had to pull that one," he would say. "I'm not trying to get you; I'm trying to save you until I can whip you proper. Wake up! Make it interesting!"

But not even a good boxer can hope to land all his own blows and receive none in return. Pete's face by now was puffed and discolored; his eyes were all but closed; his lips were cut; his nose resembled an alligator pear. His muscles, however, were still capable. One of his swings, directed at random, brushed past Merlin's guard and left in its track such a multitude of variable stars that the Kincaider thought he was done.

He recovered himself—Pete did not know how to use his advantage—but for some time he felt anything but happy. After that he was more watchful.

The end came unexpectedly soon after he had begun another whittling attack upon Pete's throbbing eyes, mouth and nose.

"I give up!" cried the big cowman. "I got enough! You can have her!"

Merlin's reply was three chopping jabs.

"I haven't got enough," he said. "Nowhere near enough!"

It was then that Pete's courage completely failed him. Suddenly he lowered his head and covered his face with his arms.

"I give in, I tell you! Drop it! I got enough!"

"How much will you pay me?"

"What you want? I won't give you no money."

"I want your spare blankets to protect my wife on the way to our home."

"You can have them all."

"And I want you along in your car as far as my barn, so that if anything goes wrong with mine my wife will not suffer. She's not dressed for this weather."

"I'll drive past your place trailing you."

"We'll start at once," said Merlin.

Sam ended his story at that point; but no story is complete while questions remain unanswered.

"Did he get her through?" asked McKeever.

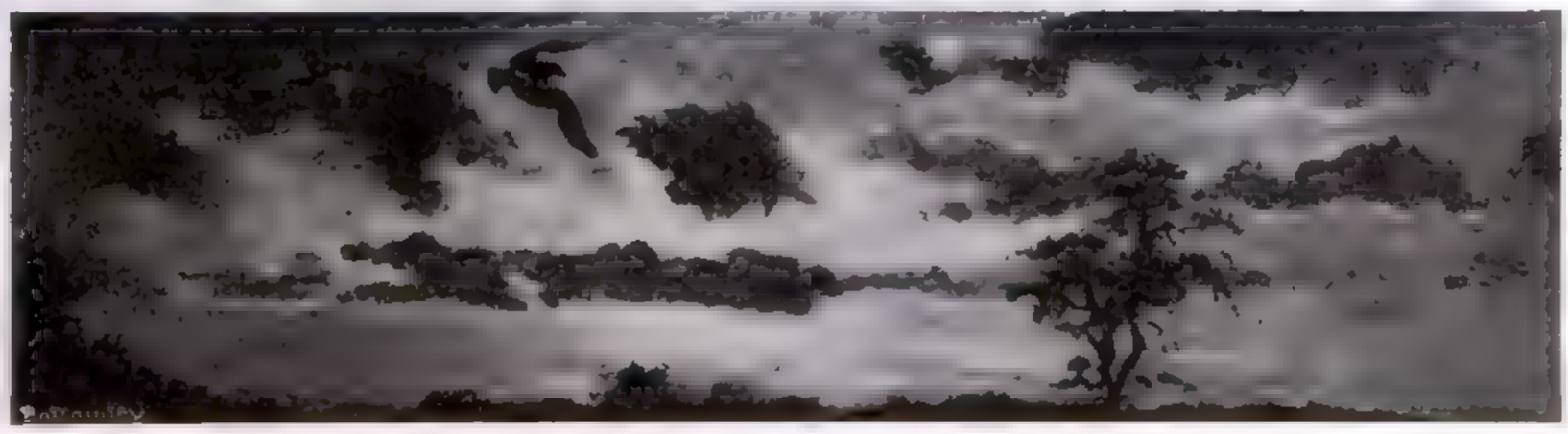
"He did. They almost went under, what with the detours they had to make, and the rough going and the cold, but Pete's blankets turned the trick."

"Were they married over?"

"On the day after the blizzard died down. I was a witness to that part of it. They told the preacher just what they had done, and he said that their sacred agreement in the face of death before witnesses and before God made them legally married in this state. Pete Kluck was witness enough.' The shadow clergyman had already married them, but he would gladly marry them over."

"Anyhow," said Simon Brule, "they were married by a minister in the same room."

"If you look at it that way," said Sam.



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THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

(Continued from Page 27)

had retired, frankly yawning in my face with fatigue as she said good night, I remember sitting on hour after hour till dawn, sifting the odds and ends she had let fall before me, and selecting from them details that struck me as significant in the history of my unknown son—details that threw, or seemed to me to throw, even the feeblest ray on his temperament, his character, and hence on his probable destiny.

It was my purpose to motor down to Belcher's Casino, near Trenton, starting at once after an early breakfast. From that environment, I felt, Bela could not be rescued too soon. During the trip down, after a bath and hot coffee, when my head would, I hoped, be clearer, I meant to form some definite plan of approach to this singular boy of mine. From Laurestine I had gained an impression, a strong one, that it would not be easy to win his confidence. And then, too, there was the annoying problem of the drug-crazed Anton which must equally be met and solved. It was obvious that a man in his condition, as described by Laurestine, could not simply be abandoned to his fate; it was further obvious that, whatever steps were taken for his relief, he mus be kept in ignorance of my identity and of the whereabouts of Laurestine. The beginning day was likely to prove emotionally tense, a series of agitating crises, and in advance of it I was conscious of a somewhat painful degree of physical and nervous exhaustion. This would not do. I decided that the shock of a cold plunge—a form of stimulus forbidden me—would be more than worth the very slight risk of it. It would give me just the sharp, clarifying reaction my system needed.

What it gave me was two gasping weeks in bed, on a light diet of digitalis and strychnine, and another two or three weeks there of what seemed to me interminable lassitude. Li Po, sketchily aided now and then by Laurestine, took care of me, and under the prompting of an efficient heart specialist—who understood the heart of man as a complicated pump, and also as a more complicated passion—they both lied to me, day in, day out; that is, they told me I was not going to die—which they did not believe. The fact that I did not die does not alter the subjective falseness of their assertions.

During that first fortnight of my illness, then, I was in no state to direct either my own affairs or the activities of others; but when I had definitely rallied, my distress over my failure to rescue Bela from Belcher's joint and the vagaries of his supposed father grew intolerable.

"Surely," I demanded of Laurestine, "you've seen him—communicated with him, at least."

She shook her head. "No, Alfred. I've been so worried about you, night and day. I've had no thoughts for anything else. And I'd no idea what you had in mind—as to me, I mean—or Bela. I didn't even know whether you had decided to—let me stay."

I groaned with feeble impatience.

"Of course you're to stay—and Bela must join us! Bring Li Po to me at once. I'll explain to you both how you must act for me."

"But the doctor says, Alfred ——"

"Oh, damn him! Do you think I can lie here worrying like this and live through another night? I want to see Bela, do you hear me! I want him brought to me ——"

"Yes, yes," she said hastily, interrupting me and laying her fingers an instant on my lips, "I understand now—and you mustn't excite yourself, Alfred. There's no need for it. Please leave everything to Li Po and me. We'll see somehow that Bela comes on just as soon as it can possibly be arranged."

"To-day?"

"Perhaps. Or—to-morrow. The doctor may think best to—— Oh, please, Alfred, don't begin again! Li Po's so clever. I'm sure he can run down and get in touch with Bela, without letting Belcher or Anton know where I am. Don't you see, Alfred—I'm horribly afraid of Anton. He might kill me if he knew ——"

A drug-crazed man—yes, it was a possibility that I, too, feared. "Well," I said, "please bring me Li Po, Laurestine. He'll need little more than a hint; he was born subtle and diplomatic. He'll know what to do. And I promise you not to grow excited again."

Li Po slipped down that afternoon to Trenton, making his way thence to Belcher's Casino; and there he discovered two things: Anton Hrdlika, the crazy fiddler, was dead and buried; Bela Hrdlika, the son, his father's fiddle under his arm, had stepped out from the door and vanished. No one at Belcher's had the sprout of an idea what had become of him; no one cared. And secretly Li Po was delighted, as I later discerned to my amazement, that these things were so. For Li Po, though I knew it not, was beginning with Oriental thoroughness and caution to mature certain hidden purposes not wholly consistent with his hitherto unqualified devotion to me.

Yet to this hour I am not certain Li Po would have pursued these purposes if he had thought them disloyal. Quite possibly he may have felt that Laurestine sooner or later must prove a disturbing force in my life, and —— However, this is not the place for these vain speculations. Brush in hand, I have a feeling for design; but pen in hand, I am helpless, merely floundering about—as you, dear Miss Miniter, will be the first to perceive and tell me!

XIV

ALREADY I have passed well beyond the incidents called back by Remorse for my discomfort throughout the interminable night that followed on my first meeting with Bela. With the period of something over two months separating the trip of Li Po to Belcher's joint and my arrival at Mrs. Kingery's, Remorse—I am happy to feel, for once—has nothing to do.

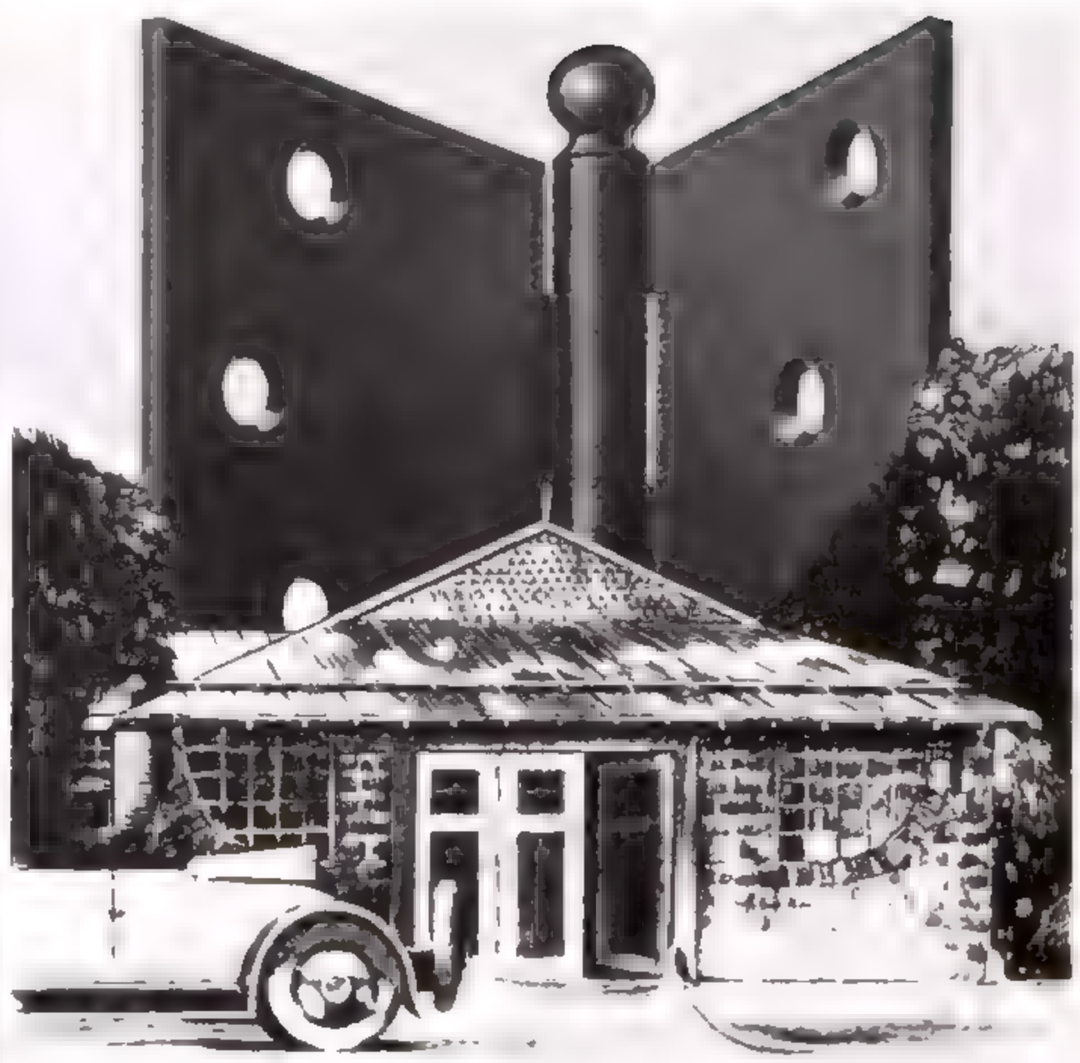
For ten days or more Laurestine, Li Po and the doctor answered all my inquiries as to Bela with firm evasions. By indirect statement I was led to believe that he hovered somewhere in the offing and would appear just as soon as the doctor thought me strong enough for the excitement of his coming. Laurestine had taken the doctor into her confidence, giving him, I judge, a sternly edited and highly sentimentalized account of our family history. This account had stirred all his latent romantic sympathies and he had promised Laurestine to do everything in his power to help her find Bela. On his advice a private detective was engaged—by Li Po, always discreet and only too eager to be of service—but up to the time I rose from my bed and demanded a final explanation he had accomplished nothing.

It was then thought best to give me the facts and risk my reaction to them. My first reaction was chiefly temper, that I had been kept in ignorance so long, wasting precious moments. My second was to dismiss the private detective and take charge myself of the search for Bela. Why, I insisted, had not the straight course been steered of advertising for information? If Bela had not changed his name—and why should he?—and if nothing sinister had happened to him—which was unlikely—persistent advertising in the morning and evening papers of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago would almost certainly bring results. This course, I was then informed by Li Po, he had personally forbidden to the detective, fearing the whole affair might become unpleasantly notorious. I rebuked him for his folly, so little characteristic, pointing out that it was unnecessary to advertise in my name, but that personally I now preferred to do so, since the important thing was to find Bela at once. I was not ashamed, I added, of having a legitimate son; I was only ashamed of having neglected him, even if through ignorance, for so many years.

It was then that Laurestine drew me aside and told me that before I began to advertise openly for Bela she had a little confession to make; she didn't know quite what to think herself, but it was possible it might affect my decision. While dropping these hints she avoided my eyes; her manner puzzled and troubled me. I dismissed Li Po and turned back to her with a sense of irritation. It exasperated me that the whims and childish mistakes of this futile woman should now once more intrude themselves upon me and alter, whether I would or no, the pattern of my thoughts and desires—of my life.

"See here, Laurestine," I said crossly, "is there to be no end to your peculiar revelations? Can't we have a clean breast

(Continued on Page 67)



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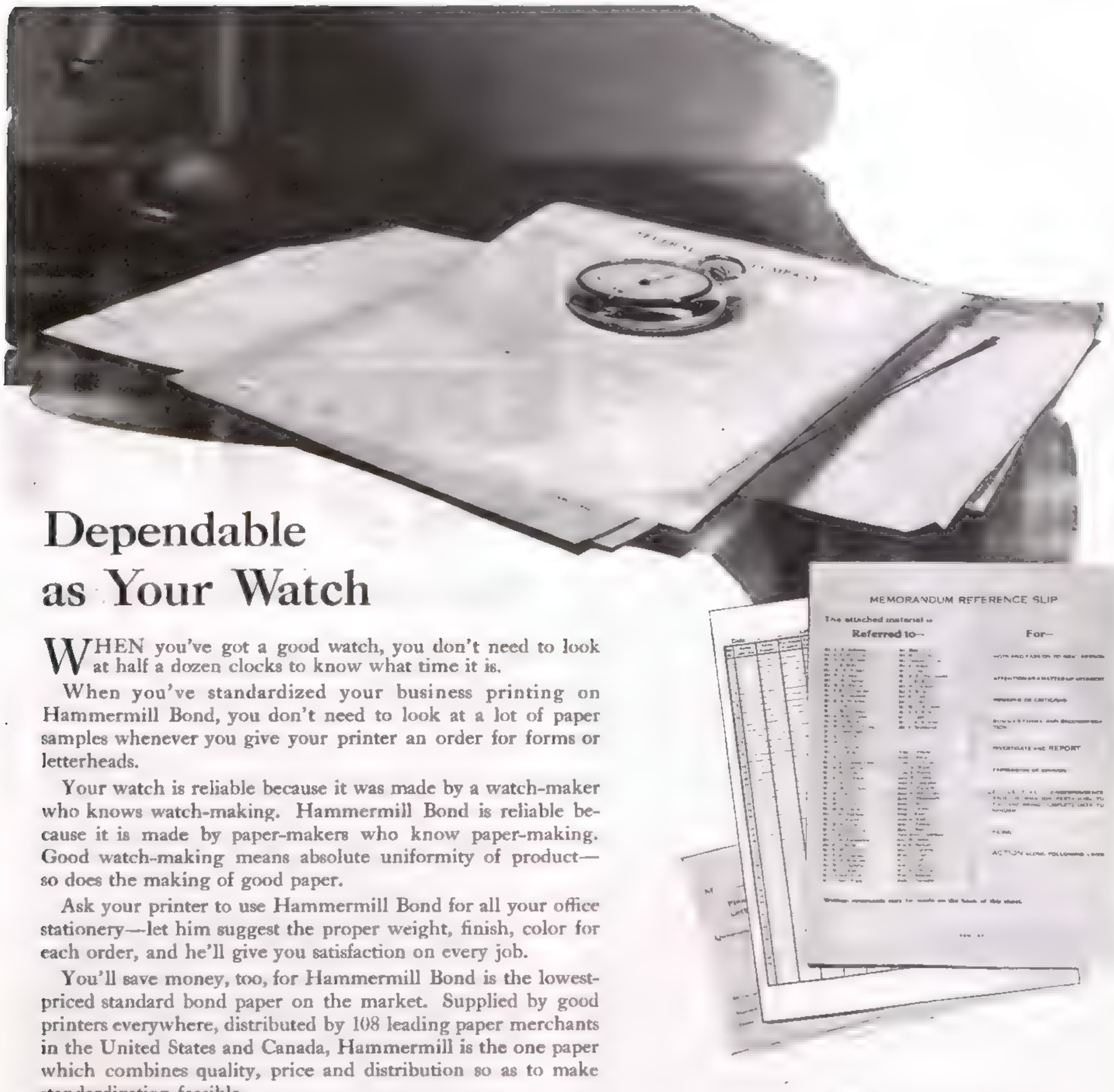

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WHEN you've got a good watch, you don't need to look at half a dozen clocks to know what time it is.

When you've standardized your business printing on Hammermill Bond, you don't need to look at a lot of paper samples whenever you give your printer an order for forms or letterheads.

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You'll save money, too, for Hammermill Bond is the lowest-priced standard bond paper on the market. Supplied by good printers everywhere, distributed by 108 leading paper merchants in the United States and Canada, Hammermill is the one paper which combines quality, price and distribution so as to make standardization feasible.

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The Utility Business Paper

WRITE for free portfolio of specimen forms, showing Hammermill's various finishes and its twelve colors besides white, which enable you to give color-classification to your forms and letterheads—the "Signal System" of business.

(Continued from Page 65)

of it and see exactly where we stand? Why should there be any further mysteries between us?"

She pouted a little, looking very charming as she did so. I had told her to outfit herself with whatever she needed, and during my illness she had taken every advantage of the suggestion. Her instinctive *flair* for the becoming kept her on the side of simplicity; she could hardly have made her selections with a finer tact or with higher confidence in the lining of my purse. The foulard morning dress she then wore matched and so deepened her night-blue eyes; a favorite trick of hers, which only a disillusioned husband could find too obvious to be entirely successful. Rightly clothed again, one felt that an inner peace had descended upon her. Even her pout was moderated to the merest passing hint of dissatisfaction.

"My dear Alfred," she answered me, "you know all there is to know—except this one little thing. But it's not very easy to tell you about it. I don't believe it really matters—or will matter, now! Bela," she added after the slightest pause, "is a queer, intense boy. Poor Anton simply adored him, and was very jealous of his devotion to me. You've no idea how Bela worships me. I'm sure I can't imagine why. But it's really for his sake I left Anton—came back to you. Naturally, Alfred, I had to find out first how it would all go; I couldn't confide my plans to Bela. And I'm afraid he has a very false impression about you—about the way you once treated me; I'm afraid he hates the very thought of you."

"What's that!" I cried. "Why, you've said in so many words that he knows nothing of me—not even that I exist!"

"Have I, Alfred? But he does know—only, not properly; not as he should. That's what I'm trying to tell you." She paused. "It wouldn't do for you, Alfred, to make yourself known to him—unless I had seen him, talked to him, first."

"Why not, please?"

"It wouldn't be safe."

She said it quietly. I stared at her. I repeated her words.

"It wouldn't be safe?"

"It might not be. You can't tell with Bela. So much depends on whether or not he's been playing ——"

"Playing?" I babbled at her, for the words seemed meaningless.

"Yes. Playing Anton's violin. It has the strangest effect on Bela—terrifying, really."

"Wait!" I struck in. "Be silent! Now answer my questions truthfully as I ask them, will you?"

"Of course, Alfred," she pouted—"if you'll not be cross with me. I don't want anything awful to happen—now."

If you will take a highly strung, impressionable child and bring it up in the way it should not go, you can achieve the most astounding results; that, chiefly, is what I learned during my second painstakingly polite and patient cross-examination of Laurestine.

Bela had had snatches of schooling here and there, but mostly what he knew he had picked up for himself, and a deal that he had picked up from Laurestine and his supposed father was such stuff as nightmares are made of. He was a beautiful baby; an extraordinarily beautiful little boy; and almost from the first this seems, by some odd twist of self-deception, to have flattered Anton's grotesque vanity. He seems to have delighted in posing as Bela's father; seems indeed before long to have persuaded himself that he was Bela's father. Laurestine says that even in private, between themselves, he would not tolerate any reference to Bela's true paternity. And he grew increasingly jealous of Bela's devotion to Laurestine; indeed a sort of rancorous contest for Bela's affection seems early to have started into being. I gathered from Laurestine that Bela was naturally a quiet child, living so constantly in a world of his own imaginings that he was not self-assertive and gave very little trouble.

When Bela was only five Anton began teaching him to play on a little fiddle he had had specially made for him. By the time he was ten Anton openly predicted that he would become a great virtuoso. He started talking of a grand concert tour with Bela in another year or so, over there in America. Father and son! It would be a novelty. It would mean riches and fame.

But Laurestine says she knew nothing would come of it. Anton was fuddled with absinth most of the time; and Bela, who stole every hour he could from practice to cover sheets of paper with naïvely original designs, had already confided to her a strange impression that had somehow found entry into his lonely little head.

"I know why papa drinks too much and is hateful to you," so he told her; "it's because he has given up painting for music. Music's bad for people. I think God made painting and the devil made music. I do."

Shortly after this Anton bought his last violin from the widow of the *chef d'orchestre* at Trouville, giving his old one to Bela. And from that day on the fortunes of the Hrdlika ménage steadily declined. A year or so later, at Bordeaux, they had reached a very low ebb. There was a sudden flight from debts and disaster to America, the land of beginnings-over. But Anton Hrdlika could not leave his destiny behind him.

Small need to trace in detail the American misadventures of the Hrdlika ménage. But I was able to discern at last why Laurestine had not sooner fled from Anton; why she now felt uncomfortable over possibilities latent in my attempt to find Bela and make myself known to him; and the meaning of her reference to the sinister effect on him of playing Anton's violin.

She had not fled from Anton, taking Bela with her, as she had long since desired to do, because Anton, suspecting this, had told her, with a crazy intensity carrying its own conviction, that any attempt on her part to remove Bela from him could have but one result—her death, Bela's, and his own. He would follow and find them, no matter where or when; and this Laurestine shudderingly believed. In the old days she might not have taken his melodrama seriously; now she took it seriously. All the difference lay in one word—"cocaine."

Life thus became a dull torture to her, shadowed by fear; and by a curious transference, since she had neither the will nor courage to strike at Anton, a living, evil presence, she began to seek mental relief in putting the blame for all her misfortunes on one who had become for her little more than a wraith. I, certainly, could not harm her, so she took to hating and striking out at me. Bela finding her one day in tears, she confessed to him on a sudden impulse that she was not married to Anton; she was a wicked, wretched woman—the most miserable in the world. But it wasn't her fault. She had been treated like a dog by a husband who was a monster! By false pretenses he had induced her, a mere child, to marry him; he had tired of her in a few weeks and cast her forth penniless to starve, and so on. But even then, fearful of Anton's jealous rage, she dared not tell Bela he was that inhuman monster's son; nor did she mention the monster's name.

The effect of these revelations on a sensitive boy, already depressed and overstrained by his sordid contacts with life, could only be devastating.

Anton, his supposed father, had always treated Bela with extravagant kindness varied by brief spasms of cruelty. Bela, moreover, was an artist by instinct, and even as a little fellow his whole being responded to the occasional flashes of æsthetic power Anton's disintegrating nature put forth. He could not love Anton, but he could not be indifferent to him; and gradually, to account for all this, he convinced himself that Anton was a good and great man into whom an authentic demon had entered; and later on, as we know, the boy's undisciplined imagination gave this evil spirit—or was it another even more terrible? a specific home office within the polished belly of a specific fiddle.

When, therefore, his mother told him of her past he felt an implacable hatred toward the nameless man who had wronged her sweep through him. To revenge his mother on that villain became a romantic duty, a mission in life to be scrupulously fulfilled. Anton now, by comparison, seemed to him merely a pitiable being; he at least had received and sheltered Lally when that unspeakable one had driven her from him. Laurestine admits that Bela's indignation was balm to her—she knows not why; admits she deliberately played upon it and heightened it. But in the end it frightened her; she was aware suddenly that she had gone too far.

This was one night at Belcher's joint when Anton was too ill or too cantankerous to play. "I'll play for them," said Bela. He went into the dining room with Mlle. d'Aubigny, his mother. He paid no attention to murmurs of disappointment from frequenters of the casino. He stood up, tall, straight, pale, and tucked his father's fiddle—that demonic fiddle—beneath his chin. Laurestine did not know until the first notes sounded that he had discarded his own and helped himself to Anton's violin; then she knew. She had never heard Bela play as he played that night. The boy, in spite of Anton's teaching and earlier predictions, had never become a really good performer; he had a fairly sound technic and a true ear, but he lacked fire, personality—his heart was not in it; or never had been until now. But that night the strings vibrated with sinister passion; and when Laurestine, startled, looked round at Bela, she saw a face distorted, stiffened to a white mask of rage.

The diners at Belcher's joint were not pleased by this performance; there was something in it they did not understand—that rubbed them the wrong way. It was an intense improvisation, and so far like one of the crazy fiddler's; but, unlike his, it was not surcharged with sensuality; it was intense, but somber and austere. The applause at its conclusion was perfunctory. Bela bowed curtly and offering his arm to Mlle. d'Aubigny withdrew. Erotic jazz, by the four depressed colored ge'men, followed, to the diners' effervescent relief.

Bud Belcher waiting in the performers' anteroom was wheezily sarcastic and profane; told Bela never to go in there and play again; he was a joke. It is doubtful if Bela so much as heard him. He followed his mother upstairs, then drew her aside into his partitioned cubicle.

"Lally," he said, drawing a dry tongue over chalk-dry lips, "what's his name and where is he—that man?"

"But, Bela dear, what's come over you? Your eyes! Why do you want to know?"

"I must know."

"Why?"

"You know why, Lally. A man like that has no right to live"

She saw he meant it; his strange improvisation had meant just that—a dedication to revenge. She was terrified. He pleaded with her; he commanded; for the first time in his life he was short and harsh with her. But terror gave her will to withstand him. She had gone too far; the boy was dangerously overwrought. Already she had had more than enough of this sort of thing from life.

She would not give him the name of the man she had so casually taught him to hate. She warned Anton not to tell him; and Anton, thinking she had revealed to Bela his true paternity, struck her. She did not resent the blow; she begged him to listen to her; she explained what she had done, and her present fear. Anton called her every foul name in his polyglot vocabulary. This didn't concern her; she had heard them all before; and now at least she felt safe again. She knew that Anton, too, would be dumb.

But she didn't sleep that night. What a fool she'd been these past years! A new path toward freedom opened—shimmered. Why in heaven's name had she never before considered that possibility? Alfred Elliman was in America, was a successful painter; she had lately read his name in the papers many times. Perhaps—perhaps if he knew that Bela was indeed his son ——

Less than a week later she had tiptoed, one hour before dawn, from Bud Belcher's joint.

My basic problem, it was now clear, was far other than I had supposed. I must still find Bela, but in a different way, and finally in a different sense. I must find him and teach him to care for me, trust me, before revealing my identity. I must first teach him to find whatever little there was of good in me, if I were ever truly to find my son.

I placed the following inconspicuous advertisement in two morning and two evening papers:

"Present address of Bela Hrdlika desired. Answer, P. O. Box ——, Trenton, N. J. B. B."

This was tentative, merely. My thought was that if this advertisement should be seen by Bela himself he would interpret the initials "B. B" as those of Bud Belcher; and before loosing this *ballon d'essai* I had taken a room in Trenton for a week, had hired the necessary post-office box, and had introduced myself under a false name, as a lawyer, to Bud Belcher, that ungenial ruffian. My explanation to him was no

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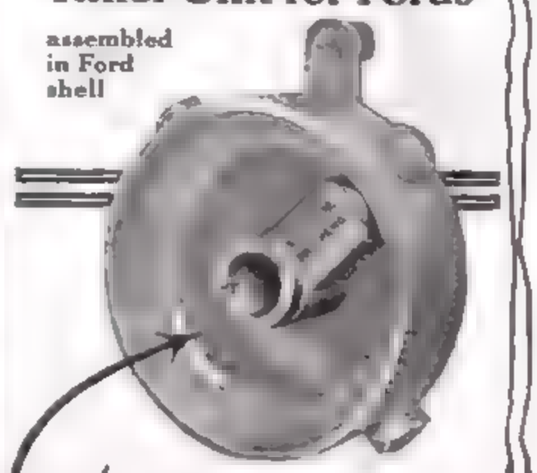
NEVER-FAIL
Timer Unit for Fords

assembled in Ford shell



50c will double the life of a timer shell

because this little brush makes pitted worn shells run like new.

The Never-fail Timer Unit takes the "jump" out of Fords by *constant contact*. In spite of rough roads or pitted shells, its direct thrust keeps the roller always on the track, insuring a fat, hot spark *all the time*.

All wearing parts of the Never-fail Timer Unit are made of hardened steel. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your fifty cents will be refunded.

You can have *good* carburation *always*

—more power—easy starting—smooth running—smooth and quick acceleration—freedom from carburetor troubles—*real* gas economy—by installing a high-vacuum Never-fail Carburetor. It's a big investment in Ford comfort and economy—the sturdy, ten-dollar, absolutely guaranteed

NEVER-FAIL
Carburetor for Fords

The Offer—

$10

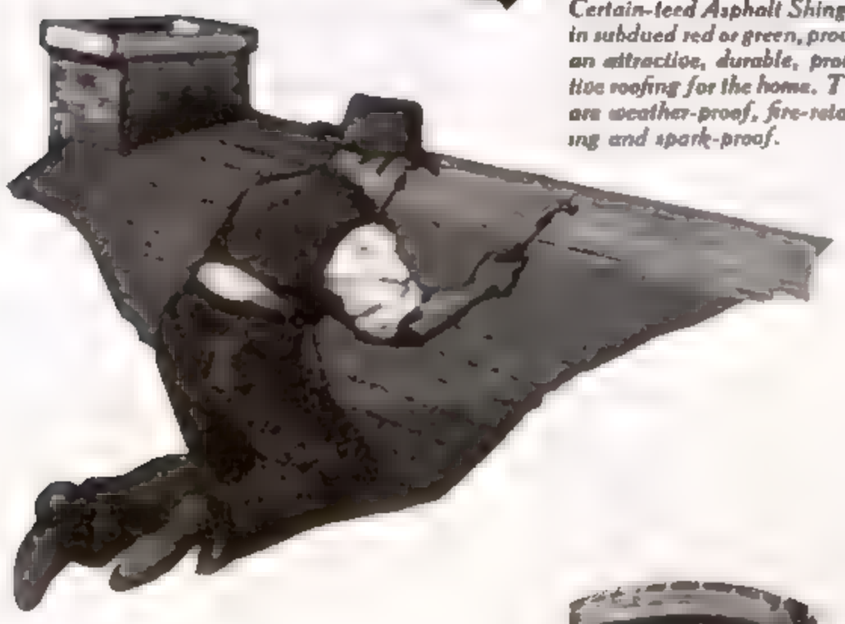
Dealers and Jobbers—Stock these products now for the spring buying season. Write us today for prices.

Never-fail Carburetor Company
200 Jackson Ave.
Long Island City, N. Y.

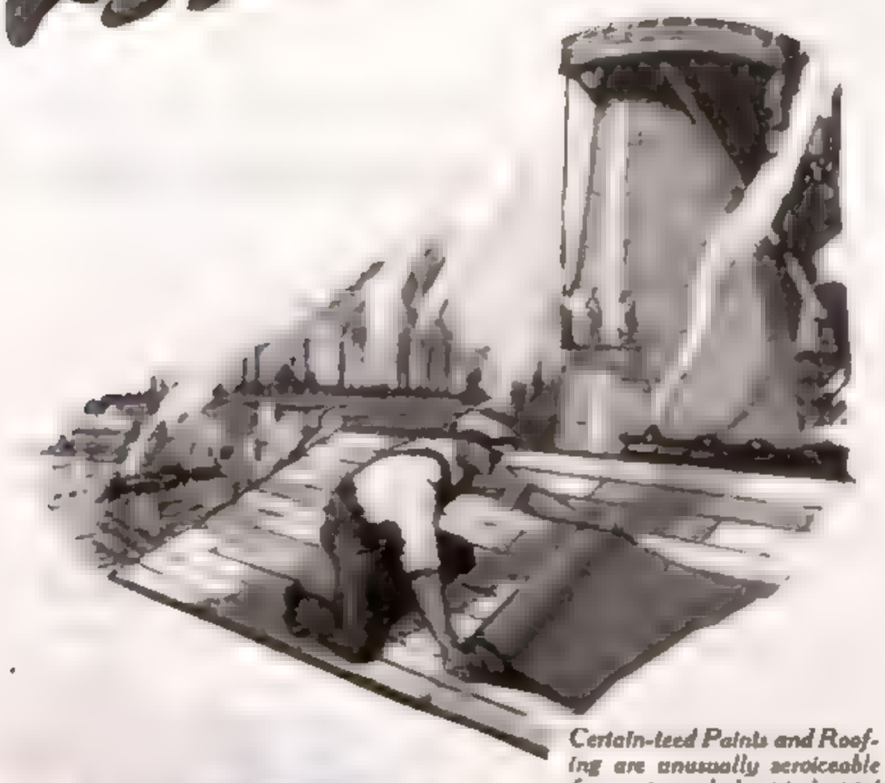
Owner Agents
Earn good money selling Never-fail products—whole or part time. Good territories open. Write today for liberal offer.

The Guarantee

Certain-teed Oilcloth is a neat and sanitary covering for kitchen tables and shelves. It is made plain white and in attractive patterns. It is very durable. Certain-teed Flat Wall Paint is excellent for use in the kitchen It is enduring, may be repeatedly washed and lends a delightful bit of color to a room that is too often dreary.



Certain-teed Asphalt Shingles, in subdued red or green, provide an attractive, durable, protective roofing for the home. They are weather-proof, fire-retarding and spark-proof.



Certain-teed Paints and Roofing are unusually serviceable for use in and about industrial plants. They are always highest quality and very reasonable in cost.

The Certain-teed Label Guides You To High Quality Products

THE Certain-teed Label is a quality guarantee placed on a long line of products, including Paint, Enamel, Varnish, Roofing, Asphalt Shingles, Linoleum, Floortex, Oilcloth and many others.

The quality is guarded by the exercise of strict supervision over every process from the purchase of raw materials to the final shipping of the finished product.

This supervision protects the experienced and inexperienced buyer alike. The label identifies these articles, which can be depended upon to redeem every promise made for them.

Yet these products are not high priced. They are manufactured in tremendous volume and marketed through an extensive distributing and warehouse system, both of which tend to keep prices reasonable.

Therefore while relying upon the Certain-teed Label for quality products, you find that it represents economy as well.

Certain-teed Products are sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

Certain-teed Products Corporation

General Offices, Saint Louis

Offices and Warehouses in Principal Cities

Certain

PAINT · VARNISH · ROOFING · LINOLEUM · OIL CLOTH

Certain-teed Varnish Stain provides a hard, protective surface for your floors. It stains and varnishes in one operation, producing effects which resemble natural hardwood. It is not affected by steam and may be washed with soap and hot water. It does not turn white, scratch nor show heel marks. It is made to be walked upon.

This room is also made more attractive and serviceable by the use of Certain-teed Snow White Enamel on the woodwork, and Certain-teed Flat Wall Paint on the walls.

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& RELATED PRODUCTS

One man rolls a Stuebing Lift Truck under a loaded platform, lifts it with an easy pull on the steering lever, quickly moves it to any location, and lowers it safely to the floor

Stuebing Lift Truck Systems, with inexpensive loading platforms, are leading the trend away from ordinary factory trucks because they save the frequent loadings and unloadings which waste from 60% to 80% of the trucker's time.

Stuebing Lift Trucks are built throughout of steel and fitted with large roller bearings. Made with capacities of from ½ to 8 tons they will handle any product, work in any factory or warehouse, and speed up any production schedule.

Stuebing Lift Trucks, in fleets of up to 175 units, are shop transporting greater tonnage at lower cost for International Harvester, Goodyear, Procter & Gamble, Bush Terminal, Cincinnati Milling Machine, and hundreds of other varied industries. They can do the same for you.

THE STUEBING TRUCK COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio

StueBing
LIFT TRUCK
SYSTEMS

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truer than he deserved. I knew it would never do to rouse his suspicion that there was anything in my inquiry that might be turned to his own advantage. I was merely, I told him, trying to recover for a client a piece of unpaid-for property—namely, the violin on which the man calling himself Hrdlika, since deceased, had played while a performer at Belcher's Casino. I had learned through detectives that Hrdlika's son had carried this violin away with him; and so on. By a payment of fifty dollars I easily secured Bud's promise to let me know if he should himself receive any word of Bela, or directly from him. It was fifty dollars wasted.

Two mornings later I unlocked my post-office box and found a pink envelope smelling vilely of some nameless sachet. I opened it and read:

"Theys a feller works here for Nuxone Bela Hrdlika. If thats him your after I wisht to God you got sumthing on him. If theys any reward you believe me Ill use it.

"If your a gent yours in hopes to here

"SADIE HAT."

Not being a gent I never replied to this letter, which was undated, but which had a curly monogram stamped in silver in its left upper corner, and a fancy heading also stamped in silver:

"26 Fuchsia Street
Oakdale Terrace, N. J."

V

I DID not immediately go down to Oakdale Terrace. I went to a reputable agency, engaged a private detective, and sent him there in my stead with explicit instructions. He was merely to ascertain whether the Bela Hrdlika at Oakdale Terrace was a boy of eighteen who had formerly lived with his father, Anton Hrdlika, deceased, at Belcher's Casino, near Trenton. If so, he was to find out where and under what conditions he was now living and if possible rent a room in the same house with him and stay in it for a week or two, giving it up suddenly. I should then be on hand to step into his shoes.

Except that the detective, who pottered about the neighborhood meanwhile selling insurance, was delayed a week in gaining admission to Mrs. Kingery's, this little plan worked perfectly. He lived with Mrs. Kingery for perhaps ten days—and didn't mind telling me he hated to leave there—then received the unexpected offer of a good position in Minneapolis; and I arrived at Oakdale Terrace just in time to fall heir to the room he vacated. My inquiry for rentable rooms at Mitchell's drug store was, of course, a blind. I entered Mrs. Kingery's domain fully informed in advance as to its inmates and the generally delightful conditions prevailing. Not even a private detective could uncover a flaw in either the character or the cooking of Mrs. Kingery.

My studio apartment I left in charge of Li Po and Laurestine, giving Li Po power of attorney to pay all bills from my bank account and attend in general to my not very complicated personal affairs. I had explained to them what I hoped to accomplish at Oakdale Terrace and had told them I might be absent a month or more; naturally I should run into town from time to time and report progress. Through my doctor it was casually given out that I was to take a long rest in the country to recuperate from a recent severe breakdown in health.

Laurestine said she thought my whole scheme *suffisamment niais*, but since I had set my heart on it she wouldn't interfere. She would say, though, it would be far simpler for me to send her straight on to Bela; she was certain she could bring him home to me with an entirely changed mind, fully prepared to forgive the errors of my youth and to learn to like me and accept me as a possible father. This in no way altered my decision; and I found that Li Po—whose judgment in delicate situations I had learned to respect—considered my own plan the more promising. I put my car at his disposal and instructed him to do what he could to make things agreeable for his new mistress.

Laurestine, I had noted, seemed for the present well content to be merely idle and at ease; if she was ever bored she gave no sign of it, and the shops and theaters seemed to furnish her with all the excitement she craved. If she yearned to see Bela again she had given me no very convincing sign of that either.

Thus the conditions for my venture were as satisfactory as possible, given the somewhat disquieting circumstances involved.

I had decided to pose at Mrs. Kingery's as a not very successful author, which would enable me to spend as much time quietly in my room as I desired. It bothered me a little that a Miss Miniter, Mrs. Kingery's star boarder, worked for a firm of New York publishers; but after all there are thousands of obscure authors who manage to make a living somehow by their pens, and of whom nobody has ever heard. I might even make good my disguise by venturing to ask her some day for a letter of introduction to the editor of the monthly magazine issued by her firm. That she might recognize and place me never even occurred to me. I've not had a photograph taken since leaving college, and the one likeness of me—Conrad Archer's marvelous sketch in red crayon—hangs in the Tate Gallery in London.

But on the third evening after my arrival at Mrs. Kingery's I was destined to receive a severe though passing shock. Bela, importuned by Kathleen, had remained downstairs after dinner to tell that not very attractive child a fairy story. I lingered with them, hoping to make some little advance with Bela, who thus far—except for punctilious attention to rather un-American courtesies as between fellow guests—had pretty completely ignored me. But my attempt to join Bela and Kathleen was promptly foiled by Kingery Senior, who forced me into a corner, offered me a stogy, seated himself before me, hands on knees, and began a laboriously detailed account of English rule in Ireland. He's a persistent old trumpeting elephant, is Kingery. I saw I was done for, and made haste to plead an unfinished article and fly upward. The door of my room is just across the hall from Miss Miniter's, which was standing ajar, and she called out to me as I reached for my doorknob.

"Won't you come in a moment, Mr. Ellwood? I can offer you a cigarette. Please do."

Already I liked Miss Miniter; there was a quiet, unforced frankness about her that delighted me; she so obviously, yet so unobtrusively, in this difficult world, stood on her own finely arched and daintily shod feet. I gladly obeyed her summons.

"I left the door open to catch you," she said as I entered, "but now I've done so, please close it. You see," she continued, not rising, but holding out her cigarettes to me with a smile it would have been impossible for even a Casanova to misjudge, "I've a little confession to make. I happen to know who you really are, and I don't care to live so near you under false pretenses."

"You know?" I stammered.

"Unfortunately; since I see you'd rather I didn't. But of course, as you're here incog., it wasn't difficult to guess that you'd rather I didn't. But I can't help it, can I, if I do?"

Her eyes at once reassured me. "Not very well," I replied, more—though still not perfectly—at ease.

"Please don't think I'm asking an explanation," she quickly added; "I'm simply making one. But Alfred Elliman's rather a famous person, you know, to hope to submerge himself with entire success—even in Oakdale Terrace!"

I had accepted a cigarette from her; now I lighted it, dawdling over the process, and thinking hard. Then I sank into the ancient upholstered armchair which fronted her own ancient morris chair at a comfortable angle.

"Miss Miniter," I said finally, "I should really like to tell you all about it and ask your advice."

"Better not," she struck in promptly; "you might be sorry to-morrow. Men are so often too impulsive. Why not wait a few days and think it over? And I'd much rather," she hurried on, "have you tell me something about Conrad Archer—that is, if you care to. You've been so close to him—and he's so great a genius! Think of being the best friend of such a man! How I envy you!"

The words rang true; and she could not more certainly have increased my admiration and respect for her.

"Poor devil!" I burst forth. "He's eating his heart out these days! There's no better artillery officer in the British forces, but they won't give him his head! He's slaving, day in, day out, to induce the British War Office to adopt the French

(Continued on Page 73)

Cornell

Takes the Place of Lath and Plaster for Walls, Ceilings and Partitions

Wood Board

I can tell the "Triple-Sized" Wallboard by this name "Cornell" on the edge

BECAUSE I've constructed walls, ceilings and partitions with about every brand of wallboard on the market—and checked the results three or four years later—I've now adopted the rule of picking out Cornell Wood Board for every job. I find that Cornell doesn't warp or buckle because it is "Triple-Sized."

Every man and woman I've worked for admires Cornell's handsome "Oatmeal" finish.

My painter friends say that Cornell's "Mill-Primed" surface takes a perfect spread of paint or calcimine without priming. So they always figure to paint a Cornell job for less. Leading lumber dealers everywhere supply Cornell Wood Board.

Send for Sample and Booklet No. 25 of Cornell Interiors

CORNELL WOOD PRODUCTS COMPANY, General Offices, CHICAGO
Water Power, Mills and Timber Lands in Wisconsin

Cornell comes in neat dustproof packages of 10 panels each protected by special "JUTE" wrapper; 8 lengths from 6 to 16 ft., two widths —"Cornell 32" for small rooms, "Cornell 48" for large rooms.

KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

Outlast the Factory

Satisfactory for Every Factory

MACHINES and men must have a proper foundation in order to do their best work.

The most delicate, intricate and important part of your plant equipment is your human equipment—*men*.

When men stand on hard, stone-cold floors, they unconsciously lie down on the job—machines slow down and profits *come* down.

Complete your plant with Kreolite Floors—and increase the health and efficiency of your employees.

Kreolite Floors put your men upon a proper foundation and your production upon a better footing.

They have the resilience of Nature's own flooring material—wood. They are practically noiseless and dustless.

We make the famous Kreolite Lug Wood Blocks for street pavements and bridges. Write for literature

Patented grooving binds each block to others for unit strength and unit wear.

Rolling loads glide easily over their smooth top surface—and they *endure* every test and every condition.

Floors of Kreolite are particularly adapted for use in machine shops, foundries, warehouses, loading platforms, areaways, round-houses, paper mills, tanneries and stables.

Our Factory Floor Engineers are always at the disposal of industry.

Our Service Division has given aid to hundreds in solving floor problems without any obligation.

Write for their services or for the Kreolite Floor Book.

Address inquiries to Toledo Office.

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches: Albany, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal Cities

Western Sales Distributors—Western Wood Preserving Company, Spokane, Washington

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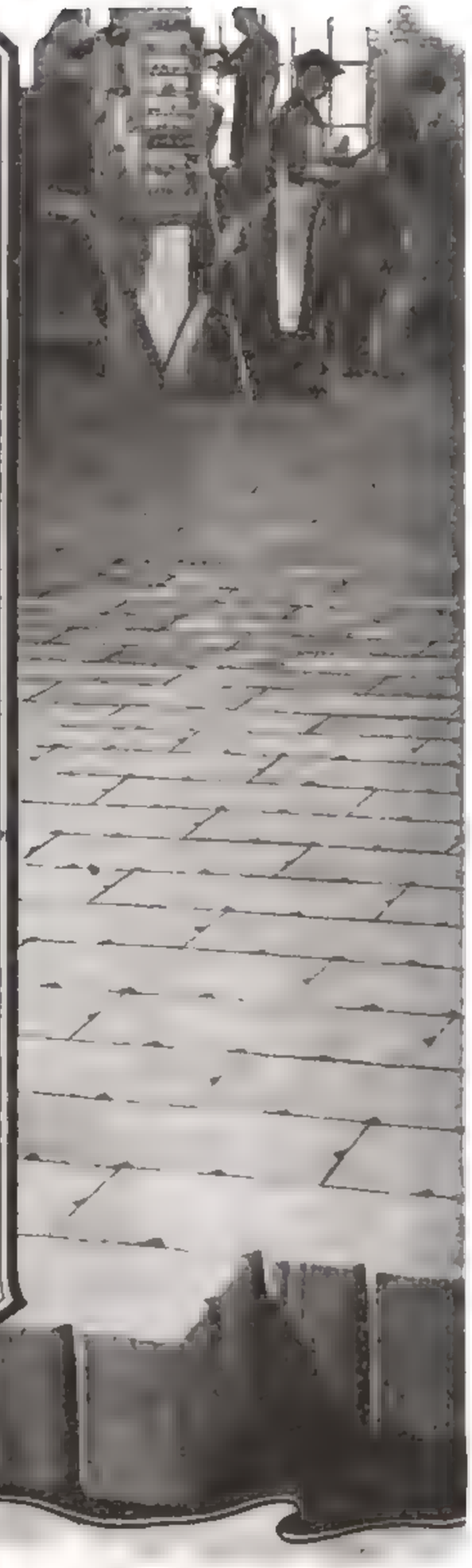

Patented May 6, 1919

(Continued from Page 70)

methods of range finding and shell distribution—but they simply won't. I'd a letter from him two weeks back; God knows how it got by the censor, but it did. 'We're wasting half our shells,' he groaned. I could hear him. 'And those damned fools ——' Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"Why?" laughed Miss Miniter. "They are damned fools, aren't they? Do go on!"

Two evenings later I crossed the hall and tapped at Miss Miniter's door.

"Now you're in for it," I announced, "no matter how busy you are. I shall talk for hours probably. Are you ready?"

"Shoot," said Miss Miniter.

XVI

I HAD supposed the extreme limit of my stay at Oakdale Terrace would be perhaps a month, but I had not been there two weeks before I realized that I was in for a longer period of exile. In the first place I was making little progress with my attempts to overcome Bela's curiously stubborn reserve. The boy was polite, but formal; and I was presently, by various subtleties of manner, made aware that he resented my intrusion into the happy family of the Kingerys. In the second place—well, I can now see how far my decision to make haste slowly was due to the fact that I already much preferred living across the hall from Miss Miniter to living in the same apartment with Laurestine. However, it was not until a full month had passed that I began to feel the disturbing connection between Bela's reserve and my rapidly increasing interest in and admiration for Miss Miniter.

Mrs. Kingery was the clear source of my enlightenment. I went to her one midmorning to pay my weekly bill, and finding her alone in her kitchen I stopped to chat with her.

"Mrs. Kingery," I asked bluntly, "why doesn't Bela like me? I've never been more strongly drawn to anyone, and it hurts me—it really does—not to be able to make friends with him."

"Poor lad!" was her enigmatic response.

"Of course," I persevered, "he's had a mighty hard life for a sensitive, talented boy—what you and Miss Miniter have told me about him explains a good deal. Then, his work must be hopeless drudgery to him—a constant drain on his spirits. He worries about his mother, too, I suppose, all the time?"

"He does," sighed Mrs. Kingery.

"Naturally. It's not difficult to understand his depression, and I marvel at the way he keeps it under. But it's a terrible thing for a boy like that to consume all his own smoke. If I could only win his confidence somehow—I'm sure I could help him."

"I'm sure," echoed Mrs. Kingery. "But there's more than all that to it, Mr. Ellwood—there's more back of it all—there's a thing I don't understand—and there's a thing I do." She looked at me doubtfully a moment. "Maybe it's not right for me to say it—but we're all friends here I hope, thank God—we mean well by each other. Mr. Ellwood, the poor lad's in love—sunk, he is—it's the last straw for him, you might say—and not a word out of him! Aha, Mr. Ellwood, many's the lad his age goes head over heels for a grown woman and plays the fool, and no harm done! The crazier they act the soonest mended! But Bela keeps his head, worse luck—and holds his tongue—why, I don't know—but there's a reason behind, God help him—and he'll never be rid of it all with a black lump on his heart like a cobble. It's what I say to Kingery and he after me, 'If that lad don't blow off steam one day, he'll burst and die of it.' 'And he will, too,' says Kingery."

"What makes you think he's in love, Mrs. Kingery? I've been studying the boy for a month, and I've never suspected it."

"Why would you—you least of all?" she replied. "He'd be crucified first. Well he knows when you and Miss Miniter visit together.

"That's what stands between you and him, Mr. Ellwood—you asked and I'm telling you—though God help me, what Kingery'd say if he heard me—it's not to be pictured—it is not, indeed! And thank you kindly for the money, Mr. Ellwood—I'm a lucky woman the way I'm paid prompt and regular—and so Kingery says night and morning, the poor man—for nobody works harder!"

It was a gentle dismissal; but I made what my friend Pennington, the stage director, calls, with artistic shudders, a false exit—that is, I halted in the doorway, then turned back.

"Mrs. Kingery," I demanded, almost sharply, "does Miss Miniter know that Bela is in love with her?"

In spite of herself, I think, Mrs. Kingery giggled.

"God help the men!" she giggled; then blushed, turning her face from me. "Don't take it wrong, Mr. Ellwood; but Kingery, he'd ask the same in your shoes."

It was impossible to misinterpret this reply; nevertheless I took it up to my room with me, and there pondered it. And the more I pondered it, the less I liked the intolerable situation it revealed.

XVII

IT IS an intolerable situation, is it not, to find yourself your son's rival, whatever the environing circumstances may happen to be? But if in addition to being his rival you are also still legally the husband of his mother—a mother he adores; if, too, he doesn't know you are his father; and, finally, if you happen to be the creature whom—in idea, at least, and for his mother's sake—he hates with a yearning hatred and thinks it his duty to find some day and kill—surely "intolerable" is a very weak word to cover such tragically grotesque facts as these! There is only one word to cover them—"improbable"; and that word is useless to me. For when the improbable has happened—why, there it is! It exists.

And you can't escape from the actual by calling it a bad dream, though many a poor devil has tried to do so, and will again, to the end of dreamers and all bad dreaming!

I did some intensive thinking throughout the rest of that swiftly passing day. I isolated all the above stubborn facts and many more, stated them to myself with laconic frankness, then examined them in all their bearings, minutely. It was a sort of inquest upon the contents of my private consciousness, and not unsalutary. And one fact loomed like a granite cliff: I saw that if I were free I should presently ask Miss Miniter to be my wife; for she was already, as no woman had been before her, at home in what I can only call my mind's estate—that varied tract, half cultivated, half savage, which my ego had partly inherited, partly conquered, and had wholly walled in from the intrusion of casual trespassers.

Miss Miniter, from the first, had known the password to this domain, and had entered there as one for whom both the tended paths and the wild land had long been waiting. And the far lovelier walled gardens of her own estate, by some happy fatality, neighbored mine. It would be a simple matter to throw them together and so at one and the same time widen our boundaries and banish loneliness. That is, it might conceivably have been a simple matter if a certain rough overlord, named Duty, had had no interest in the transaction. But he had—and insisted upon obedience in his boorish, autocratic way.

As he pointed out, harshly, there were prior claimants. There was Laurestine; and the problem of Laurestine was not a simple one. It was inextricably snarled up with the whole major problem of my obligations to, and my strong and increasing affection for, Bela Hrdlika, her son and mine. If there had been no Bela, indeed, I should hardly have felt that a problem existed. The mere conventions of life have little hold upon me; less perhaps than they deserve. My morality, such as it is, is founded, I like to think, on the sincerity of my human relations. I choose to base my conduct on facts, not on technicalities; and that Laurestine had remained my wife in any save a legalistic sense would never have occurred to me. She had no love for me, nor I for her, and my one remaining duty toward her was to provide for her reasonable comfort. Under these conditions she would easily, I knew, consent to divorce if—if, again, there had been no Bela. But there, unmistakably and appealingly, he was; and his devotion to Laurestine, however unworthy its object, was another fact like a granite mountain.

And a third, equally solid, I feared, was his boyish passion for Miss Miniter; his consequent instinctive jealousy of me. Why, I asked myself, had he not impulsively poured out this pent fiery stream in a lava torrent of words? Until he had done so, honest boy-fashion, there was little hope for his recovery. A too mature will was subjecting his physical and nervous immaturity to an intolerable, to—quite possibly—a fatal strain. Why?

There could be, I felt, but one answer. He, too, was obeying a mandate of the rough overlord; a false mandate, surely; or a true mandate misunderstood. He conceived himself to be—yes, in this twentieth century—dedicated to revenge. He was living up to a romantic, a medieval ideal of family honor, doubtless early planted in his child's soul by Anton Hrdlika, that madly romantic Czech! Hate, then, under given circumstances, was a noble passion, to be cherished and blindly served. Served by a deed—a just deed! Until that was accomplished love could have no place in Bela's life, was an intruder there; he must trample it down and pass over it to the appointed goal.

Thus the nature of my task, the full scope of my duty, became obvious; but how to fulfill that duty, accomplish that task? Placed—cornered, rather; hemmed in—as I found myself, was it not beyond my poor wit and strength? In the bright lexicon of youth there is, perhaps, no such word as "fail"; but in the thumbed lexicon of forty? Is it not scrawled there across every page?

My head throbbed, my heart ached with staggering questions.

How to save Bela from the curse of his parents' past misdeeds, from their blundering weakness? How to save Bela from the curse of his childhood's environment, his damnable upbringing? How to save Bela from Laurestine's folly, from Anton's folly, from my own folly and neglect? How, above all, to save him from the living sum of all these influences? How to save him from himself?

Could I do it? Was it not years too late? Could I save his reason, his very life? Could I save his great undeveloped talent—a natural endowment so much finer than my own, yet so strangely sprung from it? Could I save this for its true development, and for the world?

Miss Miniter had let me examine a series of designs by Bela, unshaded outlines made with an ordinary pencil; and though they were technically imperfect—the drawing of the figure being especially faulty—they were troublingly beautiful, already far beyond me in authentic imaginative power. Could I save all this?

Well, I could try. I could begin, at least, by forgetting myself in him. At forty, if ever, one can make these renunciations of a private impracticable dream. But even at forty one is not apt to be a saint or a superman. For saint or superman, doubtless, to renounce is to renounce; for ordinary clay renunciation has its nuances, its pitiful degrees toward finality. One renounces—and hopes against hope; so, presently, it is all to do over again, and one renounces once more.

I did not cross the hall that evening, nor the three following evenings, to chat with Miss Miniter.

On the fifth evening it was Miss Miniter who crossed the hall to me.

XVIII

SHE seated herself, rather stiffly for Miss Miniter, on the outer third of a straight bedroom chair. "I've been thinking over all you told me," she began, "and I've come to ask whether you regret having told me?"

"No!" I exclaimed.

"I thought possibly you did. You well might, you know. And you've been rather pointedly dodging me for several days."

"Yes," I answered pretty miserably, "I have. And I shall have to go on dodging you, as pointedly as possible, if I'm ever to win Bela's confidence."

"Why?"

"The boy's jealous of our friendship. It's a wretched situation; but I fear there's no doubt of it."

Miss Miniter's face cleared; the lines of her body relaxed a little.

"I'm glad you have so much insight," she said. "For a man, you're frighteningly intuitive. It would have been awkward to have to tell you Bela's in love with me—at his age—and mine! But since you've discovered it for yourself ——"

"With Mrs. Kingery's help," I acknowledged.

"Oh. Then you're not quite so wonderful, after all!" She smiled faintly; but for the first time since I had known her she seemed painfully ill-at-ease. A silence lengthened between us and grew oppressive.

(Continued on Page 77)

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(Continued from Page 73)

"How absurd!" she cried out at last. "I believed my silly nerves under better control. Why should I feel embarrassed with you, or you with me? I won't—and you mustn't any more!"

"My dear," I replied, "we both feel embarrassed—because we love each other and haven't had the courage to say so."

"You've had—now!" she gasped. Two sharp flares leaped up in her cheeks. "And it's true. There! Now we've both had. But we've found each other so much too late. It's a queer, sad, middle-aged failure for us, man of mystery. We're old enough to stand up to it, that's one good thing. And we can work together a little while; we can have that much. We can work together—for Bela."

I went to her and bowed over her hands, kissed them. "Thank you, dear."

It left the two bright spots of color in her cheeks and a suspicion of tears in her eyes. We sat, calmly, and advised together. It was as if we had been married for many years.

XIX

SADIE HAT, the girl next door, was disgruntled. She could no longer stomach the fact that Bela, though he lifted his cap whenever he passed her, ignored—to supply the words she needed—her very existence. But she'd learn him somethin', so she promised herself, one of these days! Somethin' to chew on!

And there was an added annoyance gathering like mildew on her jellylike mind.

One night from the cigarette-strewn floor of the front porch she had picked up an appropriately soiled copy of the Evening Primrose, abandoned there by her gen'leman friend. Sadie seldom read a newspaper, having little time to spare for any phase of contemporary history not self-projected; when she did read one she always turned first to those special columns of advice to the sentimental, and so passed on to glance through the personal notices—"Tootsie. Love and kisses. Wootsie." It was a satisfaction to her, though a dull one—for she lacked the power of dramatizing suggestions—to read such items. In a muzzy way, they revived in her the primitive sense of herd solidarity; made her feel she was part of the real central microcosm—one of the regular bunch. She, too, belonged.

On that particular evening, in that not always particular journal, her eye fell upon a brief notice already familiar to us:

"Present address of Bela Hrdlika desired. Answer, P. O. Box ——, Trenton, N. J.
"B. B."

The perusal of this brief notice had perhaps given her the one authentic literary sensation of an unimaginative life.

Bela Hrdlika was wanted, was he? In the circle of Sadie's experience no one was ever wanted except by the police. She construed the notice by instinct as proof positive of a criminal and disgraceful past. She hugged the thought. And she did more. She got out her best pink notepaper. It was her hope that she alone in all Oakdale Terrace had seen that notice; and apparently this wild hope was justified.

Having dispatched her information to the mysterious B. B., she waited, gloating, for some response—and for Bela's inevitable doom. But no response came; and Bela went on about his business and continued to treat her like dirt. Also a new grievance appeared, a new boarder at Mrs. Kingery's—the damnedest old grouch she'd ever run up against. Allus there at his window writin' som'pn—an' if he wasn't a spy she missed her guess! She'd given him a frien'ly eye when he first come, too—even if he did have both feet in the grave. She'd even called up to him an' been fresh. A girl couldn' do no more'n that, could she? An' then the ol' stiff had ast her why she chewed gum! She'd gum him all right! See if she didn't!

Well, she soon had her chance. Fate, believed in occasionally by all sensible men, had arranged all the details for her.

One muggy August morning the ol' stiff received a letter, a troubling letter, from Laurestine. Having read it and anxiously pondered it he carelessly left it, when he descended to lunch, on the table by his open window. A passing riffle of air removed it from the table and wafted it downward to the side yard. Sadie Hat was not working that day at the button factory in Hackensack; she had gotten wind of even more fantastic wages at a munitions plant in Paterson and was taking two or three days off to celebrate her approaching affluence. Her idea of beginning a holiday properly was to loll in bed at least until noon, half dozing through the last hour or two and savoring voluptuously the doordulled sounds of her mother clattering about below stairs doing the work.

Thus Sadie had just risen and was yawning deliciously at her window, which gave upon the side yard, when the slight but predestined force detached Laurestine's letter from my table. Sadie saw it waver out from my window and zigzag down to the softening asphalt; her curiosity was instantly awake; she ceased to yawn. Since the ol' stiff was allus writin' som'pn it might be as well to see just what the ol' stiff was allus writin'. She slipped on a magenta kimono, thrust her flat feet into electric-blue mules tipped with orange pompons, and so left her room to glide softly down the back stairs. And if you ask me how I know all this, please remember that Miss Miniter herself once pronounced me frighteningly intuitive.

Safe in her room again with her treasure-trove, Sadie Hat plumped herself into the middle of her mussed-up bed and painfully spelled out the following communication:

"When you read these lines, dear Alfred, I shall be on my way to San Francisco with Li Po. In all my life no one has ever been so nice to me as Li Po. We have left the apartment in perfect order. All my bills are paid, and there is nothing to worry you. Li Po has drawn on your account for me—$5000. He did not like to do this, but I told him you wouldn't wish me to be unprovided for, so at last he agreed. He says it overdraws your account a little—three or four hundred dollars—but the bank has paid the check. I do hope this won't inconvenience you, Alfred; but I'm sure it will not, you are so very rich nowadays. I'm very grateful for all you have done for me, and I know it will be a relief to you to feel free again. You never really understood me, Alfred.

"It breaks my heart to leave Bela, perhaps forever—but he is young and has his own life to live, hasn't he? And that's a little how I feel too. After all, Alfred, I'm still young—and when you remember all I've suffered! *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner, n'est-ce-pas,* Alfred? I mean to be very happy with Li Po if he will always be as nice to me. One is entitled to a little happiness from life. Isn't that true?

"You are making a great mistake, *mon ami,* not to tell Bela who you are and that he is really your son. Perhaps what I am doing now will make this easier for you—as Li Po pointed out to me over and over. That's the real reason he was able to persuade me to make this sacrifice. For when you think of it that way it is a sacrifice. I'd like you and Bela to think of it that way—especially Bela.

"I'm sure he will grow to love you, Alfred, for you have the power to do so much for him; and that's certain to tell in the end. I shall not write again, Alfred, unless all my hopes should be blighted. As Li Po says, 'To-day the Pavlovnia blossom, and to-morrow the Stone Castle.' It must be a quotation, but he can be very poetic himself. Besides, what is the use of going on with an impossible situation? And I have suffered too much. It has made me timid, Alfred. At the last moment my heart almost fails me. Adieu, *mon ami.* Tell Bela his unfortunate mother will never forget him.
LAURESTINE."

That Sadie Hat grasped all the implications of this extraordinary letter at a first or even a third reading is improbable. It is more probable, indeed, that she never grasped them at all. To have done so successfully would have required a mental alertness that is not hers. But it brought to her adapted nostrils a fascinating whiff—carrion. All was not sound and sweet in Denmark—that much she made out quite easily; and something unpleasant, perhaps, might come of it—something unpleasant for Bela, or the ol' stiff, or both. But what to do?

I will not pretend it is clear to me why, that very afternoon, she did precisely what she did do. Abstractedly that day I had pecked at a bite of lunch with Mrs. Kingery and the children, and had returned to my room to reconsider Laurestine's letter for the twentieth time since breakfast. It was obvious to me that I must take some action in the matter at once, but what action to take was far from obvious. Thus far I had made but one decision—to meet Miss Miniter at her accustomed train and place Laurestine's letter in her hands. It would of course be impossible for me to take any action without first consulting Miss Miniter.

Two hours of the long hot afternoon passed before I was able to convince myself that Laurestine's letter was gone—gone beyond recovery.

Though not ordinarily a patient man, I ransacked my pockets and every nook of my small room over and over; then the possibilities of the open window struck me and I hastily descended to the side yard, and radiating thence in every direction I combed the neighborhood.

The Kingery children assisted me, and the smaller Hats. I had lost an important letter, I told them; I had left it on my table and it must have eddied out from my window, but the air was so heavy, so still, it could not have been carried far. I described the appearance of the letter and offered a reward, trifling in itself, but sufficient to bring most of the Fuchsia Street gang about my heels, eager for the quest. Mrs. Kingery herself bustled out from her kitchen from time to time and poked about with me under barberry hedges and behind garbage pails. And at last even the girl next door in person descended, wearing a knee-length skirt and a waist which can best be described as invisible, and lolled about in our wake, asking what I had lost and saying "Ain't it a shame the way things act like that?"

Then she too—while the attention of Fuchsia Street was directed to me and my exasperation—disappeared. She slipped into Mrs. Kingery's empty house, found her way to Bela's room, opened his unlocked door and placed Laurestine's letter, unfolded, and anchored by the soap dish, on his washstand. There she knew it would be certain to catch his eye. What would happen then she could not know, but she must rather blindly have hoped it might be something dramatic and disagreeable, something worth her while. She then descended calmly to Fuchsia Street and rolled on her lolling way to Mitchell's drug store, there to consume a banana split and pass the time with whatever idle apprentice might prove available.

Miss Miniter saw her there about four o'clock. Miss Miniter had come out from town earlier than her wont and had stopped in at Mitchell's for a small flask of smelling salts. The heat had given her a slight headache which, if not thus far humored, she felt might prejudice her against the physically heavy manuscript in her bulging portfolio.

Another novel—but doubtless the same old thing! She had promised herself to glance it through before morning.

It was a promise the stars had promised themselves she could not keep. However, the small flask of smelling salts was not wholly wasted.

XX

I HAD given up my search and was just leaving the house to meet Miss Miniter's train, when she came up Fuchsia Street with her heavy portfolio and her little package. I saw at once that she was suffering, and she saw at once that I was greatly worried; so we both smiled and dismissed for the moment our own troubles in concern for each other.

"It's really nothing," I said; "it can wait at least until after dinner. Now you must lie down for an hour."

"But I couldn't rest properly now," she insisted. "I should worry—which would help neither of us."

I had followed her to her door. There we paused, and I told her briefly the contents and fate of the vanished letter. "And now promise me to try for a nap," I ended. "After dinner, if you're up to it, we'll talk it all over and come to a decision."

"Bela will have to be told everything—to-night," she replied. "That much is clear."

"Yes. But the telling—so infinitely much depends on that!"

"I shall tell him," said Miss Miniter firmly. "Men always do such things as crudely as possible."

I shook my head. "No, dear. He'd think it cowardice on my part. So it would be too. Why not have a bite of dinner brought up to you, when it's ready? I can bring it. It won't make Mrs. Kingery any extra trouble."

She shook her head slightly, in turn.

"No; I'll be all right—when I've freshened up a little. My headache was largely imaginary—an excuse to quit work. But I mean it." She laid her hand on my arm

(Continued on Page 80)

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Burroughs Adding and Listing Machines are built in different models of varying size to fit the needs of any kind of business large or small

BOOKKEEPING

Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines post ledgers and other accounts records with the speed, accuracy and ease of machine methods

CALCULATING

Burroughs Calculators add, multiply, subtract and divide without putting the figures down and obtain wanted results in the shortest possible time

Burroughs

Adding — Bookkeeping — Calculating Machines

Afraid to Face Your Banker?

Not If You Have Accurate Records

Slowly the old man entered The Guardian Savings and Trust Company and stood for a moment nervously tapping the rail by the vice-president's desk.

For a week he had dreaded this. Night after night he had worked over his financial statement, but now he knew that the paper he held in his hand was a sorry mess of figures he could not prove.

It seemed to him that bankers wanted to know a lot of fussy details no man could be expected to answer offhand, and he hated to go through all that again—it seemed like a million questions to him:

His inventory, when and how often did he take it? How much did he owe? How much was owed him; how old were these accounts and how many of them could he collect?

Why should his banker ask him how his sales compare this month with that month and what lines were selling best and how much was dead stock and what departments paid a profit and about all the little details of his overhead?

Must Know All the Facts

The trouble with this man is that his eyes never have been opened to the need of getting more figure facts about his business. He thinks the cost of making daily records would eat up all his profits and he needs to be shown that on the contrary he would make more money if he had them.

Most successful men in business today have learned that clear, accurate, detailed records of all departments and operations of their business are the best assurance of success. Machine methods of figuring and mechanical aids in bookkeeping are in common use and it is no longer necessary to carry a heavy bookkeeping expense to get desired facts.

CLAY HERRICK, Credit Manager of The Guardian Savings and Trust Company, Cleveland, says

"The man who is ready to give his banker all the facts regarding his financial condition, favorable and unfavorable, has no reason to dread an interview with him.

"It pays to be frank with your banker. Experience has taught him that he must discount the average statement. If you convince him that you have accurate records, that you have disclosed the full facts, that you are not trying to fool either yourself or him, but have frankly stated things as they are, you have gained his confidence—and confidence is the foundation of credit."

Easy with a Burroughs

With Burroughs figuring machines an inexperienced clerk can work out automatically all the figure problems of business transactions in less than half the time required by the best trained specialists to do them by mental calculation, as: adding sales and charge slips, footing all sorts of figure columns, proving postings, taking trial balances, figuring freight bills, extending invoices, distributing sales by clerks or departments, figuring discounts and interest, totaling weights and quantities, and so on.

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Get in touch with the nearest Burroughs office or write direct to the Home Office at Detroit, Mich.

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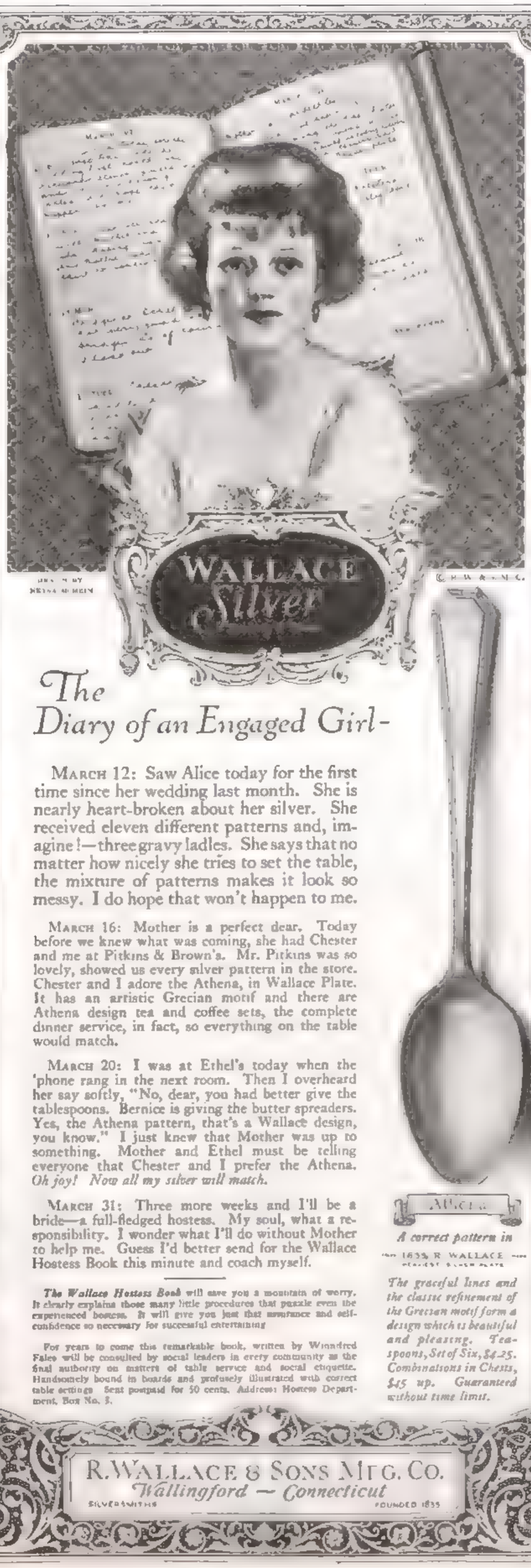


The Diary of an Engaged Girl-

MARCH 12: Saw Alice today for the first time since her wedding last month. She is nearly heart-broken about her silver. She received eleven different patterns and, imagine!—three gravy ladles. She says that no matter how nicely she tries to set the table, the mixture of patterns makes it look so messy. I do hope that won't happen to me.

MARCH 16: Mother is a perfect dear. Today before we knew what was coming, she had Chester and me at Pitkins & Brown's. Mr. Pitkins was so lovely, showed us every silver pattern in the store. Chester and I adore the Athena, in Wallace Plate. It has an artistic Grecian motif and there are Athena design tea and coffee sets, the complete dinner service, in fact, so everything on the table would match.

MARCH 20: I was at Ethel's today when the 'phone rang in the next room. Then I overheard her say softly, "No, dear, you had better give the tablespoons. Bernice is giving the butter spreaders. Yes, the Athena pattern, that's a Wallace design, you know." I just knew that Mother was up to something. Mother and Ethel must be telling everyone that Chester and I prefer the Athena. *Oh joy! Now all my silver will match.*

MARCH 31: Three more weeks and I'll be a bride—a full-fledged hostess. My soul, what a responsibility. I wonder what I'll do without Mother to help me. Guess I'd better send for the Wallace Hostess Book this minute and coach myself.

The Wallace Hostess Book will save you a mountain of worry. It clearly explains those many little procedures that puzzle even the experienced hostess. It will give you just that assurance and self-confidence so necessary for successful entertaining

For years to come this remarkable book, written by Winnifred Fales will be consulted by social leaders in every community as the final authority on matters of table service and social etiquette. Handsomely bound in boards and profusely illustrated with correct table settings. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address: Hostess Department, Box No. 3.

A correct pattern in

The graceful lines and the classic refinement of the Grecian motif form a design which is beautiful and pleasing. Teaspoons, Set of Six, $4.25. Combinations in Chests, $45 up. Guaranteed without time limit.

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
Wallingford — Connecticut
SILVERSMITHS FOUNDED 1835

(Continued from Page 77)

reassuringly and met my eyes. "Don't you worry—please! I know I can make Bela understand."

With that, for an hour or more, we separated.

When dinner was announced Miss Miniter came down from her room, cool and sparkling. She had put on a pretty summer frock of pale, crisp-looking pineapple cloth—a South Sea Island fabric, she explained, sent to her by a Hawaiian friend, once her college roommate. It had the delicate tawny frost bloom of iced champagne, and Mrs. Kingery—wilted for once, poor woman, by her day-long labors—was in ecstasies over it and said it was just as good as a sea breeze and maybe better.

Bela, as it happened, was late; he entered the house just as Kathleen was performing her cherished function of trying out variations on the three notes of the little dangling Chinese gong that hung from the ceiling in the front hall, right above the newel post. Kathleen had to mount three steps in order to reach this gong, and Bela, meeting her there, seized her hands and jumped her down them; then hurried on up to his room.

They were not to wait for him, he had called to Kathleen; he'd have to change everything.

"He's all sweaty, you see!" superfluously explained Kathleen.

"I've said before and I'll say it again," protested Kingery, "that lad's too vain of his good looks! He'll be primping for half an hour now, just like a girl!" Kingery was himself that hot evening—and very wisely, I think—in his shirt sleeves; but in spite of the temperature we dined on pork chops and mashed potatoes with gravy. Kingery was not one to suffer any falling off from the substantial simply out of respect for the thermometer.

"A day's work's a day's work, winter or summer!" was his way of looking at it. "A laborin' man can't live on greens!" Mrs. Kingery, however, had provided a crisp salad for the comparative idlers; that was her way.

Dinner was almost over now and Bela had not descended. "Is there maybe somethin' wrong with the lad?" suggested Mrs. Kingery. "Run up, do, Denis, and see!"

Denis ran up and quickly returned. "He don't want no dinner," affirmed Denis. "He says he ain't feelin' right."

"It's the heat," pronounced Kingery weightily, as if that settled the matter. Miss Miniter sped me a single questioning glance.

"I'll go and find out," said Mrs. Kingery; "I'd better have gone first off."

"There's nothing to find," grumbled Kingery. "It's the heat, mother—he's off his feed. Let the lad be now!"

"I'll go and find out, all the same," said Mrs. Kingery.

But she returned with little more for us than Denis had obtained. "He's lyin' on his bed, poor boy—his face to the wall. His head's hot, too. But he says he's all right and please not to disturb him." There was a trouble in Mrs. Kingery's eyes, and I thought she avoided my glance.

"It's the heat, woman," reaffirmed Kingery. "Now sit down, do, and act more sensible. The lad'll sleep it off. You can make him a cup of tea later on."

XXI

AFTER dinner Kingery took to the front porch and a stogy, and his hostages to fortune ran out into the street to play. Mrs. Kingery began that nightly, endless process known as clearing up. Miss Miniter went straight upstairs to see what could be done for Bela, and I followed her as far as my room. She soon rejoined me there, unobtrusively closing the door, and motioning me to draw down the window shade.

"Bela is pretending to be asleep," she informed me quietly, but unable to conceal the sharp anxiety in her eyes. "I'm certain it's only a pretense. Your letter is lying on the floor beside his bed. Now I shall go back to him. I'll take my clinical thermometer with me as an excuse."

"My letter? You must be mistaken."

"No. While I bent down to him I was able to turn it over with the toe of my slipper. I made out several lines of it, quite clearly. Oh, Alfred! All this—it's so pitiful—and terrible! For Bela, I mean! Poor child! It's impossible to imagine what this will do to him. He mustn't be left alone now. But I felt you should be warned first, Alfred."

"I'm the one to go to him," I said; "not you."

She had backed against the door as if to keep me from it, and I saw fear grip her with white fingers and squeeze the blood drop by drop from her face.

"It isn't fair to him," she whispered. "Not yet. He's had nothing to help him understand. That's my part. I can help him to understand."

I shook my head. "I'm not afraid of my son, dear; I'm afraid for him. And I've stood aside too long, as you see."

She did see, of course—being Miss Miniter. She felt with me and acknowledged all that impelled me toward Bela. She summoned the full strength of her spirit and poured it into me with a clear, confident glance.

"After all," she said, "what is it I've been fearing? What silly bugaboos we conjure up!" She opened the door for me and stood aside.

And as she opened the door and stood aside a long piercing note, sharply attacked and abruptly broken—a stiletto stroke of sound—stabbed through us like the ice flash of neuralgic pain. It was followed by an ascending series of deep, firm, menacing chords; and again the sharp, high-pitched note struck at us as a snake strikes, once.

Bela was playing, then.

We stood, side by side, squeezed into the narrow doorway of my room, rigid; and, I know not how, Miss Miniter's hand was crushed mercilessly in mine.

Bela was playing.

(Concluded on Page 83)

In Olden Days *when* Locksmiths *Mended* Watches

A SEVENTEENTH century traveler, returning to his native village, carried with him a rare watch, a masterpiece wrought in a distant guildhall. Great was the wonder it excited among the simple villagers. Eagerly they passed it from hand to hand, listening to its curious ticking, marveling at its strange power to tell the time.

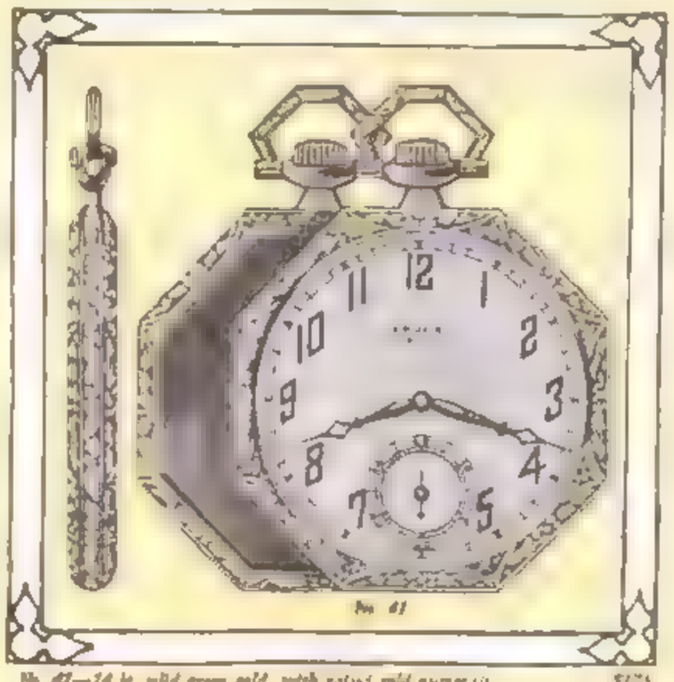
But one day it stopped. In vain the owner searched for a watchmaker who could repair it. In high despair he entrusted his priceless timepiece to the crude tools of a locksmith.

The difficulties which beset this medieval traveler are frequently encountered today by Americans. It has remained for Gruen to combine a *complete American watch service* with the art and ideals which made the Swiss guildsmen the watchmaking masters of the world.

Interesting is the contrast between the limited resources of this early repairer of watches and the modern equipment found in the Gruen Guild Service Workshops on Time Hill, Cincinnati. Here the movements, fashioned in Switzerland by Gruen craftsmen, are finally adjusted and fitted into beautiful hand-wrought Gruen cases.

An available service

Here, also, standardized duplicate parts may be obtained promptly by any jeweler in America. Thus he who possesses a Gruen Guild Watch enjoys a service as complete as would be his if he dwelt in the shadow of the Gruen Workshops.



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The Gruen Octathin (shown in panel), a beautifully hand-chased model in solid green or white gold, illustrates how Gruen has built real character into a practical watch for men.

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Prices, $25 to $750; with diamonds from $100 to $5000.

A book of Etchings and Photographic Plates showing Gruen Guild Watches for men and women will be sent if you are sincerely interested.

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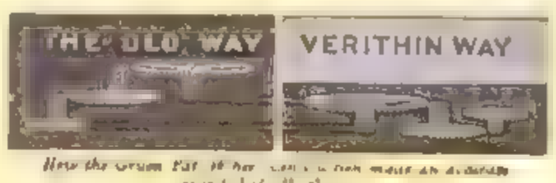

How the Gruen Fat Model [illegible] watch beneath them.

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THE WHITE COMPANY · *Cleveland*

(Concluded from Page 80)

I have never heard the like of that harsh triumphing music. It was the implacable. And again those menacing chords, and the high-pitched cry!

I released the hand in mine, walked quickly to Bela's door, opened it and went in, shutting the door behind me.

The boy was not three paces from me. Bow and fiddle dropped to his sides. His eyes bit deep, but he spoke quietly.

"Now I am going to kill you," he said.

XXII

"YOUR father?"

"I have none."

He threw the violin and bow aside; let them bounce and clatter on the patch of bare floor between two smaller patches of rag carpet. Then I saw an old-fashioned revolver lying on the washstand beside him, saw his fingers close on it and lift it. It is merely true that I felt no physical fear, so saturated was I with the horror of all he was bringing upon himself. He had never seemed to me so beautiful as in that moment. It is not true that hate is always a disfiguring passion. Bela's hatred of me had budded from an intense illusion; it was a flame flower of pure romanticism—too exotic for Oakdale Terrace or a machine-lathed modern world; but, for all that, something great and shining lay back of it; something Kit Marlowe could have found immortal speech for; something Byron would have thrilled to and understood.

"Don't destroy yourself!" I cried. "I don't matter—but you matter!"

My heart stopped, fluttered, then crazily pounded; I could feel it tearing like a netted leopard against my ribs. A blind suffocation loosened my knees. The life-giving air was sucked away from me—far off—very far—a wave ebbing from me with the rapidity of light. I tottered in a vacuum—choked—and pitched forward. The pistol spoke as I fell.

XXIII

SO IT was for me, with my grotesque apology for a heart, that Miss Miniter's smelling salts were needed that night; and my account of what followed must be brief, being hopelessly secondhand.

As I pitched forward into nothingness Bela had fired. The bullet missed me, splintered and penetrated a panel of his door, and struck down Miss Miniter, who had crept thus far after me in a cold agony of apprehension. The half-spent bullet struck and shattered her left collar bone, glanced aside, and tore the flesh from her left shoulder. She fell.

Kingery, followed by Mrs. Kingery, came stumbling clumsily up the stairs. When he reached the upper hall he saw Bela crouching over Miss Miniter. Then the boy gathered her into his arms. He rose with her, carried her into her room, and laid her down with infinite care and gentleness on her bed. Kingery and Mrs. Kingery had crowded in at his heels. He faced them now, but Mrs. Kingery thinks he did not see them. He disregarded their confused outcries.

"Why does God hate me so?" were the words he uttered. His eyes were blank and strange.

Then he, too, collapsed, dropping heavily as if felled by a single crushing stroke from an invisible mallet.

Weeks later Kingery commented to me upon this scene. "I oncet saw Mantell in Hamlet," he said "If I'd had more eddy-cation in me youth I'd 'a' knowed enough not to go. When the stage was that thick with corpses there was no characters left—that ended the play. But take it from me, Mr. Elhman—it didn't give me the turn I got that night when you an' Miss Miniter an' the lad was all laid out cold to oncet! Hamlet was nothin' to it! It was not indeed! Nothin' at all!"

XXIV

WITHIN a week I was on my feet again; and Miss Miniter, her shoulder in a plaster cast, was resting comfortably enough in bed. But Bela still lay stricken with a strange dumb lethargy. The local doctor could find nothing wrong with him, and a famous specialist was called in by me from New York. I gave him freely all the facts in the case, and he studied Bela thoughtfully for two days. The boy was not unconscious, nor was he shamming unconsciousness; but his fine eyes were dazed and dull, without recognition, and no questioning, however persuasive, could draw from him even an effort to respond.

"It's a hysterical condition of some kind," pronounced the famous specialist, thereby to his own satisfaction establishing his right to a fantastic fee. "Frankly, I don't know just what to make of it; but I dare say he'll come out of it all right. Keep me informed."

For a period of six days Bela lay thus, without eating or drinking, and I sat beside him and talked to him constantly in a quiet, matter-of-fact way; telling and retelling him the story of his life and mine; going into details minutely; withholding nothing that I could remember or that I had credibly been told or felt that I honestly understood. I was certain that in some sense he heard me; yet I was equally certain that he did not and could not consciously follow my quiet, unending monologue; and why I should have persisted is still something of a mystery even to me. The Kingerys, I fear, thought that I, too, had lost my wits, and were far from happy about Miss Miniter's because she openly approved of my persistence.

"Nothing you tell him will be lost," she affirmed. "It will make all the deeper impression. His utter passivity is your opportunity; his mind lies like wax before you; you can rub out and write in what you will. Don't grow discouraged," she added; "don't be turned aside. My intuition confirms yours, dear. I feel you are fighting for his reason; reorganizing and reënergizing a shattered soul. Some day soon he will know you and answer you, and it will all have come clear to him at last. I have faith in your fight, you see. You'll win for him. You're bound to win."

Thus, toward the end, it was really Miss Miniter's faith that held me beside Bela, patiently recapitulating, reëxplaining, hour after hour, day after dragging day.

With the aid of the Kingerys and Miss Miniter, and by means of the most shameless lying, I was able to persuade the local authorities that a shocking accident had occurred. Bela, I so far truthfully informed them, had an old-fashioned revolver of French manufacture, formerly belonging to his reputed father, Anton Hrdlika; before dinner on the night of the accident he had taken it out of his washstand drawer, as boys will, meaning to look it over and clean it and oil it up. When dinner was announced he had laid it down on his washstand, and after dinner I had stopped at his room for a moment to chat with him, as I very often did, and had noticed the revolver and asked him about it. He had picked it up to show it to me, and doing so had unintentionally discharged it, not knowing of course that it was loaded; a corroborative detail which impressed our Gilbertian local authorities as adding artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative. The ball had missed me, passing through a door panel and gravely injuring Miss Miniter, and so on. Bela was devoted to Miss Miniter. When he had seen her lying before him and supposed he had killed her—the result was a nervous shock whose consequences were still uncertain. And so forth, and so forth!

The Gilbertian local authorities shook their heads, but it was obvious their relief was great! What with war abroad and mounting taxes and prices and drafts and drives at home, our local authorities were in no mood for additional responsibility. An accident, the result of gross carelessness—that is what Bela's stern and intended deed of vengeance was officially pronounced by our local authorities to be!

And one night, when for very weariness I had ceased talking quietly to Bela and sat beside him in a state of lethargy almost as profound as his own, he spoke; not loudly, yet his voice startled me as if it had been a cry.

"Why do you want me to live?" he said.

"Because I love you, boy. Because you have something to give the world."

"If you can make me believe that ——"

"You do believe it," I affirmed.

"Yes."

XXV

WELL, that, essentially, is Bela's story, which is also Miss Miniter's story, and mine. To tie off all the dangling threads of it now, with due artful precision, seems hardly worth the patience involved. I have written what I have written, these waiting weeks, merely to quiet the intolerable restlessness of many sleepless hours; and to-morrow I shall hand these scrawled pages to Miss Miniter and advise her to burn them. My care for them is over, as my fight for Bela is over. It has ended in victory—but a victory, so far as my blurred eyes can discern, made possible quite as much by the ignorant malice of the girl next door as by Miss Miniter's steady courage and quiet wisdom. And chance—what men call chance—has everywhere entered in. These things are baffling. We live in a universe that answers no final questions.

Within the week we shall leave Oakdale Terrace—Bela, Miss Miniter and I. For no one of us will it be easy to leave Mrs. Kingery; in faring farther we shall often, I have no doubt, fare greatly worse. But Mr. and Mrs. Kingery and the infant Kingerys are to attend a quiet wedding somewhere on the Eastern seaboard before another year has passed. Miss Miniter is then to become Mrs. Alfred Elliman; but Bela and I, when at home together, shall always call her Miss Miniter. There are names too precious for oblivion; they cannot be wholly lost or changed.

It was rather weirdly amusing, I admit, to learn that Laurestine had stopped off with Li Po at Reno, to establish a residence and sue me for divorce. Li Po, it is rather touchingly confided, is temporarily passing as her chauffeur. True, Laurestine had failed to mention in her farewell letter that they were to make their trip westward in my car; but she referred to it quite casually in a subsequent communication from Reno. She is welcome, poor child! And on my soul I am convinced that Li Po will be uncommonly nice to her—nicer than I had ever been or would again be likely to be. I am sorry, though, that Bela will always think of her too sadly, for she seems content—and beyond a vague contentment what better is there in life for Laurestine?

Li Po, she informs me, means to carry her off to China when her divorce has been granted, when the war is over—when such things can more easily be arranged! She has much to look forward to; and Li Po will not fail to arrange things neatly, of so much I feel assured. He should do well, too, in postwar China. It will prove a wide field for his talents, and it would not surprise me to learn of him later as dictator of the Central Chinese Soviet. But nothing, I feel, could much surprise me now in connection with Li Po—or Laurestine.

And Germany is on the run at last! Only yesterday the great Ludendorff suggested an armistice. Victory is in the air. But Europe lies in ruins, and who of living men knows what the fruits of victory will be! Man, I repeat, lives in a universe that answers no final questions.

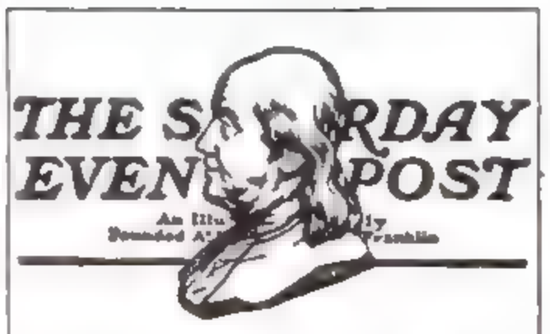
As I scribble these perfunctory lines the girl next door has lolled into the side yard and is talking earnestly to Bat Pinsky, her gen'leman friend—immediate successor to the unhappy Bert. Bert, it seems, in spite of high hopes for him, has proved an impossible piker after all! Far from making off with fifty thousand dollars in Liberty Bonds, he merely helped himself one evening to a snappy little roadster—and, alas! the girl next door was not the girl he took with him on that fateful occasion. But he managed somehow to wreck the roadster, and to get caught with the goods quite literally on him; and his explanation that he had merely borrowed the car for fun did not prove wholly acceptable to its uninsured owner. So Bert, innocent victim of circumstance, is spending a few months elsewhere among appropriate companions; and the girl next door has wisely turned for solace to Bat, the Jersey Bantam—a guy so lucky as to be born with only four toes on his left foot, through which numerical error he has been saved from the draft and enabled to earn laurels and a modest income as the niftiest little scrapper for his weight, bar none, the Hackmatack Athletics have ever developed.

"Aw, Bat," the girl next door is pleading, "wha'd'ya say we takes in a Broadway show t'-night, huh? Wha'd'ya say?"

Shall I present myself at the window, bid her farewell, and thank her for all she has done for Bela, for Miss Miniter and for me?

Or shall I rather help in my small way to save this immature republic by dropping my wash bowl on her head? It is a weighty bowl; the largest and slipperiest I have ever handled.

No; on the whole, perhaps, I had better consult with Bela and Miss Miniter; for I can hear their voices now. They are coming together up the stairs. And Bela is laughing. Bela is laughing! A boy's true, unforced laughter! It is the first time I have ever heard him laugh.



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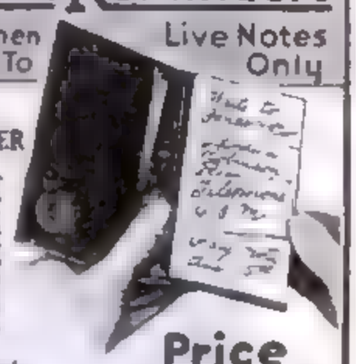

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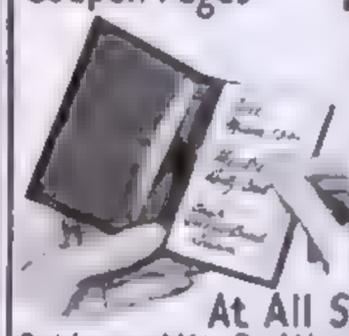

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Our service stations are manned and equipped to repair all makes of batteries in a way to make them last as long as possible.

Before you buy a new battery, talk to the nearest Exide service man. Maybe you will find that your present battery can be put into good shape. If not, there is an Exide, the right size for your car, built to keep its rugged power through a long life of usefulness.

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Service stations and dealers everywhere Branches in 17 cities
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Oldest and largest manufacturers in the world of storage batteries for every purpose

When this happens to an ordinary shade the "filling" cracks—makes pinholes

Brenlin has no "filling"—it wears

"Filling," usually chalk or clay, is used in ordinary window shades to give the flimsy, loosely woven material weight and body.

This "filling" is brittle—like school chalk. When the wind sucks or whips the shade, it crumbles and falls out.

Pinholes and cracks appear—the shade sags and wrinkles, is quickly ruined. "Filled" window shades cannot "stand up" under the little strains of everyday wear.

Brenlin has no "filling"—needs none!

Its tight, fine, heavy fabric requires no chalk or clay to give it weight and body. It is flexible, yet always hangs straight and smooth—it is perfectly opaque.

That is why a Brenlin out-wears two or three ordinary window shades. It is the cheapest you can buy.

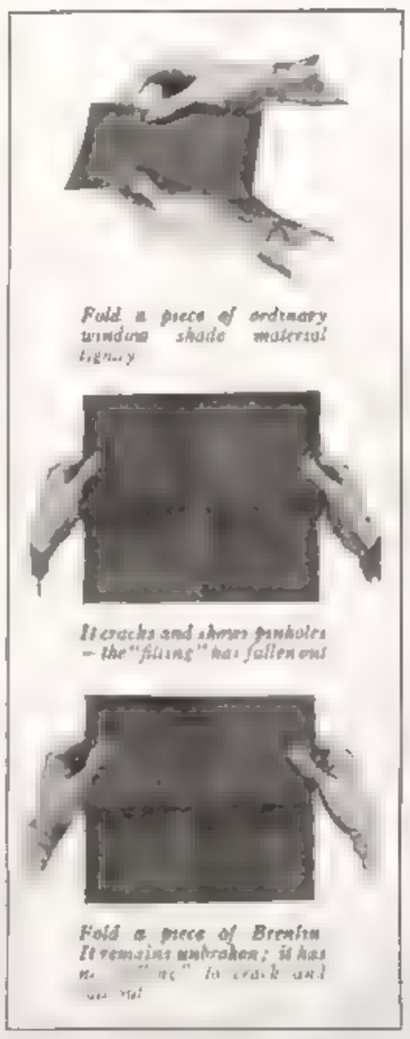
You'll be surprised to find how much like fine, strong linen Brenlin looks—how beautiful its texture! See it at the Brenlin dealer's in your town in all its soft, rich colorings. And see Brenlin Duplex, made for perfect harmony with a different color on each side.

Look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge. If you don't know where to get this long-wearing window shade, write us; we'll see that you are supplied.

A valuable booklet on request

Send for our very readable and instructive booklet on how to enhance the beauty of your home with correct shading and decoration of your windows. Actual samples of Brenlin in several colors will come with it.

For windows of less importance Camargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way



Fold a piece of ordinary window shade material tightly

It cracks and shows pinholes—the "filling" has fallen out

Fold a piece of Brenlin. It remains unbroken; it has no "filling" to crack and fall out

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, Oakland, Calif., and Dallas, Texas. Owner of the good will and trade marks of the J. C. Wemple Co.

Residence of H. B. Hite, B. Frank Trissler and Edward Rosenstein, shaded with Brenlin by Walter E. Groff, Lancaster, Pa.

Brenlin

the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

THE 1921 OCTOPUS

(Concluded from Page 16)

times what the Austrian was bringing, the feat was easy.

French francs have been down to one-third of their prewar value for a long time, but with German marks at one-twelfth and the exchange of the Eastern European countries going for a song, French bankers have been able to pick up the choicest bargains of a century. The same factors have worked in favor of the British, perhaps to a greater extent than any other country. The pound has not slumped so badly as the money of nine-tenths of Europe and the East, and British investors have been active everywhere.

It is probable that their export trade has even profited by the adverse rate of the American dollar. Foreign countries whose exchange has hit the toboggan cannot afford to buy from us. The margin is not so wide in the case of the pound, and British manufacturers have gathered a lot of business. Of course, raw materials which only the United States can supply in bulk are not affected.

Speaking of raw materials suggests another possibility from the operations of international bankers. The widespread disorganization and slaughter of values mentioned above have opened the door to them for their acquisition. Huge areas of forest lands, coal mines, iron mines and oil territories have changed hands in the last two years.

The fact stares us in the face that these sources of the necessaries of life have passed from control of nationals of the countries in which they are situated to possession of small groups of foreign capitalists who own interests in many lands.

Each group is nominally under supervision of the government to which it owes allegiance, and must comply with whatever regulations that government may impose; but so long as national interests are preserved no government is likely to concern itself with what its international bankers are doing, except possibly to lend them active support in foreign ventures. Moreover, one country's interests may often be glaringly hostile to those of another country which can exert no authority over the bankers' activities and has no defense against them. And it may often happen that a government will stand behind its international bankers in ventures far afield against a much weaker people.

A Power for Peace or War?

Unlike the domestic banks and domestic business, international bankers are comparatively free from governmental restraint or the force of public opinion—and frequently the latter is more effective than legal checks. About the only limits placed on what they may do rest in the nature of their opportunities and the activity of their rivals.

Such has been the development of international bankers that they can no longer be regarded in their professional capacity as the nationals of any country, entitled to do business under their own government's supervision exclusively. They are really world citizens, with world-wide interests, and as such ought to be made amenable to some form of supernational control.

This raises the question of how the swelling power of international bankers is likely to be applied. Will it make for peace and amicable relations, or will it foster trouble?

A very plausible case can be made out for the contention that it ought to exert a stabilizing influence on international relations. Doesn't it stand to reason that their interests will demand peace, security and order? It seems logical to expect men whose investments in certain countries would be hurt by war to throw all their weight against war.

It is even conceivable that the process of centralization of the world's resources into a few hands might go far enough to achieve the desideratum of centuries—the abolition of war.

However, this argument presupposes that all international bankers will work as a unit, and overlooks the bitter rivalries of contending groups. War begets opportunities, and there is always the hope of victory. Often, too, it might happen that a particular war—let us say, a small war against an insignificant nation—would not impair their foreign ventures, but promote them.

It is a debatable question, in which the recently lost sight of factor of human nature bulks large. But where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also. We have seen manifestations of this in the French efforts to make good their investments in Russia, and in the periodic agitation in the United States for intervention in Mexico.

In such instances the groups concerned are doubtless sincere in the belief that they are entitled to be protected in their foreign commitments, but what shall be said of a state of mind which would willingly countenance involving one's country in war in order that a few millions of capital risked in a foreign venture should be made secure?

This is a matter of vital concern to Americans because of the flow of American capital into foreign enterprises during the last few years. Is it to have protection against the exactions and restrictions to which it may be exposed in far lands?—and by protection I mean military or naval backing. If such is to be American policy, we are in for some nice warm times, with plenty of action and thrills.

Protection of Foreign Investments

British policy in the past has been to support British enterprise wherever it might go in search of trade, the natural result being that the empire has never been without a war or trouble of some kind on its hands in half a century. Interference by a power with the property of another power's nationals is extremely rare, so that her naval and military demonstrations in support of invested capital have been necessary only against lesser countries.

In this connection it is worth pointing out how amazingly amenable capital can show itself to the laws and restrictions of a powerful country, and how touchy and clamorous against any form of supervision or control by the government of a weak country.

Generally the protection of citizens furnishes the requisite excuse for the protection of investments. We are all familiar with the agitations following the killing or injury of a country's nationals. Very often the indignation called forth is more than justified, the victims having been engaged in legitimate business and well within their rights. As such, a country ought to protect its citizens to the last ounce of its power, wherever they may be.

But there have been numerous cases also wherein the victims were not entitled to protection. Nevertheless, their misfortunes were made the occasion of fiery press and political campaigns. I refer to cases in which citizens of one country were trying to do in another land what they would never have dared to attempt in their own—cases of flagrant exploitation. I know personally of several incidents which created quite a to-do, but in reality the victims were long overdue before the judgment seat, or well deserved a term in the hoosegow. The extent to which an American citizen merits protection in foreign countries depends on himself. It would be dangerous to admit blanket responsibility for our adventurers.

"All the species have an ink bag," declares an old cyclopedia, "by the contents of which the surrounding water is discolored, enabling them to escape their enemies."

The financial octopus has improved on Nature in this respect. His ink bag not only comes to his defense, but even carries the fight to his prey. And when he sets out to gather fresh spoils his newspapers will make such a splash, and so obscure the real issue, that millions of well-intentioned people who have no interests to protect but the general peace and order will flock to his support, sometimes even to the extent of waging war.

Good News-
enough for everybody now!

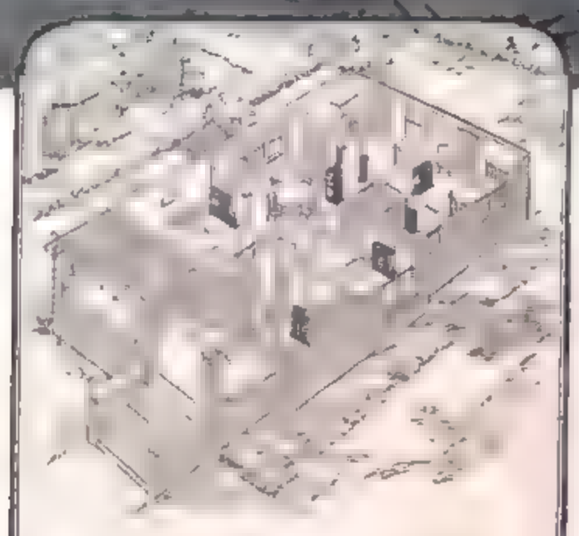
Perhaps you were one of those who were unable to get Beech-Nut Chewing Gum while war conditions restricted the raw material supply.

The ingredients used in the manufacture of this delicious chewing gum, of which CHICLE is the largest factor, are now available in quantities which assure a steady, adequate supply.

Ask for "Beech-Nut". You must know how good it is. Sold everywhere by druggists, confectioners, news stands, grocers, cigar dealers, etc.

Beech-Nut Packing Company
Canajoharie, New York

Beech-Nut MINT FLAVORED Chewing Gum



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Just now—but a little warmth is required to remove the chill from the home, and this cannot be accomplished more economically or faithfully than with the ARCOLA Heating Outfit.

Every small home should have ARCOLA Hot Water heat—it is a profitable investment returning generous dividends in fuel saving, comfort and protection of the family's health.

The IDEAL-ARCOLA gives low-cost healthful warmth, through hot-water radiators, to the small home, store or school. Places the cottage, with or without cellar, on the heating plane of the First Mansion in the Land. Replaces stoves, leaks no coal gas, wastes no heat up chimneys. Heats all rooms on less fuel than a stove requires for one room. Complete system, installed by your local dealer, costs but little more than a stove for each room; and far less than the old expense for a hot-water heating system.

Write for illustrated catalog showing open views of IDEAL-ARCOLA Heating Outfit installations in 4, 5, 6 or 7 room cottages, bungalows, flats, schools and small business buildings.

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Dept. 57, 816 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago • Sales Branches and Showrooms in all large cities

Makers of the famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators

THE DISASTER TO GERMAN SOCIALISM

(Continued from Page 21)

industrial concerns ever brought together under bureaucratic control. She has decided on similar lines to denationalize, debureaucratize, and commit to private management her state railroad construction and repair shops, which employ 150,000 men. And, as inevitable consequence of the above, she has resolved to kill the experiment of state management of the railroads themselves. Lastly, she has officially, through the mouths of her own leading socialists, proclaimed that in every branch of trade, industry and communications the capitalistic system of elastic private profits, profits limited only by the individual's efficiency and energy, must be retained as an incentive to productive work. The last of these four decisions means the jettisoning of the central theory of socialism of all kinds, the theory that wealth can be at once equitably distributed and abundantly produced. The first three decisions mean that practical socialism is dead. And these decisions have been come to not by a selfish bourgeoisie desperately defending its obsolete economic privileges; they have been come to through the unwilling conversion of the socialists themselves.

Before deciding to kill state socialism without replacing it with any better socialistic organization form, Germany's socialists sifted minutely every plan of industrial regulation propounded before the revolution and during the revolution's first groping months. In theory there were at least half a dozen practicable socialization forms. Classified as full socialization—in German, *Vollsocialisierung*—were the forms which would put an end forever to capitalistic ownership, management and profits. When plans with these aims failed, arose the alternative, half socialization. Covered by the term "half socialization" were all forms which left capitalism intact, but put it under sharp state or public control. Some reformers, chief among them the great war-industrial organizer, Rathenau, saw in half socialization a final organization form; some, among them the former Minister of Industry, Wissell, saw in it only an intermediate, preparatory stage on the path to full socialization.

The Move to Socialize Coal

Of full socialization, as the two successive official socialization commissions saw it, there were three conceivable kinds:

Direct state ownership and management, or nationalization.

Ownership and management by municipalities or other local self-governing corporations.

Ownership and management by specially created public corporations, which would direct industries on private commercial lines but would hand over the profits to the state.

These, said the experts of the official socialization commissions, exhausted the possibilities of full socialization.

Of half socialization many forms have been suggested; but only one has ever got to the point of practical consideration. This is the system of compulsory syndicates or trusts. Great syndicates should be forced into existence, each embracing all concerns of its particular branch in the republic; and a public but not a bureaucratic council should be put in control. For reasons which believing socialists pointed out immediately, half socialization of this kind is not socialism at all. Under it the capitalist remains owner, he remains the immediate manager and he remains the sole recipient of dividends or profits. Not for that reason, but because half socialism presented possibilities of more abundant and more efficient production, this system came to be applied in Germany on a very important scale; and to its invention, mainly by men who were socialists in theory but dreaded to be socialists in practice, is largely due the defeat of the genuinely socialistic full-socialization plans.

The disaster to Marxian socialism lies in the collapse of full socialization. It lies firstly in the failure of plans to extend further the full socialization which in the shape of state ownership and state management flourished in pre-revolution Germany; and secondly in the now impending liquidation of all measures of full socialization already carried out. The first attempt at new full socialization was made with coal. Coal, proclaimed the Scheidemann cabinet when immediately after the revolution it set up its first socialization commission, is an easy commodity. It is a uniform product; its production methods are simple and almost unchanging; and the demand for it is so overwhelming that competitive efficiency is not needed and production cost and prices play no rôle. In early 1919 the federal chancellor, Scheidemann, long one of the most influential Socialist Reichstag leaders, promised confidently that "whatever obstacles we may face in general socialization, the abolition of coal capitalism may be considered a fact." But coal was not socialized. It merely went nearer to full socialization than any other commodity. In its case only could be found a commission of responsible economists who ventured to advise the cabinet to take the full anticapitalistic plunge.

This commission first sat in the winter of 1918–19. It sat under the presidency of Karl Kautsky, undisputed leader among living German theoretical socialists. The majority on the commission was quite as socialistic as he. In it sat Rudolph Hilferding; Prof. Emil Lederer; the chief of all the socialistic labor unions, Paul Umbreit; and the phrenetic socialist, Wilbrandt, who is professor of political economy at Tübingen University.

Practical Difficulties Encountered

Wilbrandt's achievements as socialization planner sufficiently show the brave temper with which the commission set to work. Within eight days of the November revolution he published a proposal that all private property—all land, factories, forests, mines and communications—be immediately declared state property. Naturally the majority of a commission so socialistic in spirit recommended the immediate abolition of coal capitalism. It refused only to recommend that the state be made coal owner. The coal mines of all Germany should be transferred in full ownership to a *Kohlengemeinschaft*, a specially created public corporation which should manage mines and direct the coal trade on private commercial lines. Full compensation, added the commission, should be paid to the dispossessed capitalists; and all the profits, if any were reaped, should go to the state.

This plan was full socialization. But as liberationist socialism—as the class doctrine which preaches equalization of property—it was somewhat weak, for the capitalists were to be allowed to draw their old profits in a new form, the form of fixed interest on their full compensation. Unless coal prices were raised to the public no profits could go to relieve state taxation. Nor could miners' wages be raised.

The scheme naturally disgusted the expropriatory section of socialists. But mild though it was it was never carried out. Easy as it read on paper it was, as the socialist Wissell—who as Minister of Industry was charged with the final decision—declared, uncommonly hard in fact. For though German coal is a simple uniform commodity, the German coal corporations are neither simple nor uniform. The trusts of Hugo Stinnes, August Thyssen, the Stumm Brothers, Kloeckner, Haniel and the big Phœnix Company, which almost monopolize the coal output, are engaged in almost every metal industry. All are great steel-and-iron producers. Most have shipyard interests. All have allied to their coal concerns complicated networks of finishing manufactories.

Hugo Stinnes controls concerns capitalized at 2,500,000,000 marks; but of this capital only 45,000,000 marks is invested in coal mines. The smelting furnaces, rolling mills, shipyards and finishing manufactories form with the coal corporations inseparable economic wholes.

Chancellor Scheidemann's hesitation to socialize coal in these conditions was expressed by Stinnes' vivid image of March, 1919: "You can pull the sun out of the planetary system," said Stinnes, "but what will become of the planets?" Coal could be socialized if fifty other industries were socialized simultaneously.

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UNMISTAKABLY the shirt for you young men who aim at informality of attire without sacrificing style, is the Emery Shirt with attached collar.
Three models. One with collar as illustrated. Another with lower collar. Another with higher collar and longer points; made to button down on the shirt if desired. All with soft double cuffs.
White and Tan Oxford Cheviot, various grades and weights—the college man's favorite.
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Look for Emery at better-class shops
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If your dealer can't supply you, write us direct and we will see that you are served.

WHEN you see a person wearing conspicuous bifocal glasses, doesn't the thought, "I hope I'll never have to wear those," form itself unconsciously in your mind?

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GLASSES
THE INVISIBLE BIFOCALS

But the socialization of shipyards, machine shops and finishing manufactories generally was rejected by the commission from the first. These concerns, even the boldest socialists admitted, could not be called easy. So coal was not socialized; and the result of the first socialization commission's labors, as far as full socialization was concerned, was nil.

The socialization commission's report on coal was made public on February 15, 1919. Within five weeks the Scheidemann cabinet formally rejected it by passing an alternative, and in principle contrary, measure of half socialization. A syndicate embracing all coal mines was compulsorily created. Capitalistic ownership and profits were left intact. The coal interest was merely put under a council which was empowered to advise on higher coal policy, but was given no general management authority and was forbidden to interfere in the technical or commercial management of the mines. After that followed the syndicalization on identical lines of the potash and, a year afterward, of the iron and steel raw-material industries.

These measures provoked a storm of rage from the believing socialists—that is, from socialists out of office. These were happily in what the English politician, Arthur Balfour, called "positions of greater freedom and less responsibility." They could propound logically impeccable plans which ignored the real conditions of industry and trade, and they could without risk reproach the socialists in power, who were compelled to take these conditions into account, for not carrying out similar plans.

Sops for Hostile Critics

The Scheidemann cabinet foresaw the outcry and tried to forestall it. It passed a bill, dated March 23, 1919, which generously authorized the federal government to socialize fully—that is, to abolish capitalism—in any ripe branch of industry. The defect of this law from the unofficial socialist standpoint, and the intended defect from the official socialist standpoint, was that no specific branches of industry were mentioned, and that the government was only authorized to socialize, but was not compelled. The law merely expressed anew the inherent right of every state to regulate industry on socialistic lines if for such measures the government in power can get a parliamentary majority. "Keeping the urban workman quiet by presenting him with plausible appearances" was the socialist newspaper Vorwärts' description of the law. No socialization came of it; had any socialization been intended the law would not have been necessary.

This law began a general policy of plausible appearances, which lasted until the general retreat from socialism set in, and which had the aim of hiding from the enemy the preparations for the retreat. The next plausible appearance came from Chancellor Bauer. Like Chancellor Scheidemann, Chancellor Bauer is a noted Social-Democratic leader; but he is also, like Scheidemann, an uncommonly cautious and circumspect man. Under Scheidemann the first socialization commission, being unable to accomplish anything, dissolved; and Herr Bauer, though very hard pressed by unruly Berlin communists, managed to keep in power for three-quarters of a year without touching real socialization at all. His plausible appearance was a new municipal socialism law. As municipal socialism has long flourished in Germany this law could in principle contain nothing new. It authorized the municipalities, which were already carrying on enterprises of almost every conceivable kind, to expropriate further enterprises against fair compensation. The one new feature was that a municipality, after expropriating all local private enterprises in a given branch, could prohibit the starting of competitive enterprises in the same branch. Inasmuch as it provided for abolition of capitalistic ownership this law was full socialization; and it seemed to be a step ahead.

But the new municipal socialism remained a plausible appearance. For reasons which Chancellor Bauer and his socialist colleagues were well aware of it could not be carried out. One reason was financial. Nearly all German cities are on the verge of bankruptcy. The intermunicipal congress which sat last month at Cologne brought out the fact that since the armistice the total debts of fifty Prussian cities have increased nearly two and a half fold and that the expenditure has increased fourfold. Most municipal services are running at a loss. For municipalities in this condition socialization on lines of fair compensation has no attraction. The socializing municipalities would first have to pay the deposed capitalists' profits in form of interest on the compensation; and they would further have to make good the operating deficits if the new enterprises, like the old, could be run only at a loss.

The municipal-socialism law was badly received by both capitalists and socialists. Capitalists in the cities did not relish the notion of bearing fresh taxation merely in order to guarantee dispossessed capitalists' profits. The Socialist Party in Dresden municipality denounced the law as a sham. And the believing socialists pointed out that even if the new powers to municipalities were fully taken advantage of, the movement toward general socialization would not be moved forward a bit. The municipalities could socialize only locally, and the great standard industries are not local. Krupps is an Essen concern, but it controls fourteen establishments outside of Essen. Hugo Stinnes' vast trust stretches into four states and thirty-seven cities; the pig iron produced in his smelting furnaces in Westphalia goes directly to his lately purchased engineering shops in Augsburg and Nuremberg; and his machines from Augsburg and Nuremberg go to equip his new shipyard at Flensburg.

It was again a question of Stinnes' solar system; even one planet could not be removed from it without perturbing the rest. So municipal socialism remains at best a matter of unimportant, locally confined industries, and to socialize these under present conditions there is neither money nor wish.

So far in the domain of real socialization German socialists had achieved two things—the law authorizing expropriation of capitalistic enterprises by the federal state, and the law of municipal socialization. Both these laws were noncommittal and academic. There are thousands of ardent German socialists who would unshrinkingly apply both had they only an opportunity. But these enthusiasts are not the socialists of less freedom and more responsibility who have sat in Berlin cabinets and who rule the great cities. These more careful commanders, when they had shot away their only ammunition in the shape of plausible appearances, felt it unwise to do anything more hazardous. They sat down and waited. But the forces pressing for a new and better organization of industry which would safeguard the national production and the state finances would not wait; they began an energetic offensive, and with that the great socialist retreat began.

The Socialists' Great Retreat

The offensive took the form of an unshrinking assault upon all forms of state regulation, state management and state meddling. The retreat took the form of an abandonment of the state socialism which Germany, mostly before the war and the revolution, had already attained. State socialism began to waver; the attack was pressed; the more circumspect socialists went over in a mass to the enemy; and the socialist disaster was complete.

The abandonment of state socialism and nationalization of industries by German socialism registers the most striking reversal of sentiment recorded in the pendulumlike chronicles of revolutionary instability. Two years ago nationalization was not only a possible form of general socialization, it was the most popular form and almost the only form. All sorts of benefits were expected.

First were the political benefits. German politics has always suffered from centrifugal tendencies. Nationalization, by centralizing economic power, by fusing under a single state control the industries of Dusseldorf with those of Konigsberg and those of Stuttgart with those of Spandau, would supply a unifying centripetal force.

Next were the moral and social benefits. The Saxon socialist enthusiast, Doctor Neurath—who later went to jail for his exploits during the Munich Soviet Republic—proclaimed that nationalization has all the moral and social merits of militarism without its demerits. Prussia with her state-owned railroads, he proclaimed, had for two generations set an example of official discipline, labor contentment and technical efficiency.

(Continued on Page 93)

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Furnace comfort at stove cost. That's the object of the Heatrola.

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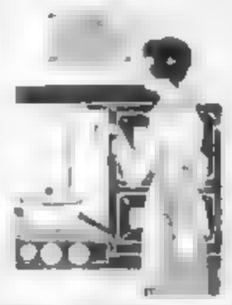

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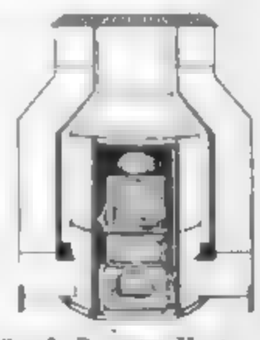

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(Continued from Page 90)

Lastly, in nationalization lay hope for the shattered federal finances. Up to the revolution, the railroads were in the ownership of the separate states, and these reaped big profits. Full nationalization in the hands of the federal government would be the easiest, fairest way of helping the republic out of the financial ruin caused by the war.

But the best of all reasons for preferring nationalization to any other form of full socialism was that nationalization existed, and at the time of the revolution was in rapid, all-conquering growth. The latest nationalization conquests were in industry and trade. The federal state during the war had become producer of and trader in the most vital commodities; and it controlled nearly all other commodities. Devised for war purposes, the state system was administered bureaucratically, despotically and unshrinkingly. It was industrial militarism. But it was the pet child of socialists who professed to abhor militarism. The Saxon socialist leader whom I have previously mentioned affirmed that, even had there been no defeat and no revolution, industrial militarism would have survived as the ally of socialism.

"Militarism has shown us," he wrote, "how an entire system of national industry may be regulated successfully down to the minutest detail. . . . What militarism began it remains only for socialism to consummate."

And a prominent socialist member of the Reichstag declared that though the Hohenzollerns had in general left only ruin behind them "they had yet left militarized production and distribution as the perfect model from which a universal system of nationalization socialism may now arise as a blessing to the emancipated people."

The End of Socialization

That was in December, 1918. In December, 1920, there was not a single known German socialist who had not repudiated nationalization in every form. The first socialization commission with its uncompromising socialist color rejected nationalization unanimously. In principle it said, "Nationalization is only the replacement of one employer, the capitalist, by another employer, the state." In practice it condemned nationalization as inefficient, dilatory and wasteful. During weeks, the commission took comparative evidence as to the administration methods of state and capitalistic concerns. And the judgment, signed by—among others—the eight socialist members who stood firm to the end for the termination of private coal ownership, was this:

"The commission is unanimously of the opinion that the whole system of ordinary state industrial management . . . is of a kind that must raise serious obstacles to the efficient working of coal mines.

"Every extension of state management, in the commission's opinion, must be unprofitable as long as there is no break with bureaucratic traditions in state business methods.

"The characteristics of such state management are these: Expert officials are overwhelmed with petty detail work. They are shifted from post to post without reason. They are paid salaries which are low and which compared to the salaries paid by private industry are ridiculous. They show a serious lack of responsibility in matters of finance. They are impeded by a complicated chain of subordination which goes so far that some of their actions depend on parliamentary sanction. They negotiate for years over questions which private industry would settle in a few hours. In short, there is a system of control over control; but there is no system of mutual confidence and encouragement to independent initiative."

This report was the death of nationalization. It was confirmed a year later by the second socialization commission, which flatly refused to recommend nationalization in any branch. And the same official socialists who refused to act on the first commission's advice to terminate coal capitalism actually took the commission's advice to kill nationalization in the branches of production and distribution, in which it already exists. This recommendation was taken up so enthusiastically that if present plans are fully carried out there will soon not be in the German Republic a single enterprise that is both owned and managed by the state.

The first denationalizer was Chancellor Scheidemann's Minister of the Treasury, Herr Georg Gothein. Gothein is an old Reichstag member, a temperamental enemy of what he calls state meddling and muddling, and an expert publicist on matters of business and finance. His position as Treasury Minister gave him a chance. Under this department immediately after the armistice was put the greatest aggregation of industrial works in Europe. It consisted firstly of numerous army and navy arsenals and workshops scattered all over the republic, at Spandau, Kiel, Erfurt, Lippstadt, Cassel and Munich. The military collapse compelled these workshops literally to beat their swords into plowshares, for their first peaceful work was to turn out agricultural machinery. To-day they turn out nearly everything that contains metal, from locomotives to pots and kettles, even to mechanical toys.

With these concerns, into Gothein's hands fell the aluminum and synthetic niter works established by the state during the war. Among them are the aluminum works of Grevenbroich, on the Lower Rhine, which produce 12,000 tons yearly, or more than all Germany produced in 1913; and the niter concerns of Piesteritz and Chorzow, in Upper Silesia, which by the Frank-Caro process turn out 120,000 tons of niter a year. In all, 300,000 persons are employed. Technically this vast enterprise was managed efficiently enough. It employed private chemists and engineers. Commercially it was managed by the treasury officials, and was a disastrous failure. In March, 1919, it was causing the federal finances losses estimated at 1,275,000,000 marks a year.

Gothein boldly denationalized the whole. He removed the managing bureaucrats, converted all the works into a single private corporation with the title "Deutsche Werke," invited the best private organizers to take control, paid them the highest salaries they asked, and gave them a free hand to engage, dismiss, build, scrap and transform.

For a year nothing was heard of the experiment. In December, 1920, up came a first-class scandal. The Reichstag learned that the private board of directors of the Deutsche Werke had resigned en bloc. After Gothein retired from the ministry his bureaucratic successor, Von Raumer, began to interfere; and that the directors would not stand. The Reichstag debate which ensued brought out the fact that during the little over a year in which the Deutsche Werke had existed as a private corporation it had been put upon a completely paying basis, and had ceased altogether to burden the state finances. The Reichstag socialists themselves stood behind the resigned directors and against the bureaucrats.

Landmarks of Socialism's Retreat

One of the reddest socialists in the republic is Herr Leghien, chief of the Berlin labor-union men, and organizer of the general strike of March, 1920. "The private directors of the Deutsche Werke," Herr Leghien told the Reichstag on December seventh, "have not only made the former state-managed workshops pay their way. They have also increased the employees' contentment, and the pleasure which is taken in work." And the workmen in the denationalized shops at Kiel and Ruestringen telegraphed to the Reichstag their satisfaction at their treatment under the new capitalistic régime.

The Deutsche Werke episode marks a critical point in the retreat of German socialism. It was the first actual attempt to realize the socialization commission's condemnation of nationalized industry. But the financial stress which was Gothein's chief motive in abolishing state management has forced the federal government to two further similar steps of much greater importance. Both concern the nationalized railroads.

On April 1, 1920, the whole 58,000 kilometers of railroads owned by Prussia and the other states of the republic passed into federal hands. The federal government took over a ruin. The permanent way is ruined by neglect to repair during the war; the best locomotives and 150,000 of the best cars have been surrendered to the Allies; the average production in the workshops has fallen to 52 per cent of that of 1913; and the current deficit in the

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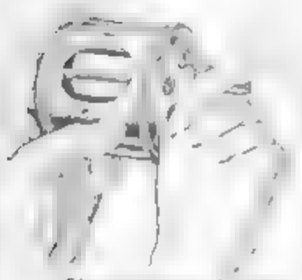

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budget for 1920 is 16,000,000,000 marks. A great part of this ruin is the inevitable result of the war. But an equally great part of the ruin, agree Gothein, Minister of Communications Groener, and all other experts who have gone into the matter, might have been avoided. This part is the fruit of an inelastic and inherently inefficient state-management system, which pulled along tolerably under easy prewar conditions, but being bad was bound to fail under the postwar economic stress. Secure in the knowledge that the Reichsbank's untiring note-printing press would provide means for covering the heaviest deficits, the bureaucrats ran their railroads on lines of a vast charitable organization. Groener reported that 1,750,000,000 marks a year was being paid in salaries to officials who were of no use to the railroads at all. And despite this charity—at the cost of those fixed-income citizens who suffer from the currency inflation—the socialist paradise has not been attained. Strikes, threats of strikes, labor insubordination, negligence and open sabotage occur in a measure never before experienced.

Nevertheless, when the Muller cabinet first took up the question in April in the past year it refused to go the whole way. It tried a compromise between bureaucratic and private management. The bureaucratic railroad department—manned predominantly by doctors of law—would continue, it proclaimed, to be supreme authority, but it would invite the advice and assistance of business men. Beside the Minister of Railroads would henceforth sit a special council of elected representatives of industry, agriculture and trade. In important questions of traffic, of central railroad administration and of training of employees, no step would be taken by the bureaucrats without taking the council's advice. This measure has never been carried out. The planners delayed a little too long. And in the meantime arose a powerful movement for complete denationalization of railroads, and swept the plan away.

A House Divided

The first step toward complete denationalization was taken by the present Minister of Railroads, Groener. Groener began with the construction and repair shops. He found them being managed "on a system so dilatory, so unbusinesslike, so wasteful that had they been private enterprises, with no resource in the note-printing press, the receiver would long ago have been on the spot." State-made locomotives were costing 72.7 per cent more than identical locomotives made in private shops; 50,000 more men were drawing wages than on the eve of the war; but three-quarters of the repair work had to be done by outside private concerns. This had to come to an end. On the first of November, Minister Groener announced the cabinet's decision to handle the state workshops on the lines which Gothein successfully applied to the state munitions and chemicals works. He declared that he would remove every construction and repair shop in the republic from under state management and would transform the whole system into a private corporation under the management of non-official engineers and business men engaged on private terminable contracts. The German Railroad Workshops Corporation will be a sister concern to the Deutsche Werke. And a few days later the cabinet announced that the whole railroad system would be handled in a similar way. This decision was in fact come to in the preceding September, but the cabinet kept it secret. Now it is announced that the railroads will be converted into a financially independent corporation.

So, within only two years, a complete revolution in German economic tendencies has been carried through. What is the explanation? The explanation is that the most zealous, most ingenious of German socializers could not do without and could not find an effective substitute for the incentive to energy and efficiency which under the capitalistic system is supplied by the motive of individual gain. From the first the socializers, realizing this, tried to combine socialism with capitalism. The second socialization commission, set up by Chancellor Muller after the first had failed, declared that "the motive power of capitalistic industry" is "the social and pecuniary advantages of the successful business man"; and added that "both in national and international competition these factors have fully justified themselves." The same commission was so eager to rope the capitalists into socialization plans that it proposed not only to compensate them for their surrendered property interests but also to let them continue profit-making from their brains and will power in precisely the same measure as they have been doing so far. Coal, said this commission—which was equally socialist in composition but considerably less socialist in temper than the first commission—should be socialized after a term of thirty years. Meantime, irregular profits should cease. The coal owners should be allowed to take only a fair fixed interest upon their actual investments and upon the total of their bonded debts.

So far this recommendation pleased the unofficial socialists tolerably. But the commission added that if in future any coal owner showed more than ordinary efficiency in that he either increased his output or reduced his operating expenditure he should be allowed regular bonuses, and that these bonuses should not be less than the extra profits which he would have reaped in free industry. Though the commission rendered two reports widely differing in some vital points, it agreed unanimously about this. And on this commission sat not only Carl Friedrich von Siemens, the chief of the greatest capitalistic electrical concern in Europe, but also the radical socialist, Kautsky, the coal miners' leaders, Otto Hue, who made such a stir at Spa, and Otto Cohen, the socialist secretary of the united labor unions of the whole German republic.

This recommendation was the worst bombshell that had yet fallen into the socialist camp. It was more painful than even denationalization. For the doctrine of the *Mehrwert*, of the capitalist's tribute, which ought to be confiscated for the benefit of the manual workers, is the central constructive motive of Marxian socialism. A socializing in outward form, under which the coveted *Mehrwert* still goes into the pockets of capitalists, has no attraction for the German workingman. Thirty years long he has pored over his Social-Democratic Bible, the Erfurt Program of 1891, which assured him that the essence of socialism is: To the manual worker belongs the whole value of everything that manual labor produces.

The revelation that this is not necessarily so did not come from one quarter only. The Saxon socializers came to the same conclusion. Two years back, the socialist government at Dresden, being already suspicious of dilatory Berlin, announced that it would socialize for itself. It established an economical reform commission to prepare the way. In the fall of 1920 came out the report of this commission. Socialism, said the report, cannot possibly mean that the profits of dispossessed capitalists will go into the pockets of workingmen. "If the state socializes industry, the profits will have to be taken by the state, because only in that way can be accumulated the fresh capital which is needed for increase of production."

Marxism Repudiated

No new socialistic measures, the abolition of existing state socialism, and the repudiation of the basic socialist theories, are the negative fruits of the German socialist revolution so far. Marxism is being bitterly assailed. As its practice will not fit theory, its theory is to be reconstructed to fit practice. The confident Tübingen professor of political economy, mentioned already, who two years back panted to make the state immediate owner of everything, is to-day the first of the dissidents. "The only real socialist," he says, "is the man who is not a Marxist." Rudolph Wissell and Robert Schmidt, both socialists and in succession Ministers of Industry in federal cabinets, declare that the Erfurt Program is an absurdity in important questions of principle; and that the first work of the Social-Democratic Party must be to revise it in the light of real economic facts. As the program is pure Marxism this pronouncement is a repudiation of Karl Marx.

That is the weakness of German socialism today. The old socialist gods are dethroned; the new, if there ever are to be any, are hidden still below the economic horizon. At present capitalism—or a form of quasi socialization which accentuates and perpetuates the good and bad sides of capitalism—is triumphantly on top, and there is every indication that it will stay triumphantly on top in all the years that can be foreseen.

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HOOSIER

Saves Steps

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COLUMBINE TIME

(Continued from Page 19)

away he enhanced his reputation for modesty; whereas he was merely troubled with embarrassment and desire to be alone. The opportunity presented itself a few moments later, when a half drunken argument started as to the condition of Old Calamity—one faction maintaining that the old horse thief was as good as ever, the other asserting that the old road agent was still in danger. Everyone joined in.

"Leave it to Doc Jones!" said someone, and, in the midst of loud calls for Doc Jones, Tommy slipped away. By now his daring had evaporated a little; he was in that second stage of determination when practical obstacles will insist on pushing into the picture. As he crossed the hall he caught a glimpse of Nellie, dancing with John W. Sabin—her torso drawn back, his figure rolling bearlike in the measure of a polka. And determination blazed again. He wandered bareheaded out to the lights and clamor of Main Street; wandered in again before the polka was ended; remained outside for what seemed an eternity, entered this time by the back way, to find a lancers started, and Nellie dancing with Sandy McNutt. Again his determination blazed. It was alternately dimming and brightening all the eternal twenty minutes during which he waited for that second waltz; but at each increasing rhythm of its fluctuations it burned brighter.

In one of the blazing moods he collected himself long enough to note and remember the approaches to Masonic Hall. The front door opened on Main Street—to the rush of its crowds, the sound of its dance-hall orchestras, its clicking stud-poker chips, its whirring faro wheels, its lively optimistic clamor. The back entrance opened from an anteroom used customarily in the mystic ceremonies of the lodge, but to-night serving as coat room for both ladies and gentlemen. Behind it lay a dark alley leading to Galena Avenue—for all its pretentious name a wayfare of small cabins and shanties, long ago dark in sleep. Tommy took a little excursion down Galena Avenue and returned hurriedly to Masonic Hall.

The second waltz. No sooner had they begun dancing than decency prompted him to a line of inquiry that he had dodged hitherto.

"If you should marry me," he said, "you would have nothing. I'm going to be rich some day. I'm poor now. I've got just a hundred and forty dollars in the world."

"My father had fifty dollars when he married my mother," she said. "She's always talking about how she slaved for him in those early years—and now —— You don't suppose I'd want money, do you? I'd work my fingers to the bone!"

"Then listen!" he said. "You're going to marry me to-night—if we can get away. I know how."

He stopped now, waiting for her word of refusal or of assent. She did not speak for a moment. Her cheek was leaning against his shoulder, and he could see no more than her glittering crown of black hair, which radiated a delicate perfume.

"Oh, I am afraid!" she whispered, and then: "Yes, my dearest, and as soon as we can!"

He had intended to wait an opportunity later in the evening—had even planned, though imperfectly, how to create a diversion. But at this instant they were dancing toward that cloakroom door. It drew him, as by a power superior to his will. He waltzed her to the threshold, stopped, opened the door. She gave one backward glance. Her mother, in the embrace of Pat Burke a close dancer was swinging round a far corner of the hall. Nellie did not look back again.

The door closed behind her. They were alone in the cloakroom, where overcoats, mantles, shawls and sealskin cloaks covered every inch of the wall, made grotesque heaps on every chair.

"Do you know where your wrap is?" he asked.

"There."

If he hesitated for a moment now it was not because he was undecided but because he had something more to say to her and was not sure how she would take it.

"Do you want to leave word for your mother? I guess you'd better ——" he began.

"I intended to do that," she said.

She began scribbling on the back of her dance program. When she had finished she stuffed it into the pocket of her mother's sealskin coat. She looked up now. Tommy was holding her mantle for her. Into it she slipped; she seized her hat, too, but made no movement to put it on, for he had opened the outer door. Through it they passed together. A moment later, hand in hand, they were stumbling along the rough dark roadway of Galena Avenue.

x

JOHN W. SABIN, in his capacity of first prominent citizen and general manager for everything in Carbonado Camp, had edited the program of dances at the Firemen's Ball and had decreed that there should be no encores. "We'll still be going it by the time the day shift comes on if we let 'em repeat," he had said. But after the second waltz—a Strauss selection and a specialty of the Little Casino—the demand became so loud and insistent as to override all rules; and the band swung into a dreamy encore.

During this dance Mrs. Bates, whenever Pat Burke's close hold allowed, was darting quick nervous glances about the ballroom. When Pat Burke bowed her to her own corner she looked still more nervously across the shifting kaleidoscope made by black coats, red shirts and light feminine pinks, blues and lavenders. Gradually the kaleidoscope came to rest and its colors massed—the light tints along the wall, the red and black in the corner beside Mike the bartender's punch.

But neither Nellie nor Tommy emerged. Mrs. Bates drew a mask of stately indifference over her features, to hide the anxiety, tempered by pure rage, which surged within. From the group about the punch approached John W. Sabin, his hawk's face illumined by good humor. The nervous strain of that evening had sharpened all perceptions and memories in Mrs. Bates. She glanced at her program. The next dance was the Virginia Reel; Nellie had it, she remembered, with John W. Sabin. She hesitated a moment. Mr. Sabin stopped to pass a remark to Mrs. Black. That gave her a little time; and she decided not to wait and make excuses, but to go forthwith on the hunt.

Ever since that quarrel in the ladies' room, she realized now, she had been afraid of her daughter's mood—of the unsounded depths in that nature which she had known so little during the past ten years, and of what those depths might bring forth. An intuition of her disaster stabbed her for an instant.

But the thought was simply too dreadful to be entertained. She put it back. With dignity, and with as much speed as she dared to show the critical world of Carbonado Camp, she floated in the midst of her draperies to the ladies' room. Nellie was not there.

She tried the front entrance in the angry expectation that she might interrupt her daughter and that young man in a tête-à-tête. A group of firemen were rolling cigarettes and debating loudly. They hushed their clamor as she came among them, and stared at her silently and respectfully as she opened the door and took a frigid look over the crowd of loafers and the activities of Main Street beyond. Now, as she turned back toward the cloakroom and traversed the hall, she was walking so fast, spite of herself, that the waiting dancers along the wall followed her with their looks.

Fritz, the cloakroom attendant—in private life porter at the Arizona House—had been temporarily absent when Tommy and Nellie made their hurried entrance and exit ten minutes before. Business being slack for him at that hour of the night he had taken the occasion to slip over to the Pioneer Saloon for a drink. Now he was sitting back on a pile of coats, enjoying a smoke. At Mrs. Bates' sudden entrance he sprang up, making awkward efforts to conceal his pipe.

Mrs. Bates took one long breath and gathered her forces before she asked in a sweetly superior tone: "Have you seen anything of a young lady in a pink dress—a dark young lady?"

"Your daughter, ma'am?" inquired Fritz.

"Yes, my daughter," replied Mrs. Bates rather haughtily.

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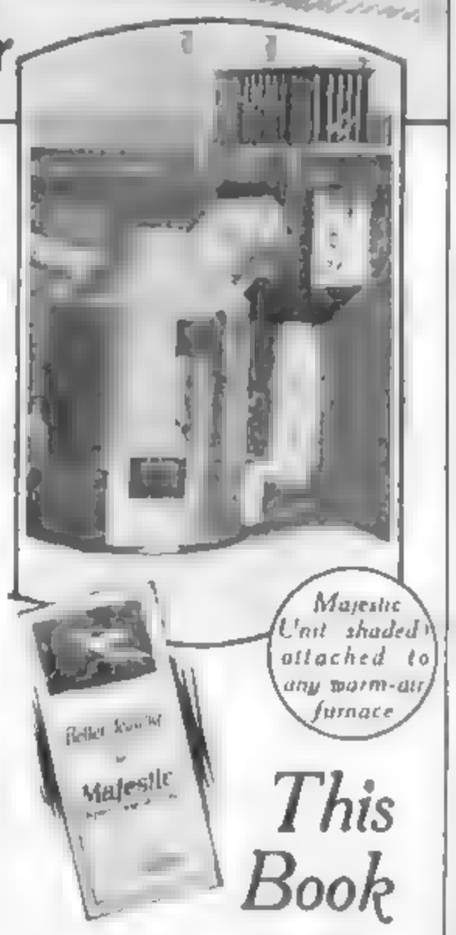

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"No, ma'am—haven't seen her," replied Fritz.

"Not this whole evening?" inquired Mrs. Bates a little more sharply.

"No, ma'am," said Fritz. Then he paused. "Did see a couple goin' it up Galena Avenue when I come in ten minutes or so back. The girl might 'a' been her."

Had Fritz been dowered with keen and subtle perceptions he would have read a whole drama in the stiffening of Mrs. Bates' frame. As it was, Fritz spoke again with the same polite if stolid indifference:

"Guess I can tell whether it was her by seein' if her wrap's gone." He pawed over a pile on a chair. "Yep. Her cloak was right there, with yours. Yep. It's gone. It was her."

Mrs. Bates, betraying her shock only by a pallor over which her will had no control, looked down on the pile. John had pawed her own sealskin coat to the top. From its pocket stuck an edge of white paper, which had certainly not been there when she left it. Out of the sudden shock over all her nerves came self-control again. In that instant she formed her white lie.

"Very well," she said. "That's what I wanted to know. My daughter wasn't feeling very well and I sent her home. I was just seeing if she had gone." Still acting, she turned away, turned back again. "That's my coat there? May I have it? I want to look for my handkerchief."

Her hand jerked just once as she took out the dance program, made a pretense of looking through the pockets of the sealskin coat, handed it back, turned away. At the door she stopped and with an appearance of idle curiosity glanced over the program. Just one little, indrawn "ah-h-h" escaped her as she read:

"*Dearest Mother:* I have gone away with Tommy Coulter to get married. The other could not be. I know you'll forgive me when you see how splendid he is. I love you. NELLIE."

The door opened, closed, shut out the view of Mrs. Bates from the look, now frankly curious, of Fritz the porter. "H'm!" he grunted as he sank down again on the pile of coats and resumed his pipe.

The cornet of Pop Bacon was just blaring for attention and Doc Jones was announcing in his carrying voice—by now a little thickened through the ministrations of Mike the bartender—"Git your partners for the Virginia Reel."

Couples were already moving out on the floor. In Mrs. Bates' own corner she saw the black coats and gleaming diamonds of John W. Sabin and of Willie Tutweiler, her own partner for the reel, both peering about the hall. As she approached them Mrs. Bates permitted her society expression to be tinged by a little anxiety.

"I'm so sorry," she said to them both equally. "My daughter has been taken suddenly a little ill. I've had her sent home. I must go too. I know you'll excuse us."

"Can I do anything?" asked Mr. Tutweiler conventionally. "Do you want Doctor Jones?"

"Oh, no, indeed," replied Mrs. Bates somewhat hurriedly. "It's nothing serious and we know exactly what to do."

Fortunately Mr. Tutweiler withdrew, murmuring sympathy, and Mrs. Bates turned to Mr. Sabin.

"I want to see you alone—at once!" she said.

Even the sharp tone of her voice failed to convey to the somewhat unimpressionable Mr. Sabin a sense of calamity.

His face showed only a little concern as he replied: "Don't see exactly how we can get alone—here."

"The cloakroom," said Mrs. Bates briefly—"if we can get rid of that attendant."

By now Doc Jones had shouted "Head lady and foot gent forward and back!" In the two mixed sets, which included all the ladies, hands were patting, feet clumping, voices humming with the orchestra The Arkansaw Traveler. The two unmixed sets, composed solely of firemen and male admirers, were much more lively, thanks to Mike the bartender. In the nearest set the head "lady," dancing up to the foot gent, dug him a playful jolt in the body; the gent countered ungallantly on the neck; they squared off in a comedy boxing match. In the other set the head "lady," who sported a fourteen-inch black beard, squeaked "Oh, Mortimer, my darling!" and leaped into the embrace of the head gent. They clinched. Hugging and rolling like bears, they bumped deliberately into the line of "ladies," who playfully shoved them back into place, digging their ribs the meanwhile. "Oh, you horrid, course men!" squeaked the lady.

But with all this, Mrs. Bates, making for the cloakroom with John W. Sabin in tow, had a feeling that she was being watched, that the general intelligence had suspected a crisis; and she tried to hold back her speed as she crossed the floor.

Fritz the porter had resumed his smoke.

"Here's a dollar," said John W. Sabin to Fritz. "Go and blow yourself to a drink. No—wait a minute—don't want the footpads to get into these coats. You watch outside until I tell you to come in. No, keep the dollar."

In the interval while Fritz was taking down his hat and poking to the door Mrs. Bates collected her thoughts and set herself in her plan of action.

Straightway she threw her few low cards upon the table.

"She's gone!" she burst out. "Nellie's gone. Run away with that young upstart. Gone to be married! Oh, what shall I do?"

A life passed on the intermittent verge of eternity had schooled John W. Sabin into deadly calm and swift mental action during crises. Whatever emotion was agitating him within showed only in a change of his complexion to a lighter tan, in a hard closing of the steel-trap mouth under his great mustache.

"How long ago?" he asked practically.

"Since the second waltz started," said Mrs. Bates, herself brought toward calm by his attitude. "They were seen going out of this door ten or fifteen minutes ago and down the street -that fool there told me."

She waved her hand in the direction taken by the absent Fritz.

"How do you know it's to git married?" asked John W., still with no more emotion in his voice than as though he were a lawyer cross-questioning a witness.

"She left me a note," said Mrs. Bates. "A note saying they were going to be married. Stuck it in the pocket of my coat."

It was all out now; and so suddenly that her will was taken by surprise, there burst forth a storm of tears. She sank down into a comparatively unencumbered chair; dropped her face into her white gloves and her lace handkerchief, which were suddenly bedewed with tears like linen caught out in a thunderstorm. She sobbed lightly but tensely, with little inarticulate "oh's." John W. Sabin was silent; he merely stood looking down upon her. The hawk glance in his eyes gradually softened; the color came back to his tan cheeks, became a flush. When he spoke it was in that same low voice, the syllables clipped as sharply as pistol shots.

"It's awful rough on you," he said, "but you mustn't take on so. We've got to do something—quick!"

"What—can—we—do?" breathed Mrs. Bates between her dying sobs.

John W. Sabin did not answer her directly.

"What cloak is yours?" he asked. "Better put it on—don't want to be seen, maybe, in a ball gown."

When she had dabbed away the last drops of her clearing storm Mrs. Bates found him holding her wrap ready for her. Mrs. Bates, in common with all her type, had the gift of crying exquisitely—not like those transparent blondes whose pink-and-blue baby eyes simply grow blobby with tears. The seriousness of her expression, the touch of carmine coloring in her cheeks and about her eyelids, rendered her only the more comely. Now John W. Sabin was taking down his own overcoat with the ostentatious fur collar, which occupied all alone a nail of honor. Before he put it on, Mrs. Bates saw him reach into the right-hand pocket, which bulged with an inner weight, and glimpsed the brown wooden butt of a standard forty-five-caliber side arm.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Don't! No gun plays!"

"Sure not," replied John W., "unless somebody else starts it first." He turned on her a sharp glance of inquiry. "You'd rather I handled this matter alone, wouldn't you? Don't want the police or a posse or anything?"

"Heavens, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates.

Without another word John W. opened the door. With no word on her part, with no

(Continued on Page 101)

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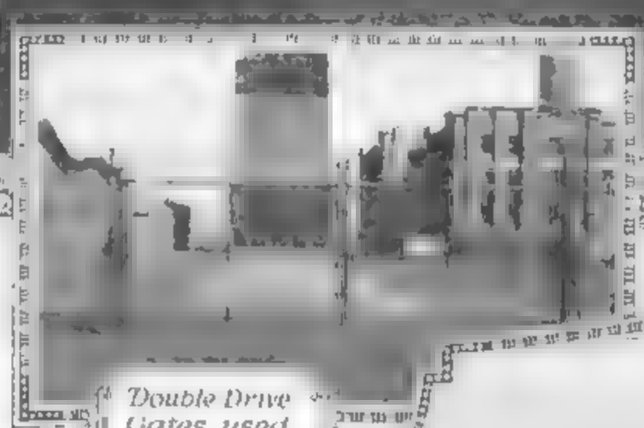

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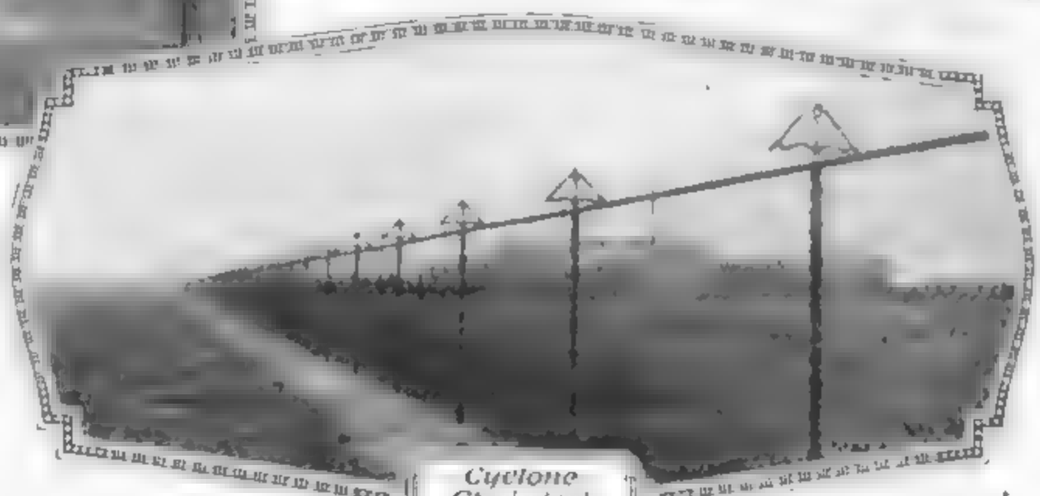

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(Continued from Page 98)

sure idea whither they were going, Mrs. Bates preceded him into the night. The door closed; she stumbled in the darkness.

"Give me your hand—no, the other," said John W.

He took her right hand, which was quivering lightly, into his left; his own right hand, had she only known it, was clamped on the butt of the revolver in his pocket. As they proceeded, he seeming to thread the darkness with cat's eyes, she sobbed gently now and then. Once, indeed, her sobs grew audible, threatening a new storm, but the firm pressure of his hand steadied her and the sound died away on a long sigh. They were making toward a single light outlining a window sash; and Mrs. Bates caught, through the fresh scents of a mountain night, the smell of horses. Then he spoke in his sharp clipped accents of a man of action; and his question seemed at first unaccountably far from the subject in hand.

"Say," he said, "is your daughter a Catholic?"

"Why, no," said Mrs. Bates, vaguely wondering through all her anxiety and misery what this had to do with the case.

"Then we won't bother Father Casey," said John W.

Now they stood opposite a big blank door, vaguely outlined by the side beams from the window.

"Hello, inside!" bawled John W., and listened. He got no answer. He drew his gun and smote the door three sharp taps with the barrel.

"Who is it?" said a voice, so near and distinct as to prove that the speaker had been all the time behind the door.

"John W. Sabin!"

At these magic words came a rattle of metal. The big door slid back, revealing outlined against the oil lamp the tousled head of a man in his shirt sleeves.

"It's me, Bob," said John W. "First thing—have you let a team in the last half hour?"

"Why, yes, Mr. Sabin," said Bob. "Not more than a quarter of an hour back. To a young fellow he came here a spell before that and asked us to hitch up—and a girl." The blotched outline which was Bob's head turned toward Mrs. Bates, whose face was now clear in the rays of the lamplight. "This lady's daughter, the girl was."

This rapid identification seemed to remind John W. Sabin of the widespread curiosity in the camp concerning the Bates women; for he shot out: "Thanks. It's all right to tell that to me. But if anybody else asks you, you don't know nothin' you or Eddie, either. Get that? You're to be a pair of graveyards on the subjects of the events and incidents of this evenin', now and subsequent. Where's Eddie?"

"Just turning in, Ed-die! Mr. Sabin wants you!"

"What rig did you give 'em?"

"Single rig—phaëton—and that little buckskin hoss."

"No speed—I've drove him," mused John W. aloud; then his voice took on its sharp shooting tone. "Now listen hard. Have you got your riding horse saddled as usual? All right. Eddie's to hitch up my bays to the light buckboard as quick as the Lord will let him. You're to jump on your bronco and rustle round to Parson Brown and that new Methodist preacher, whatever his name is, and find whether they've married anybody this evenin'. If you find 'em marrying that special and particular couple, stop it—tell 'em I said it was to be stopped."

"How about Judge Larrabee and Justice of the Peace Smith?" asked Bob. "They're authorized ——"

"Now don't you go to assumin' nothin' from my few brief remarks," said John W. "Judge Larrabee and Al Smith were at the Firemen's Ball, not marrying nobody when I left 'em."

They were interrupted by the slouching appearance of Eddie with a lantern.

"Git my bays into the buckboard, you—and quick!" said John W. "All right, Bob. You ride. Anybody in the office there? No, never mind, I'll tend to the lamp."

As Bob and Eddie turned away, John W. lighted a match, illuminating the untidy cubby-hole which served for the office of the Elite Livery and Boarding Stables. Before it went out he had brushed the loose newspapers from a chair and seated Mrs. Bates.

"Guess you won't want a light," he said. "There, there—cry it out! I'm goin' to help Eddie hitch up."

Three minutes later the bays stood harnessed and stamping impatiently beside the open sliding door. The side lamps on the buckboard were both lighted. A few long minutes more, and the clatter of hoofs announced Bob's return. Mrs. Bates rose and stood clinging to the door frame in the darkness.

"Well!" came the voice of John W. Sabin.

"No weddin's this evening," said Bob, dismounting. "I pounded 'em both out of bed."

"Would you mind gettin' in?" came the voice of John W.

Though darkness hid from her his face, Mrs. Bates knew that the request was meant for her. She clambered up into the seat; John W. sprang up beside her; Bob and Eddie loosed their hold on the bits of the eager bays; they shot out into Galena Avenue.

"Where are we going?" asked Mrs. Bates, who had, as advised, cried a good deal of it out, and now held control of her voice. Up to that moment she had yielded herself unquestioningly to the commands of Mr. Sabin.

"I've covered everybody who could perform a marriage in this here camp," said John W. Sabin. "From the start I suspected that they'd get a rig and go to Beantown."

"Beantown?" inquired Mrs. Bates.

"Six miles over toward the range," said John W. "Separate township, where I can't stop anything. McDougall, who's city clerk and J. P. there, is a crook. Always filing claims we wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. And marryin' people. The Harkness case got all over the front page of the Clarion last week. Figure that's what put it into her mind—her and her man."

Mrs. Bates, through the confusion of the tangled black emotions that were rising up in her again, found space to marvel that Mr. Sabin spoke of both her daughter and the young man without a shade of asperity—just as substantial impersonal facts. This brought to mind another aspect of her misery—the hopes she had held for her daughter—now, whatever else happened, dashed and broken. She had already partially given way in the presence of Mr. Sabin, which made it easier now to give way completely. Through her sobs she began speaking wildly, hysterically:

"She was always a little minx—never could tell what she was thinking about. And her Latin and her French and her music—in a miner's shanty! And I worked so to educate her—and I loved her so—oh-h!"

John W., master reinsman that he was, held the lines gathered expertly in his left hand. He transferred them to the hand which held the whip and dropped a touch, heavy yet comforting, though not in the least familiar or assuming, upon the sealskin shoulder beside him. But he said nothing; and she, too, spoke no more, as though this comforting touch were a command to silence. The storm beat itself out, ended at last in a long sighing.

They were clear of the town now, and threading a broken mesa whose clumps of sagebrush showed here and there in the light of the side lamps. The bays had settled down to their best, steadiest stride. Suddenly the hand which Mr. Sabin had rested upon the shoulder of his companion shot to the reins, pulled them violently inward even to his chest. But the bays needed no pulling. They had checked themselves so suddenly that the dashboard collided with their rumps, they were digging in their toes before a new-felled tree, which showed in the lamplight across their path.

No sooner had they come to comparative rest than John W. shot both reins to his left hand, shot his right to the butt of his revolver. There he checked himself. The presence of ladies is always inconvenient in a purely masculine affair.

And, as he expected, from behind the bushy branches of the pine tree rose a hat and a bearskin mask, came a voice, saying thickly, as though disguised: "Hands up! You're covered!"

"Put up your hands," said John W. to Mrs. Bates, himself setting the example. "Them pesterin' footpads!"

"Line up—there on the road!" said one voice. "No monkeyin'. There's three of us!"

"Now look here, boys," said John W. Sabin, "I'm out on a matter of life-and-death business. I've got about a thousand

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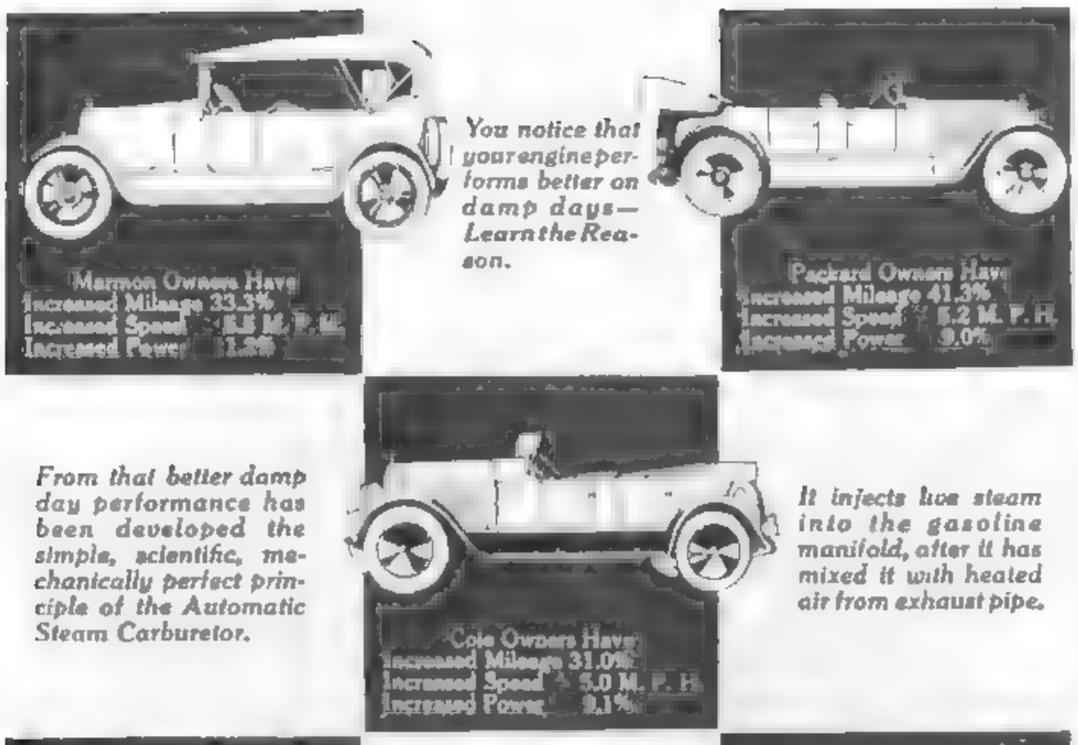
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dollars gold in my jeans You can have that. I'll chuck it to you if you'll let me put my hands down. You ought to know I wouldn't shoot, with a lady on board."

"He,!!" came the voice of First Footpad, registering even through its disguise of pebbles under the tongue both surprise and disgust. "Who are you?"

"John W. Sabin," said the voice from the buckboard, in the accents with which royalty might announce "The King."

"Sister Anne and Simple Simon!" came the thick voice of First Footpad; and the tone implied a disappointment too great for ordinary profanity. Whispers, mingled now and then with an audible oath, proceeded from behind the felled pine tree.

Then out came a disguised voice. "All right. Push along. We ain't robbin' you."

"That's right good of you boys," said John W. "Can I put down my hands to get these lines? Thanks. That's right Just pull that tree back. Say" he paused with the reins half gathered, as one who is caught by a new idea—"if I chuck you fellers a handful of twenties will you go home peaceable for the night and leave this here road alone? I may want it later, and I'll be in a hurry."

"All right!" came the muttering voice of Second Footpad, who, dimly outlined by the starlight, was dragging at the butt of the tree.

"Might as well knock off. Been a night of hard luck."

Mr. Sabin reached to his trousers pocket, cast out a shower which glinted in the side lamps, which made a jingling on the roadway.

"Oh, say, you understand I'm forgettin' this little episode! Get up!" he clucked to the horses.

But Mrs. Bates, until now forgotten in this purely masculine affair, spoke from the seat beside him.

"Better ask them if they've seen Nellie!" Her voice was perfectly firm.

"Oh, sure!" said John W., pulling up again. "Boys, seen anything on this road of a single rig—phaeton, wall-eyed, rat-tailed buckskin horse, couple of people aboard tall man, young, and a girl?"

"— — — —, yes!" said the disguised voice of Second Footpad. "Excuse me, lady. That was the first streak of hard luck this evenin'. Stuck 'em up not five minutes ago, and got nothin' but drink money."

"How'd that happen?" asked John W. casually.

"He couldn't make no gunplay any more than you could, because he had a lady aboard," said First Footpad. He continued volubly though thickly, as one glad to break the monotony of a lonely calling by a little social converse: "Females always was my bane and menace. The girl talked us out of takin' anythin' off him but a little tip of ten dollars. She allowed they was just married and needed it to set up housekeeping."

"Married!" The one word shot out of Mrs. Bates before she could control herself.

"Must have got married awful sudden," said John W., still affecting a casual gossipy tone. "It's the outfit we've been looking for, and they weren't married when last seen."

"Yep," said First Footpad, breaking into the conversation. "They drawed all the luck that's loose to-night in this neck of the woods. We didn't git none of it. They was makin' for Beantown because they didn't want to git hitched in Carbonado for some reason or other. They bumped onto Judge McDougall a-drivin' on the road. He got right down and hitched 'em on the spot. The little girl told us all about it. Durn nice girl. The young feller's drew a prize winner, all right."

"Where've they gone now?" asked John W.

First Footpad let a laugh bubble through the pebbles under his tongue.

"That's the joke of it!" said he. "They're in the funniest fix you ever did see, and they don't give a durn, as I figure it, on account of love's young dream. For some reason or other they're shy on Carbonado, but they're afraid if he holds out that bronco he hired from the Elite Stables he'll bump up against it for hoss stealin'. So they've went into retirement until daybreak, when he figures he can hire somebody on the road to drive the bronco back. Girl told us all about it while we was congratulatin' and felicitatin' 'em. Oh, we had a regular party! Only needed oyster stew and strawberry ice cream to make it a Friday night sociable."

"But where are they holding out?" asked John W. with a laugh that sounded a little forced.

"Said they was goin' to them abandoned cabins of the Jennie D., half a mile up the side road over there," replied First Footpad.

"All right," said John W. Sabin. "Guess we'll go and congratulate 'em, too. Remember, boys, nothin' happened to-night far's I'm concerned—or this lady either. But if I was you I'd scoop up those twenties out there in the road and use 'em to buy stage fare to some camp over the Divide. You've treated me decent, so I don't mind tellin' you, by way of returnin' favors, that the city marshal is gettin' all ready for a general roundup of the hull of you. Of course if there's anythin' like lynchin', I'll say a good word for you, but I wish you'd save me the trouble. Good night. Giddap."

XI

THE married couple of an hour sat just inside the doorway of a half-ruined log cabin, the second in the line of three which marked the site of that notorious failure, the Jennie D.

Though now and then one or the other stirred to kiss or to murmur rapturous nothings, they were mostly silent.

The truth is that actuality was creeping into the dream, as actuality will. With it came worry as to the next move. Getting a job to support a wife had seemed, in the inspiration of action, like nothing at all. Now it seemed a very great something. Carbonado was impracticable on account of the baronlike power swayed by the great and offended John W. The best chance was Cottonwood Camp. He was not sure about the fare to Cottonwood. It would certainly make a big hole in the hundred and twenty dollars that remained after paying Judge McDougall's fee and tipping the footpads.

To her, actuality brought thoughts more disturbing to the emotions. The face of her mother, reading that note, would glance in and out of her mental vision. At one instant she felt like a very little girl who wants to tell her mother she is sorry, to be cuddled and caressed. To blot the picture and down the thought she began speaking; and she, too, he noted, was running on the subject of her dress.

"Most girls," she said, forcing a little laugh, "want to get married in a white silk dress with a veil and orange blossoms and lots of cut flowers and ushers and bridesmaids and a wedding reception. I never did. What I really wanted to do was to elope, but I felt I didn't care how I married so long as I loved the man. But see—I have been married in a fine silk dress and white gloves, and my columbine boy was all the flowers I wanted. And I did have a wedding reception—those robbers!"

Now her laugh was genuine.

"Sort of chivaree. Sort of ——"

He stopped suddenly on the word; and the stiffening of his frame warned her also into silence. Footsteps, cautious and muffled yet distinct, sounded from the trail below the first cabin. He was instantly on his feet, but crouching.

"Get back in there—as far back as you can get—and keep low," he commanded masterfully.

He followed her; but he stopped just inside the darkness beside the open door. Looking back over her shoulder as she tiptoed, she could see in the starlight that he was crouching; and she heard a sharp metallic click. Silence for a moment; then the footsteps again. They seemed now to have reached the ruins of the first cabin. Tommy's voice came out so suddenly and clearly that she started and cowered for an instant against the wall.

"Halt! Who are you? I've got you covered!"

The footsteps ceased; for perhaps ten seconds the silence was again absolute. Then spoke a voice which she recognized instantly as that of John W. Sabin.

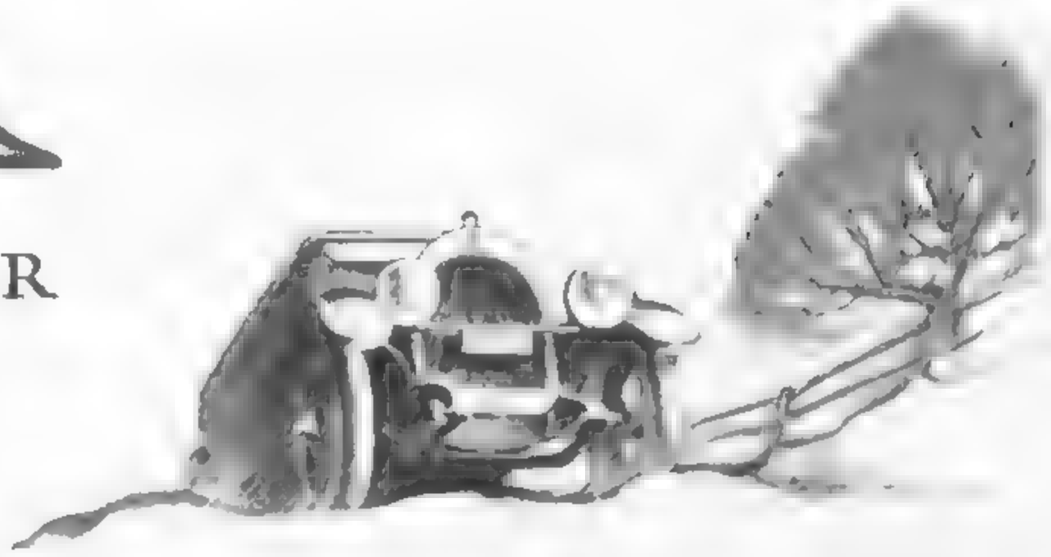
"If you're the young feller that's jest eloped with Miss Bates, I wouldn't make no gun plays. You're likely to hit your mother-in-law. If you're anybody else, lemme call your attention to the fact and circumstances that the barrel of your gat ain't browned, and I've got it spotted. And also covered. Avoid nickel plate on gun barrels. No, don't move it—steady now. I like to know jest where you are!"

"It's Mr. Sabin!" whispered Nellie from the shadows. "Don't shoot," she called aloud. "It's us, mother—and we're married."

(Concluded on Page 105)

Oldsmobile

23rd YEAR



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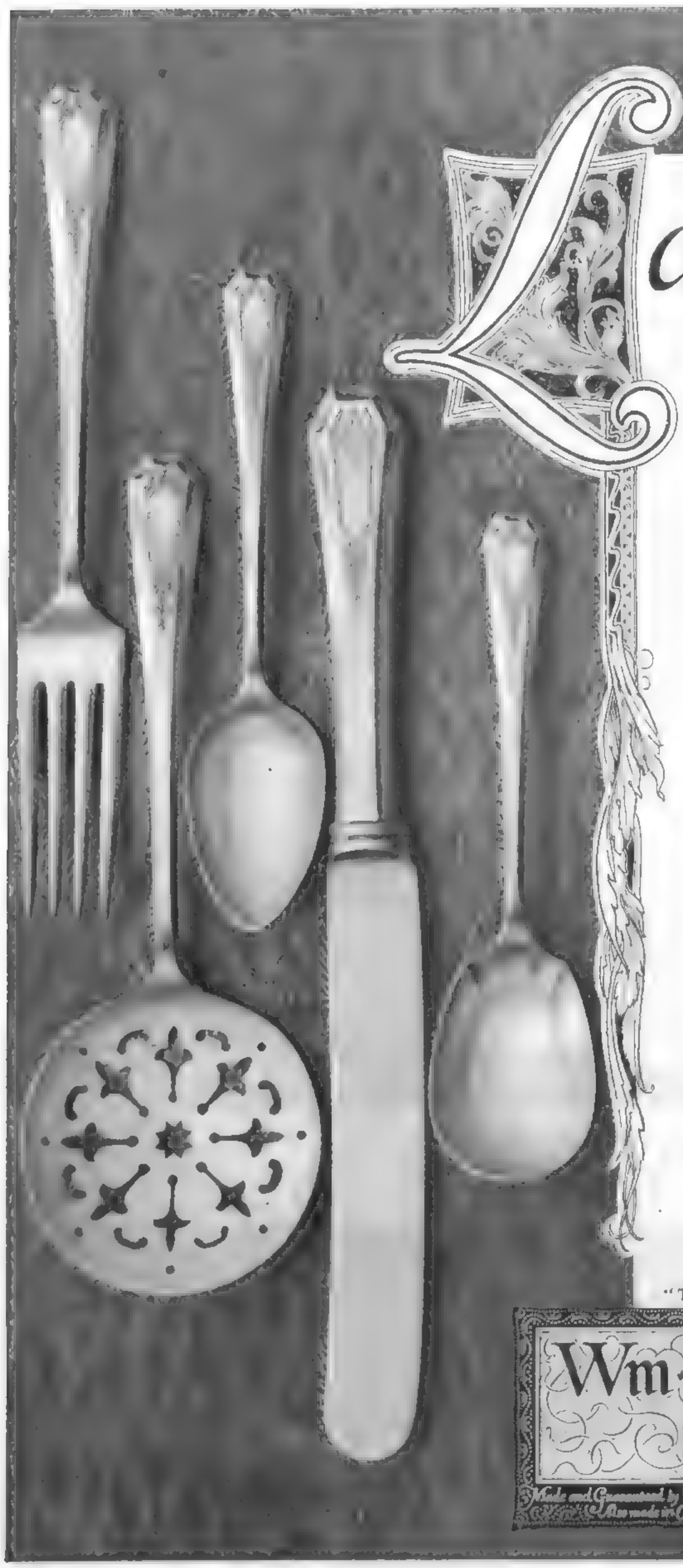

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(Concluded from Page 102)

A feminine voice with a wail in it came out of the darkness behind the ruins: "Yes, go on and shoot. Do! After what you've done to me to-night —— "

Nellie had crossed the dark floor to her new husband's side before she interrupted: "Now, mother, don't blame this on Tommy. He knows as well as I do that I got him to do it."

"That's not so," interrupted Tommy in his turn. "I'm responsible."

"I believe you," said Mrs. Bates, entirely ignoring the interruption of her son-in-law. "I believe you—I think you'd be capable of anything. After all I've done to make you a lady! Didn't I always know just how sly you were? Didn't I ——" Her voice choked.

"Mother," said Nellie, perfectly calmly, "when you think it over you're going to see it was the only way. Mr. Sabin, she brought me up here to marry you—because you were rich. And, Mr. Sabin, I didn't want to marry you. I wanted to marry Tommy from the first minute I saw him. I have married him. And I'm going away to make a start with him if I have to work my fingers to the bone."

She let her hand flutter to the shoulder of Tommy, still holding his cocked revolver trained in a general way on the darkness—being still uncertain as to the consequences of taking it away.

"Him!" exclaimed Mrs. Bates. "Him! A nobody from nowhere that you've only known four days. Came and sneaked you from me. Didn't have the manhood ——"

"That's enough, mother!" cut in Nellie.

"And Mr. Sabin—the finest man I ever knew —— Oh, if you'd been with me to-night you'd know what a nature he's got!"

"I'm certain he is a fine man," Nellie said; "and if you feel that way about it why don't you marry him yourself?"

A blank dead silence followed. It was broken first by the slight rustle made by Tommy as he rose from his uncomfortable position and gently let down the hammer of his revolver. Nellie touched him in the darkness. His free hand went round her. He started to say something, but she stopped him with a "Sh-h-h," and her hand felt for his mouth.

Absolute silence again; then a smothered colloquy from the ruins of the first cabin; then John W. Sabin's positive voice slashed the darkness: "Well, I've just asked her!"

Nellie, from her nest in her husband's free arm, gave a little shake of delight.

"What are you going to do about it, mother?" she asked.

It was John W. Sabin who answered:

"She says she won't. She's got a fool notion that if she takes me now I'll think she's taking me for my money."

"Now, Mr. Sabin," said Nellie, "I know mother like a book. She's been just crazy about you from the minute she met you. I suppose there's where I get this habit of love at first sight." This last was partly for Tommy's benefit, and Nellie punctuated her words by a soft pat on his cheek. "Only she's always wanted me to marry well—mother's been a perfect dandy to me—and she just wouldn't entertain the idea. She's been talking about you night and day and it wasn't for my benefit, either. She was just keeping the idea back—weren't you, mother?—because she wanted me to be happy—and she thought anybody must be happy married to you. Of course, there was the money, too—she wanted me to have money. Mother and I quarreled this evening and I've treated her dreadfully. But, Mr. Sabin, she's the most perfect dear!"

Nellie paused, as if to judge the effect of her words. Only silence for a moment.

"Ask her if she wouldn't take you this very moment if you were as poor as we are!" said Nellie.

Again she listened. At first only silence, so that the sound of a distant catamount complaining of the night, the ripple of Bear Creek, the gentle rustling of dwarf-pine branches came almost painfully loud. Then the murmuring voices down in the shadows of the first cabin began again, and Nellie gave another eager exultant squirm against the shoulder of the waiting Tommy.

And suddenly came the voice of John W. Sabin, not with its customary firm attack, but much more softly

"Young feller, when that there Judge McDougall stopped to marry you"—on these words both the lovers gave a start of surprise—"was he makin' for Carbonado or Beantown?"

"Going home to Beantown," said Tommy; and realized that he had hitherto been very much out of the conversation.

"All right," said John W. Sabin. "Say, daughter-in-law, tell your man to hitch up that wall-eyed buckskin and drive you back to Carbonado. We'll meet you at the Maison Riche in an hour—for the weddin' supper."

Down the dark trail went Mr. Sabin and Mrs. Bates. The lovers within the second cabin wisely said nothing more, but only embraced each other in the darkness, listening to the soft murmur of conversation, to the rustling footsteps, to more low inaudible conversation, which, like the footsteps, died gradually into nothing. Only one thing did they hear distinctly.

It came toward the last, in the voice of Mrs. Bates: "Well, I declare—that child has had her way with me again!"

(THE END)

THE GREAT DROUGHT IN CHINA

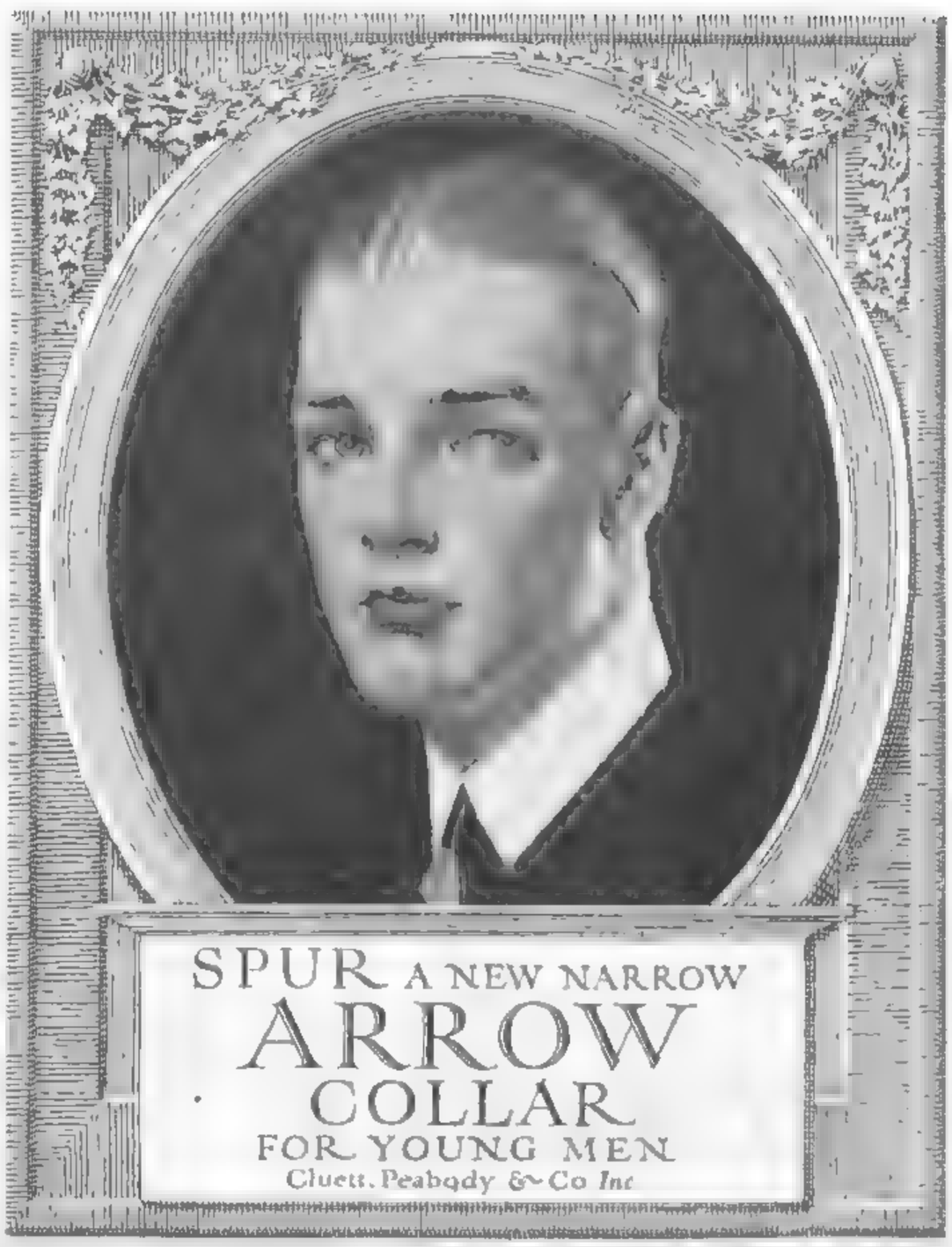
(Continued from Page 9)

as habitual beggars. There are foreigners in China sufficiently hardened to the sight of human misery to dismiss the whole famine-stricken population from their minds as habitual beggars or people who might just as well be dead anyhow, but nobody could mistake the great majority of these mobs as anything but victims of the most unusual calamity, even for China. Babies—the Chinese baby is probably the quaintest and most appealing little animal on earth; old men, old women, reflecting in their demeanor the profound respect in which foreigners are held; mothers, fathers, young boys, little girls; all thinly clad, most of them unbelievably ragged and dirty, many of them already showing signs of starvation dropsy; others emaciated, drawn, with teeth bared in the uncontrollable hunger grin with which famine-stricken peoples grow familiar.

A foreign face appears at a car window, and down they go upon their knees, bowing, their foreheads in the dust and uttering strange wailing sounds. A mother picks up her little, solemn-eyed baby, pats its stomach, points to its mouth, then she forces it down upon its knees and makes it fairly grind its little head in the cindery dust to emphasize her plea. By signs she makes it plain she cares nothing about herself, but begs you please to give her baby food. I tell you such misery has no right to exist and especially should not be visited upon a people that for industry and frugality has not an equal on earth.

Just outside Tientsin there are great refugee camps, as there are outside Peking and in the immediate vicinity of most other cities. The refugees are nearly all farmers from the worst dried-up areas. Such Chinese are the best citizenry of the country, and would not seek assistance until all personal resources were literally exhausted. They begin by selling warm clothing if they have any to sell and can find anyone to buy it; and they usually can. Then they dispose of the roof timbers of their houses, and in localities where there is no fuel there are always purchasers for these. When they have nothing left to sell they trudge away, singly or in groups, making for the cities. But in their tremendous numbers the cities cannot receive them, so they are gathered up as they arrive and are herded into the most extraordinary camps the world has ever seen. I have just walked all over one near Tientsin, where 45,000 people are living for all the world like so many prairie dogs.

I am omitting a lot of dreadful details about frequent slaughter of the innocents and suicide of the aged, and the sale of thousands of young girls into the slavery of the cities. But I shall get more definite information of these things as I go along. I have yet to get down into Black Honan and up into very dark gray Shansi, but I am going as fast as I can by the best available transportation; best available transportation being narrow, two-wheeled, springless, torturesome Peking carts, drawn by a misshapen, undersized, underfed, but normally contrary specimen of mule. However, the records are already filled with harrowing instances of these dreadful



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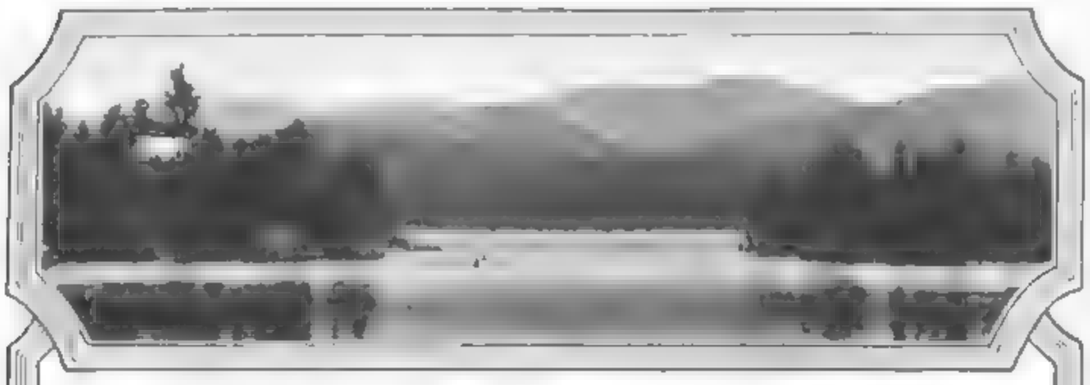

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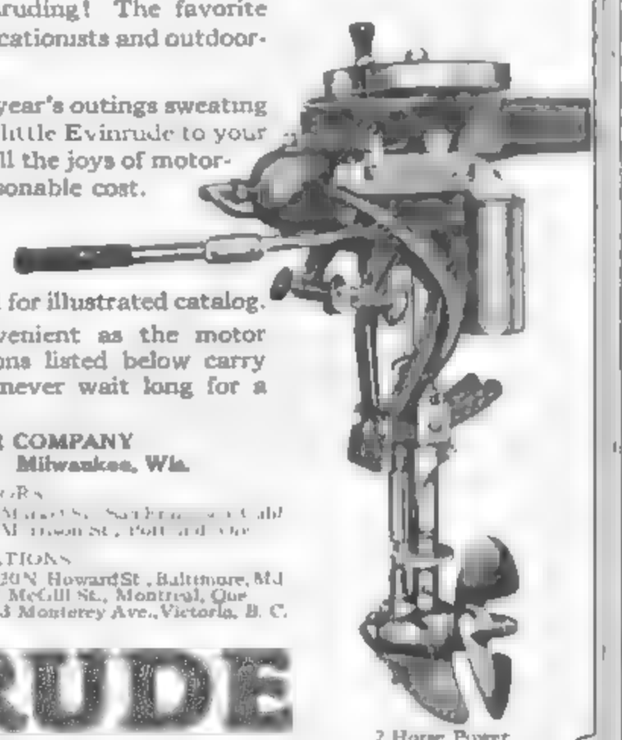

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things, and with further reports coming in to the headquarters of the International Relief Committee every day. A girl baby can be bought almost anywhere in North China to-day for three copper cents, or about one American penny; and it is to be remembered that Chinese mothers are just like other mothers. They love their babies. More is asked for little boys than for little girls. Pretty young girls for houses of prostitution are sold for two, three and four dollars, according to the judgment of the purchasing agent as to their degree of desirability, but the carcass of a dead donkey, no matter what the donkey died of, is worth anywhere from three to six dollars.

Then there are the bandits, adding a touch of gruesome picturesqueness to the situation. I am on my way now down into the regions in Honan and South Chi-li, where they are operating. They seem to be having things pretty much their own way. They are demobilized or escaped soldiers of a former political régime, retaining their arms and uniforms, and have developed a very neat little system. They are supposed to be about 800 or 1000 strong. Many are mounted and they operate in bands of about fifty each. With whole provinces at their mercy because of the inability of the present government to provide adequate police organization, they are able to do magnificent execution with minimum risk to themselves. They are said to be sworn not to molest foreigners, but foreigners have little faith in Chinese bandits and when entering their territory go provided with means of self-protection.

A band selects a town or village to be looted, and in broad daylight sends in a detachment in uniform to make an investigation. The men in this detachment maintain a respectful attitude toward the people and conduct themselves in an orderly manner, pay their way, and do nothing to excite suspicion or precipitate a row. But they locate definitely everyone who has money or is supposed to have money. Then they take their departure. When night falls they return with companions in full force and conduct a raid. They gather up all the rich or well-to-do and select also a few of the lowliest of the poor. When they reach their lair they go through a most interesting ceremony. It has been described by victims who have lived through it. They line up the famine-stricken paupers, demand of them ransom for their lives, having first placed those from whom they expect to collect where they cannot fail to observe every detail of the procedure. The poor victims of this ghastly comedy plead truthfully that they have nothing to give, whereupon they are either shot or butchered. When it comes the turn of the rich or well-to-do to toe the mark and speak up they are ready to meet any demands that may be made, and demands usually are based on accurate knowledge of their ability to meet them.

Editor's Note—The Saturday Evening Post will be glad to receive and forward contributions to the China Famine Fund.

THE BIG FOUR OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE—ORLANDO

(Continued from Page 7)

nothing but Italian control of Fiume would satisfy the nation. With that practically impossible, in view of the uncompromising attitude of the President, the overthrow of the Orlando government was only a question of time unless something unforeseen occurred to affect the situation. But by neither word nor manner did Signor Orlando show his feelings. Even up to the time when the defeat of his government was certain to take place within a few days and it was substantially settled that Signor Tittoni would succeed him at Paris as the head of the Italian delegation, the cheerfulness and good humor of the retiring Premier never forsook him. He accepted his approaching political overthrow with a fine spirit.

In these trying circumstances he was the same pleasant, smiling gentleman that he had been during the early sessions of the Council of Ten.

Just how far Signor Orlando was influenced in his policy as to Fiume by Baron Sonnino I do not know. There were many competent observers who were disposed to lay the responsibility for it on the latter's shoulders, as he was a past master in arranging settlements through secret agreements. No one in the Council of Ten was so adept as he in negotiations of this sort. Persuasive and plausible, with a manner that impressed his listener with the sense of being the specially favored recipient of important information, Baron Sonnino was unquestionably successful in winning to his support those who were susceptible to his species of flattery and who had a generous opinion of their own importance. Where the baron failed was in his overvaluation of the support which he won in this way. Had that not been the case the Italian plan in regard to the Adriatic would have been successful and the Orlando government, of which Baron Sonnino was so influential a member, would have been stronger than ever at Rome.

What has been said of Baron Sonnino is not by way of criticism of him as a man but of the school of diplomacy to which he belonged. The pity is that all the intrigues and secretiveness, from which the peace conference suffered so grievously, did not end as the Fiume affair ended. If the conference had done nothing else than discredit diplomacy of that sort it would have been well worth while. Unfortunately others who practiced similar methods were able to form combinations and make bargains to the mutual and material advantage of their countries. Baron Sonnino's reputation as a clever diplomat and negotiator, who was credited, I think unjustly, with hiding his real objects, did not help him, while other statesmen, less known in diplomacy and possibly less frank in purpose, engaged in the same practices that he did with impunity and with frequent success.

The fact is, when one who knows what went on in Paris outside the recorded proceedings considers the months during which the conference was in session, he cannot deny that there was a lot of hypocrisy practiced, a lot of pretense about doing things openly and stating things candidly when secrecy and intrigue were only too evident. One might not like Baron Sonnino's policies and might feel that they flouted the conscience of the nations and were out of harmony with the spirit of the times, but no one could charge him with being a hypocrite. He was in fact far less blameworthy than some who criticized him. Whatever may have been thought of the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs by these self-righteous negotiators, he was a more reliable man than they, a better man with whom to deal. He was without question an able diplomat, possessing poise and sagacity, while as a companion he was all that could be desired.

Neither Signor Orlando nor Baron Sonnino took as active a part in the debates on general questions which came before the Council of Ten as did the representatives of the United States, France and Great Britain. Signor Orlando was always ready to give his opinion on such subjects when asked, and he did it with the clearness of statement and logical presentation of reasons, of which he was master. When, however, the question was one which had to do with the national interests of Italy he appeared to be eager to express his views, and seized the first opportunity to address the council. It was also observable that in any discussion which touched his government or people even so remotely as the establishment of a precedent or policy which might be later invoked against them, Signor Orlando spoke with greater earnestness and much more emphatically than he did on other occasions.

This was evidence of a fact, already mentioned, that the Italian statesmen concentrated their entire effort on the advancement of the material welfare of their country. It is impossible to deny that Italy, however favorably or sympathetically her course may be viewed, entered the war on conditions which in the event of victory by the Allies insured her future territorial and economic expansion. She sought a good bargain, and Great Britain and France, in view of the conditions existing in April, 1915, were forced to accede to her terms. That same dominant

(Continued on Page 109)

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(Continued from Page 106)

purpose was apparent throughout the negotiations at Paris. Having secured to a large extent the rewards promised a month before Italy declared war against Austria-Hungary, as embodied in the Pact of London, the Italian representatives at the peace conference sought further advantages by advancing new claims. Of course these claims were selfish and not based primarily on international justice, but in that they did not differ from the claims of other allied governments. The difference lay, as I see it, in the fact that the Italians urged their claims frankly and without subterfuge, while others, seeking to hide their nationalistic purposes, demanded that their claims should be recognized on the ground that to do so would make for the future peace of the world and for the welfare of the inhabitants of the territories the possession of which they coveted.

Lip Virtue vs. Heart Virtue

While Signor Orlando had taken part in secret negotiations as to Fiume and had endeavored to obtain his object by bringing personal influence to bear on others, it always seemed to me that the secretive method employed contradicted the frankness and openness which he otherwise displayed. He was certainly not by nature disposed to deceive as to his purpose. Possibly he and Baron Sonnino as well were too frank, from the point of view of expediency. In any event, apparent frankness, seasoned by assertions of high moral purpose and garnished with unctuous precepts and platitudes, succeeded where real frankness failed. To admit openly that one was impelled by selfish motives was an offense to those who proclaimed their own altruism, whatever their true motives might have been. It was not playing the game according to the rules. The truth is there was at Paris too much lip virtue and too little heart virtue in the settlements that were reached.

The Italian aspirations conflicted more with those of France than with those of any other of the Great Powers. In the Balkans and to an extent in Asia Minor they came into direct conflict in the endeavor of each country to extend its sphere of commercial influence in those regions. It was when these questions were being considered that M. Clemenceau and Signor Orlando crossed swords in debate.

As a rule the impression made by the debate was that, for logic and force of reasoning Signor Orlando had the better of the argument. He seemed to know his case more thoroughly and to present it more convincingly than did his French adversary. In fact if the latter had not been the great personality that he was he would often have been forced to acknowledge defeat. But he never did. Clemenceau defeated was unthinkable to Clemenceau, and that attitude had unquestionably a potent influence on his associates. As a consequence Signor Orlando did not triumph so frequently as he otherwise might have in his word combats with the fierce old champion of France, who treated him, I believe intentionally, with far less consideration than he did Mr. Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George.

Though Signor Orlando possessed admirable traits of character and exhibited a skill in debate which none of his confreres excelled, he was nevertheless the least influential of the Big Four and had the least to do with formulating the terms of peace with Germany. This was doubtless due in large measure to the relative military, naval and financial strength of the Great Powers represented in the Council of Four. Comparison by this standard—which, it is to be regretted, was the principal standard in weighing influence at the peace conference—tended to place Italy in the background and to subordinate the views of her statesmen. I know also that some felt that the Italian Government had driven too sharp a bargain with the Entente in 1915 and was now demanding more than its pound of flesh, in spite of the small part which the more critical in Europe asserted Italy had taken in the latter months of the struggle. There seemed to be a disposition to repudiate the Italian claims or at least to reject many of them. It was with evident reluctance that France and Great Britain conceded their treaty obligations. Neither of them vigorously supported Italy when her claims were urged. The attitude seemed to be that of tolerance for a nation which had not won by arms a right to a voice in the decisions but was by agreement entitled to it. It was therefore especially fortunate for the Italian people that they had in Signor Orlando so well-trained a statesman, so talented an advocate and so keen a logician to represent them at the conference. He could not be and was not ignored.

A review of the foregoing estimate of the personalities of the four statesmen composing the Council of the Heads of States, in whose hands it may be said rested the political and economic future of the world, shows that each of them possessed qualities of mind which fitted him to be a leader of men, but which did not necessarily equip him to act as a negotiator. I think candor compels one to admit, however, much he may admire the superior attainments of the Big Four, that it was a misfortune for the nations that the actual formulation of the treaty with Germany was assumed by them.

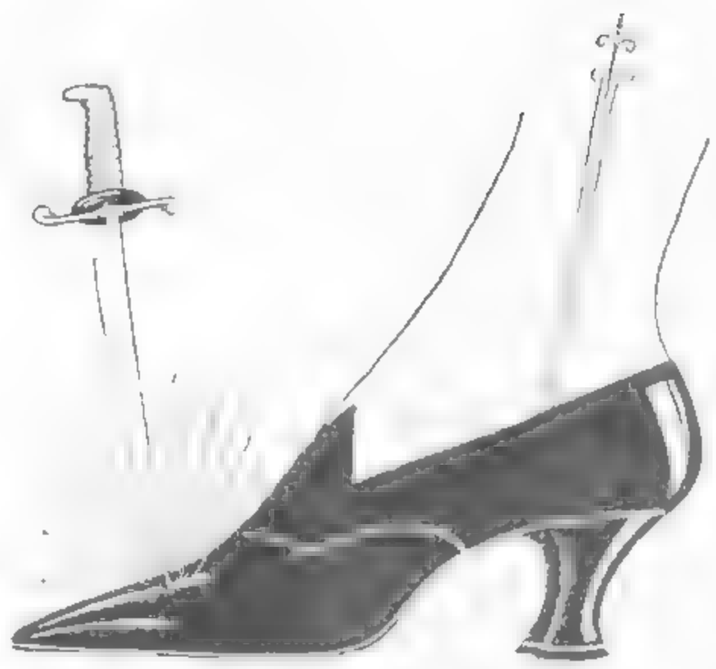
In the first place the only one of them who had the legal or diplomatic experience necessary for such a task was Signor Orlando, the least influential of the council and the one who was handicapped by not knowing English, in which language the proceedings were chiefly conducted. Of the others, President Wilson thought like a professor advocating a pet theory and expanded his philosophic ideas in a series of epigrams which sounded well but which were difficult of practical application, if not of definition. Mr. Lloyd George, who lacked the background which only a thorough student of history could have, was an opportunist, who jumped to conclusions without going through the reasoning processes which are necessary for wise statesmanship. Careless in thought, he was equally careless in speech. Accuracy of expression, so essential in the final settlement of an international question, was not one of his attainments. M. Clemenceau never bothered himself with the actual wording of a decision. The general principle was all that interested him. The technical phraseology he left to the secretariat general, directing them to send the decisions of the Council of Ten to the drafting committee. A more unsystematic and loose way of conducting business of such moment can hardly be imagined. To term it inexpert is a mild characterization.

Four Controlling Motives

To other delegates, appreciative from previous experience of the importance of exact and definite expression, this lax and haphazard procedure caused grave concern, though it did not seem to disturb any member of the Council of Four. Fortunately the drafting committee included such trained international jurists as Dr. James Brown Scott, for the United States; Mr.—now Sir—Cecil J. B. Hurst, of the British Foreign Office; and M. Henri Fromageot, of the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs. To their legal knowledge, carefulness and industry are due the phraseology of the majority of the articles of the treaty and their orderly arrangement. One dreads to think what the document would have looked like if it had not passed through their experienced hands.

If I were asked to state the strongest motives influencing the conduct of each member of the Council of Four during the peace conference I would state them as follows: M. Clemenceau—protection of France from future German attack, indemnification for her war losses and the perpetuation of her international power in the world; President Wilson—the creation of a League of Nations to make permanent the terms of peace, to prevent war and to supervise international relations in the future; Mr. Lloyd George—the satisfaction of British public opinion, measured in terms of political success and commercial advantage; and Signor Orlando—the expansion of Italy's territorial sovereignty and economic power.

Of these controlling motives that of President Wilson was on a higher ethical plane than that of any of his colleagues. He unquestionably felt that a great moral duty rested on the victorious nations to make great wars impossible for the future. He believed that this could be done by organizing the peoples of the world into a League of Nations. It was an idea which appealed to his intellectual conception that he was devoted to the welfare of mankind, and to his firm conviction that he was destined to be the leader of the nations, the



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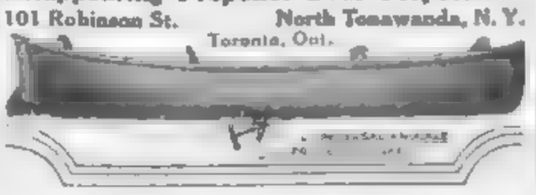
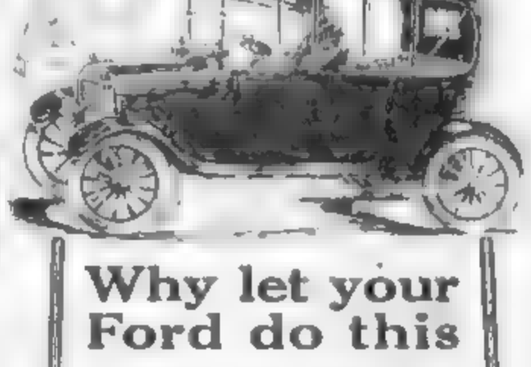
Disappearing Propeller Boat Corporation
101 Robinson St. North Tonawanda, N. Y.
Toronto, Ont.





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commanding figure in this federation of the world. The theory of the proposed organization was an appealing one. There was little that could be urged against the general principle of union for the sake of peace. It was in the application of the principle and in attempting to make the theory workable in practice that the difficulty lay. The President should have realized—possibly he did—that unless the Great Powers subordinated their selfish and material interests to the altruistic purposes which impelled him to concentrate his efforts on the drafting and adoption of the covenant their support of the league would be merely the expression of a moral sentiment, provided it did not constitute a practical agency to protect them in settlements which satisfied their selfish desires.

Consider and answer these questions, which are significant as to the spirit which prevailed among the Great Powers: Why did the French statesmen hesitate to accept the covenant until an added guaranty against German aggression had been substantially agreed to by President Wilson and Mr. Lloyd George? Why did Italy threaten to withdraw from the conference and not to become a member of the league until a favorable settlement as to Fiume had been reached, even though it had nothing to do with the treaty with Germany? Why did the Japanese let it be known that they would not join the league unless the German rights in Shan-tung were ceded to their empire?

The manifest answers to these questions show that selfish motives were superior to moral obligations with the European Powers and with Japan. The attitude seems to have been: Give us all that we demand and we will aid in building a wall for the protection of that which we have obtained.

Selfishness the Supreme Impulse

These incidents, with others which might be cited, are manifestations of the weak influence that abstract justice and the desire for the common good exerted on the Great Powers, and of the impracticability of relying unreservedly on their support of joint action, through an international organization, which was in any way detrimental to their material interests. From the theoretical standpoint of the moral philosopher, good faith and a sense of justice are irresistible forces in the relations between nations, but practically—and we must look to the practical in the world of the present—selfishness is, and I fear will continue to be, the supreme impulse of nations in their dealings with one another, until mankind is morally regenerated.

If the treaty of peace with Germany is critically analyzed in order to determine the motives which found expression in the settlements contained in its hundreds of articles I do not think the brief statement of these motives which I have made will appear to be prejudiced or unjust. From the treaty terms there is much that can be learned of the psychology of the statesmen who were most influential in formulating them. Such a study, if it is made carefully and impartially, will, I believe, supplement and confirm this review of the characters, the aims, the successes and the failures of the Big Four of the peace conference at Paris. In later years, when the results of their labors find actual expression, historians may render a different verdict as to these men, but from the viewpoint of the present I can reach no other than that which it has been my endeavor to state without favor and with entire candor.

Altruism Outmaneuvered

The negotiations at Paris may be described as a conflict between altruism and selfishness, between the ideal and the material, between the theoretical and the practical, between principle and expediency; a conflict in which President Wilson, representing the higher standards, was outmaneuvered by the forces of self-interest and opportunism. The consequence was a treaty in which national rather than international interests are emphasized, and through which are scattered seeds of dissatisfaction and discord. No one imbued with the longing for a peace founded on justice can study the treaty of peace with Germany without a keen sense of disappointment as to certain of the terms of settlement or without a feeling of apprehension as to the future. The treaty restored a legal state of peace among the nations; in that was its virtue, for it responded to the supreme longing and need of the world. As for the League of Nations, which is to be an instrument of performance as well as the guardian of this great international compact, it is charged with giving permanency to settlements which, in view of the nature of some of them, invite modification or annulment. Unless these defects are remedied, unless the principle of the equality of nations in times of peace is recognized, and unless legal justice is emphasized, the Peace of Versailles will be in many of its provisions temporary and not permanent.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of four articles by Mr. Lansing.

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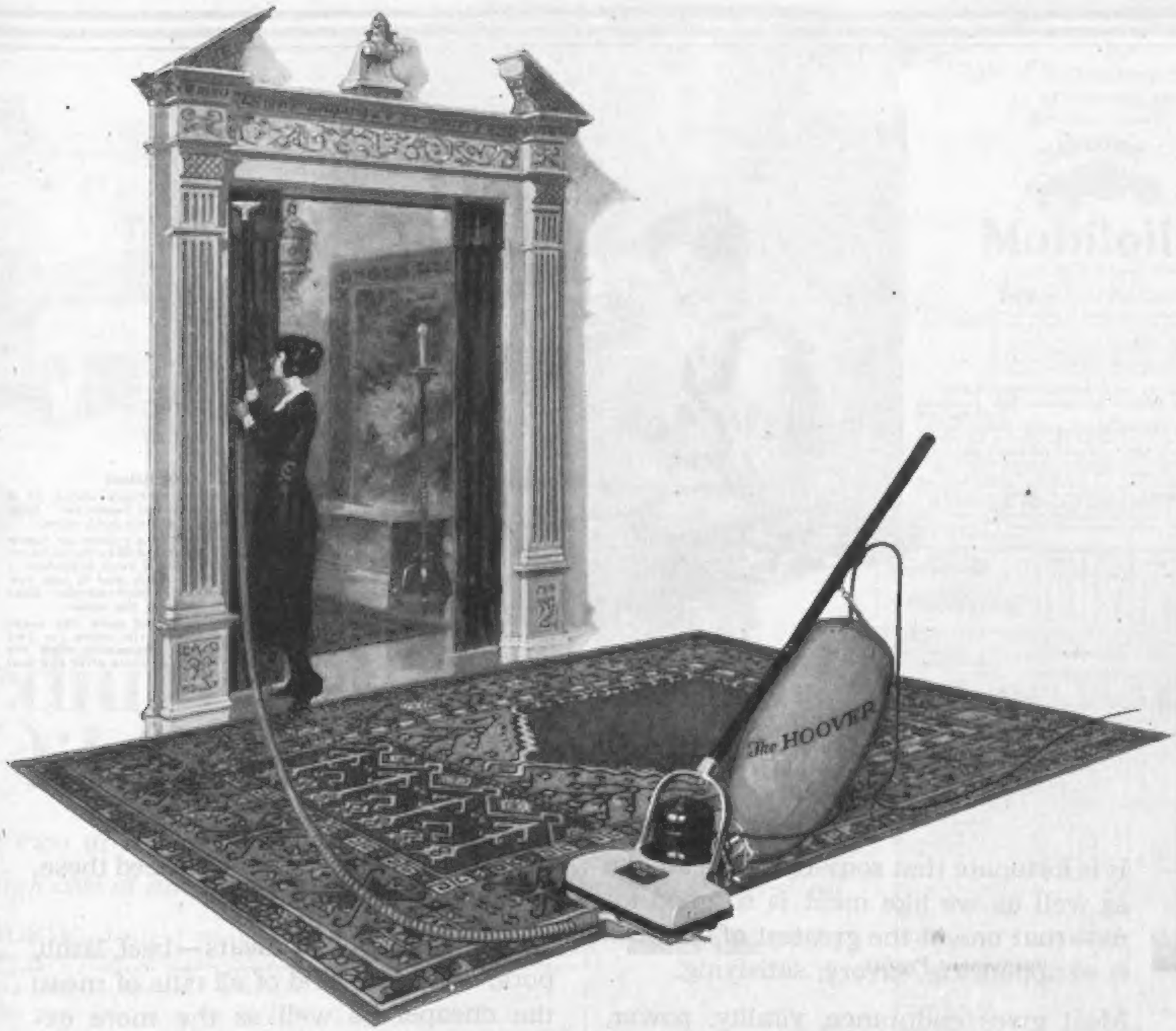

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The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

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Brown an onion, finely sliced, in a frying pan with hot bacon fat. Sear about 3 lbs. chuck on both sides.

Place the meat in a roaster or heavy pot-roasting pan. Add to the mixture in the frying pan 2 cups tomatoes, 2 small onions, sliced, and ½ cup raw carrots, ground in food chopper. Heat well and pour over the meat.

Cover the pan and cook the meat slowly on top of the stove for two hours, basting frequently with the liquid. Season to taste after the first hour of cooking.

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All this is true of all meats—beef, lamb, pork, and veal—and of all cuts of meat, the cheaper as well as the more expensive.

So see to it that your family has plenty of meat. It is a treat that is good for them, it is easily prepared and is economical.

You can always rely upon meat from Swift & Company. It is watched over by U. S. government inspectors and is also in our constant care from the first process of dressing until it is in your dealer's ice-box.

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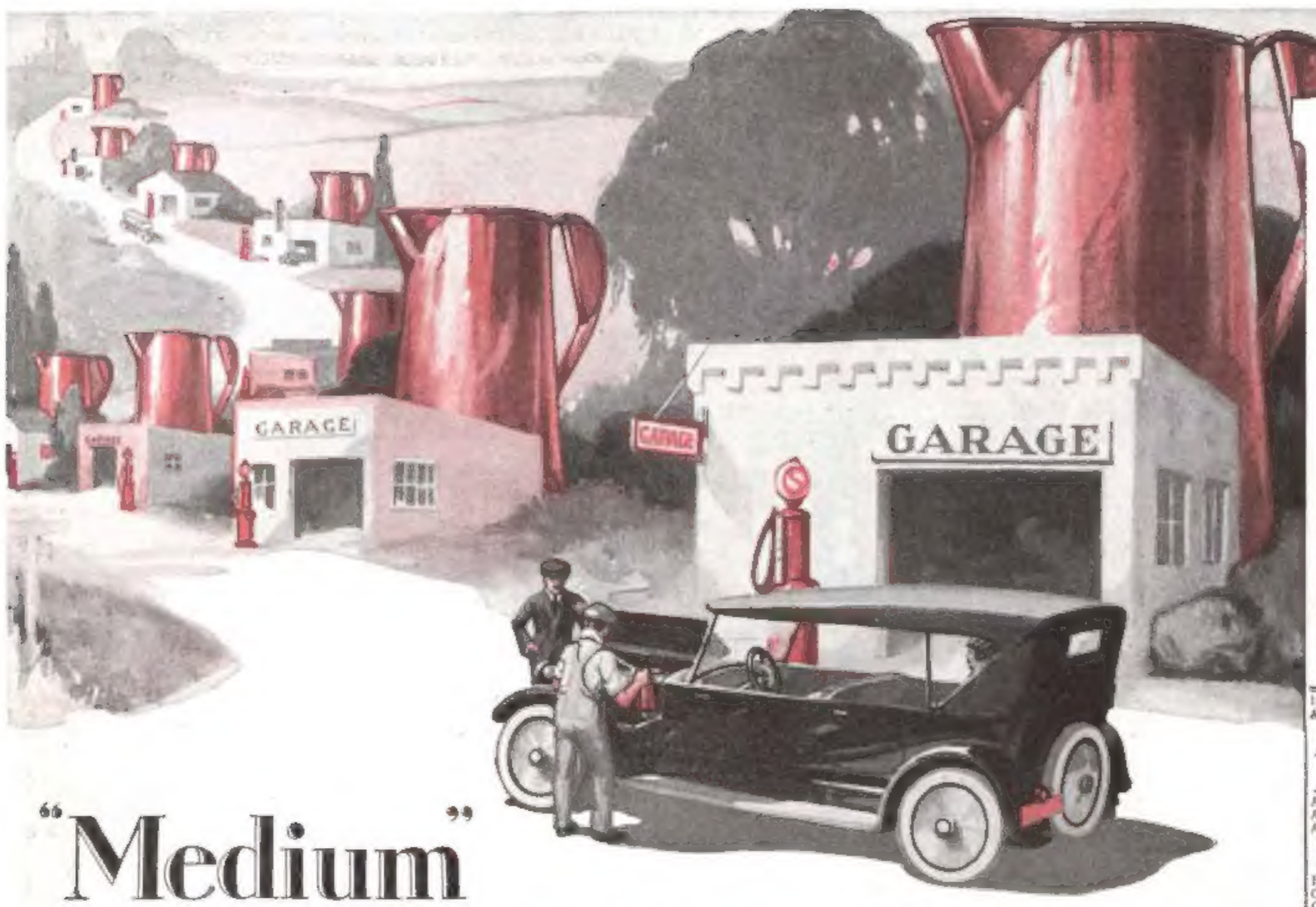

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Assume that one of these "medium" oils was correct for that man's car. Then in body the other eight were certainly incorrect. Their use would lead to wasted gasoline, wasted oil, loss of power and all the effects of incorrect lubrication.

One manufacturer's "light" is often another's "medium." A third manufacturer's "medium" may be a fourth manufacturer's "heavy." No central authority sets definite standards for oils so classed.

Furthermore: Under the heat of service many so-called "heavy" oils become thinner than many so-called "medium" grades.

The motorist who buys oil in this hit-or-miss way is certain to get hit-or-miss compression and hit-or-miss protection.

* * *

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When you use the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car in the Chart, the oil in your crank-case does not vary from day to day or week to week. You get uniform protection, full compression and consistent performance. You get true economy of upkeep and operating costs.

To buy your oil in any other way is to invite wasted gasoline and other unnecessary expenses.

If your car is not listed on the partial Chart to the right, send for our booklet "Correct Automobile Lubrication," which contains the complete Chart. Or consult the complete Chart at your dealer's.

In writing, please address our nearest branch.

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Chart of Recommendations
for AUTOMOBILES
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A grade for each type of motor

How to Read the Chart

THE Correct Grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for engine lubrication are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

These recommendations cover all models of both passenger and commercial vehicles unless otherwise specified.

Where different grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and constitutes a scientific guide to Correct Automobile Lubrication.

If your car is not listed in this partial chart, consult the Chart of Recommendations at your dealer's, or send for booklet, "Correct Lubrication," which lists the Correct Grades for *all* cars.

193 S.E.P. No. 3 Automobile 1920	1920		1919		1918		1917		1916	
NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Anderson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Auburn (4 cylinder)									A	Arc.
" (6 cylinder)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (6-55)							A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6-39B) Tractor H. Eng.					A	Arc.				
Buick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers (6-48)									Arc.	Arc.
" (6-40)									A	Arc.
" All Other Mod.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet (4 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (F. A.)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" (F. B. & 1 Ton)	A	Arc.								
" All Other Mod.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cleveland	A	Arc.								
Cole (6 cylinder)									Arc.	Arc.
" (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Elgin	A	Arc.			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Federal (Model S-X)					A	A	A	A		
" (Special)					Arc.	Arc.				
" All Other Mod.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Com.) (Model 12)			A	Arc.						
" " All Other Mod.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
Haynes (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Holmes	B	A								
Hudson Super-Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
" All Other Mod.									Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
King (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
KleinKar (Model 48)									A	A
" " (12 cylinder)					A	A	A	A		
" " All Other Mod.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Lexington	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Liberty	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E	E	E
Maibohm	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (8 cylinder)									A	A
Moline-Knight			B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Nash (Quad)	A	A	A	E	A	A				
" (Model 671)					A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
National (6 cylinder)	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cylinder)			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Oakland (8 cylinder)									A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oldsmobile (4 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.					Arc.	Arc.
" (6 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.		
" (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (6 cylinder)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Cont. Eng.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A								
Peerless (8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Mod.					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Com.) (3 ton)	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " All Other Mod.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.
R. & V. Knight	B	A								
Rainier (1½ ton)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.						
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Riker	A	E	A	E	A	E	E	E		
Rock Falls	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Saxon			E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Scripps-Booth (4 cyl.)					Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (6 & 8 cylinder)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Stewart (Buffalo)									Arc.	Arc.
" (") (Com'l) (¾-ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (") (") (1 ton)	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (") (") All Other Mod.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Velie (Model 34)	A	Arc.								
" (6 cylinder)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Com.) (¾ ton)			A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" " All Other Mod.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.				
Westcott	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White (16 valve)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (3 ton)			A	A	Arc.	Arc.				
" All Other Models			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A
Willys Six	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

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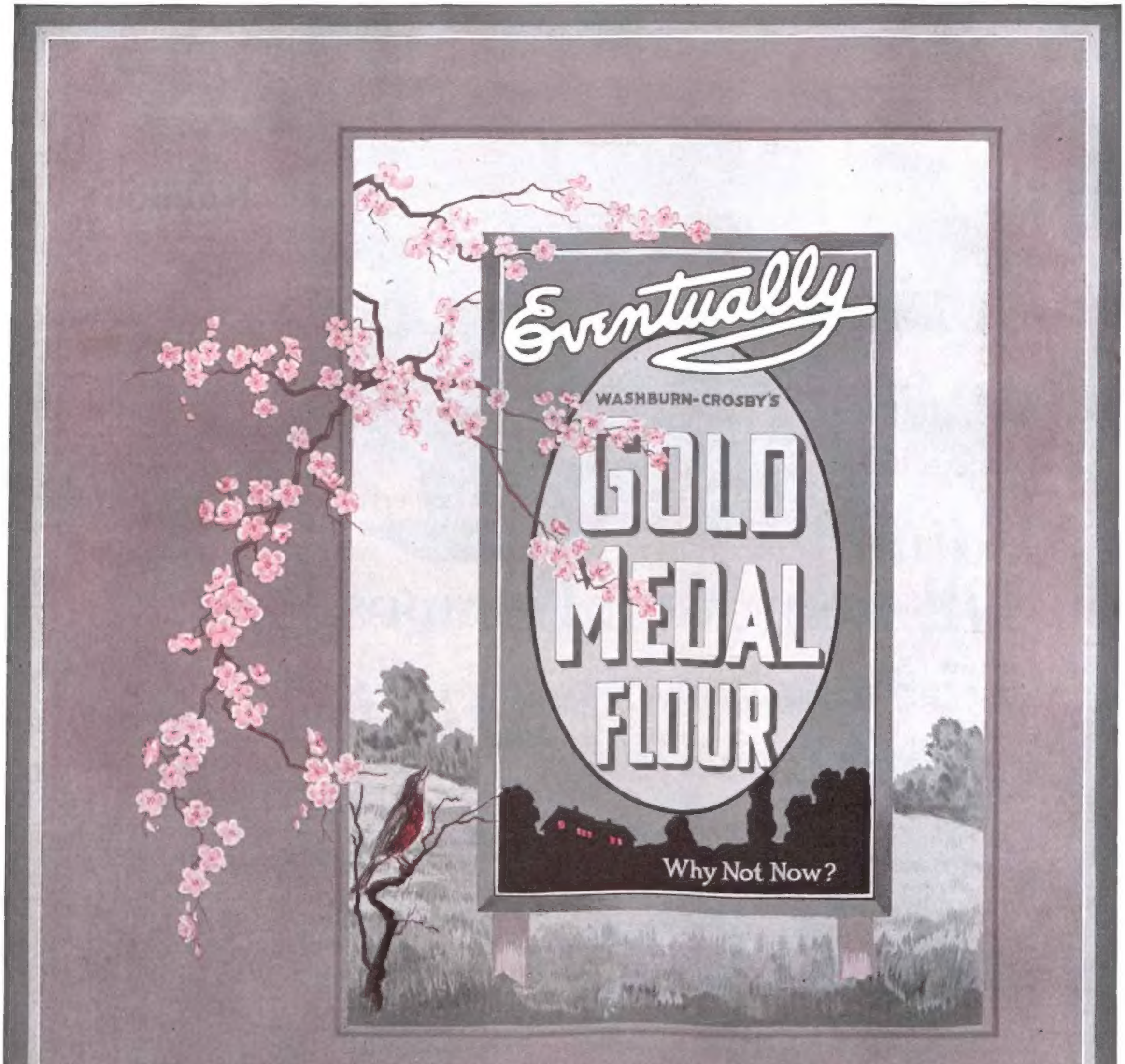

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